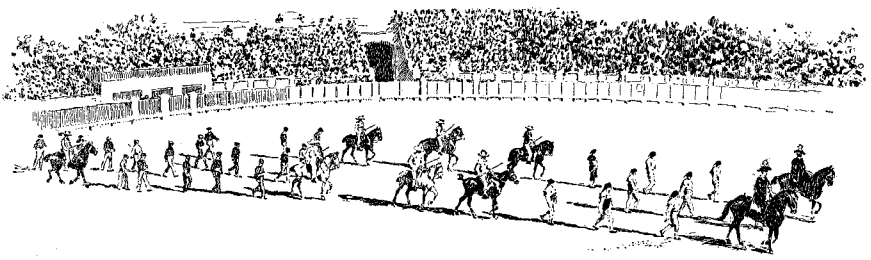
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXII DECEMBER, 1902 NO. 6



THE GENTLE ART OF BULL-FIGHTING

By Richard Harding Davis

AT the time of the coronation of the King of Spain, many newspapers in Europe stated that upon coming into power one of his first acts would be to abolish bull-fighting. The statement recalled Walpole's answer to the English Queen who asked what it would cost to close St. James's Park to the people and change it into a garden for the King and herself.

"What it would cost," considered Walpole. "About two crowns."

We can guess what would be the political future of Congressmen who voted to make base-ball as illegal as counterfeiting, or a Parliament that forbade fox-hunting and cricket. A King of Spain who would try to drive the bull-ring out of that country would spend the remainder of his days with the select colony of royal exiles in Paris.

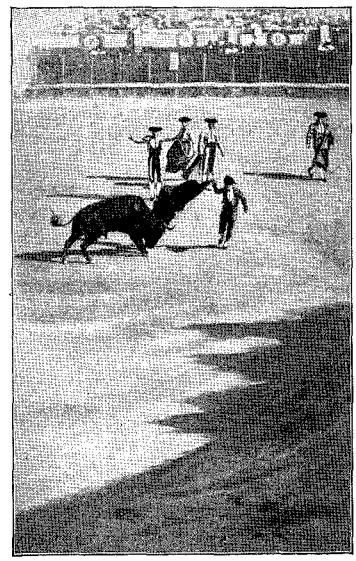
There are few men in public life, certainly few kings, who enjoy the popularity of the bull-fighter. With us his popularity is approached only by a champion pugilist or a base-ball pitcher, and in England by Ranji Sinji and Baden Powell. And even these when they sink their identity in a pot-hat, move among their fellow-men unnoticed. But the bull-fighter, on or off the stage, is always in evidence. You might mistake other Spaniards, especially cattle-breeders from the Provinces, for bull-fighters, but you could never mistake a bull-fighter for a man of any other calling. He enforces upon himself a street costume the details of which are as immutable as those of a soldier's uniform; his hair must be brushed forward over his ears, he must be smooth-shaven, he must wear a tiny pig-tail, his jacket may not come below his waist-line. His shirt is deeply fluted, and in its front he wears as magnificent a diamond as his earnings and the gifts of his admirers can supply. When he walks the streets on his high French heels, glancing self-consciously from beneath his flat-brimmed sombrero, he is followed on every side by pointed fingers. To sit with him at a café table is a distinction, and the youngest of Madrid's golden youth flush with pleasure when in public places he nods to them. At the fashionable hour in the Prado they give him the seat of honor in the automobile. It is a survival of the relations of the "patron" and the gladiator. And in return for this social recognition, when Sunday comes, the matador, before

Copyright, 1902, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he kills the bull, bows to the box in which his rich patron sits, and throws him his three-cornered hat, and by so doing fills with envy the hearts of 15,000 men. What the effect his fame, his silken calves and his cloth of gold have upon the women of Spain has been sung by generations of poets, playwrights, and novelists of his own country.

Considered as a spectacle and not as a sport there is no other national game that approaches a bull-fight. The Englishman's cricket, with its cool white flannel against the cool green turf, holds no such color, nor movement; nor can one compare our own base-ball players, sliding through the dust in a flannel bicycle suit, to the matador in his coat of gold, his crimson cloak, and his silken hose. Not even in polo are there such flashing, brilliant pictures of men and animals. Nor can any other game awaken so many varying emotions—emotions which range from those of the most generous admiration and excitement, to infinite boredom and disgust. Nor is there another game conducted with such great regard for ceremony and etiquette, for tradition, and questions of precedence. To-day certain customs obtain in bull-fighting which can be traced back 500 years; and the part each man plays in the spectacle is assigned him as carefully as are the seats at an Indian Durbar. Each actor in the fight knows the prerogatives of his position, and guards them jealously. Indeed, one of the most remarkable exhibitions of audacity and recklessness I ever witnessed in a bull-ring was entirely discredited because it was given by the wrong man. It happened in Caracas, Venezuela, and the matador was acting as an attendant upon the *chef de quadrille*. But instead of "keeping his place," and working up the scene for the chief matador, he enticed the bull toward himself, and across the arena. He did this so daringly that the crowd flew suddenly mad, and the man, becoming equally intoxicated with the applause and danger, again and again stepped over the horns of the bull until it looked as though he were dancing upon them. But although the entire audience was shrieking its commendation, when he reached the barrier the manager of the bull-fighters struck him in the face, and would not allow him to return to the arena. This was his punishment for having taken the centre of the stage from the star, even though in doing so he had risked his life.

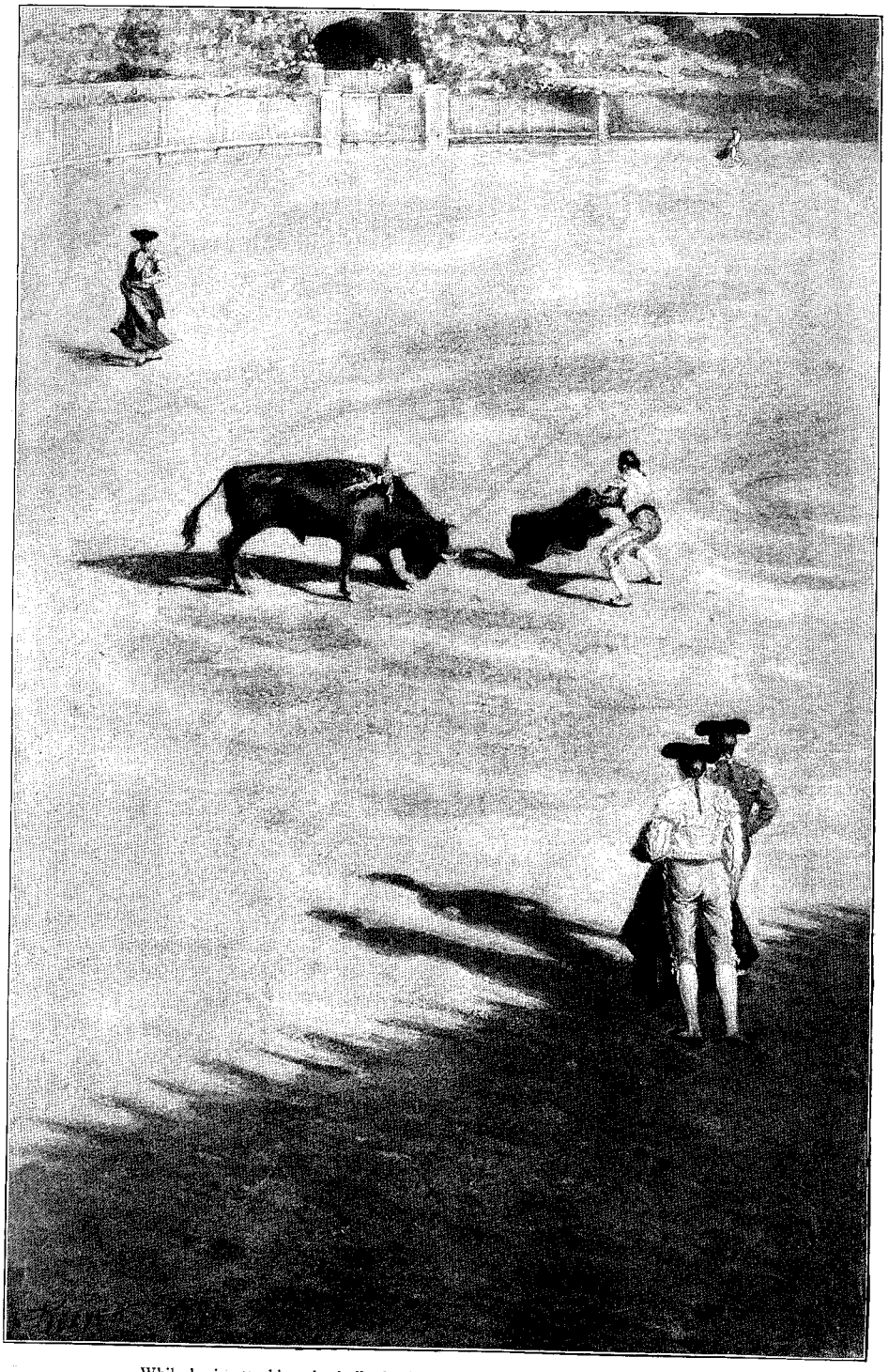


To blind the bull with their cloaks.—Page 645.

Drawn by C. M. Relyea from a photograph by J. F. J. Archibald.

In the smallest details the matador must observe the code. He must kneel to ask permission to kill the bull; when he throws his hat from him, he must toss it, not from in front, but from behind him, under his left arm; if he throws it to any person in particular it means that he dedicates the death of the bull to that individual; he accepts the applause with his two swords crossed before him, lifting and lowering them as though in salute; and if he does not "kill by the card" he hears of it instantly in a storm of hisses. His is as difficult an art as that of the fencing-master, and it has nearly as many tricks and feints and passes. Even the devices he uses in the apparently simple act of waving the cloth before the bull's eyes are known by as different names as the *pases altos*, *de pecho*, *redóndos*, *cambiados* and *naturales*. When the bull is vicious and active, and the arena is filled with these darting, gold-clad figures, with their scarlet cloaks fluttering and waving, the contest as a spectacle is unsurpassed, and the enthusiasm of the onlookers quite as remarkable. There is no such enthusiast as the bull-ring enthusiast. One may have seen the most exciting base-ball and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



While he is attacking the bull, the bull is attacking a crimson flag.—Page 645.

Drawn by C. M. Relyea from a photograph by J. F. J. Archibald.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Banderilleros.—Who stick sharp-pointed darts into the bull's neck and back.—Page 646.
Drawn by C. M. Relyea from a photograph by Richard Harding Davis.

foot-ball matches played in this country, and international foot-ball and cricket matches in England, but he will never witness such mad enthusiasm over a contest as one sees at the ring-side in Spain. It may be that it is the nature of the Spaniard to be more easily roused, or it may be that it is the sight of the blood which quickens his own to a fever-heat which the base-ball "fan" and the foot-ball crank do not know. But the fact remains that, taking him day in and day out, while at the ring-side or later discussing a bull-fight still to come, there is no such loyal adherent to his national sport as the Spaniard. Although such a one may exist, I do not know of a paper in the United States which is devoted exclusively to our national game, but in the city of Madrid alone one is offered four different periodicals, admirably illustrated, which are given up entirely to the news and gossip of the bull-ring. In other Spanish-speaking countries the popularity of the game is just as great as it is in what was once the mother-country. Last winter, during a three-months visit to Mexico, Mazzantini, the most famous of Spain's matadors, and his troupe of bull-fighters, cleared over $40,000. But though bull-fighting has this tremendous hold upon the people of Spain and the Spanish-American races throughout South America, Mexico, and even in Central America, where, in the villages, I have seen bull-baiting carried on under the patronage of the local priest, the sport has never gained a popularity, nor even a tolerance in the colder latitudes of the North. And the reason for this is, I think, because bull-fighting is not a sport. To the Anglo-Saxon mind the objection to it will always be, not only that it is brutal and cruel, but that it is a contest in which the odds are not fairly balanced. I have heard just as many men object to bull-fighting on the ground that it bored them, as because they were shocked by it. The most interesting games are those in which the chances of each contestant, in so far at least as the rules prescribe, are the most evenly adjusted. Anyone who has followed professional base-ball and college foot-ball has observed how from year to year the rules have been repeatedly altered with a view toward keeping all the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opposing factors of the game properly balanced. When, a few years ago, the skill of the pitcher became so much greater than that of the batsman that the contest deteriorated into an uninteresting "pitcher's battle," the pitcher was handicapped by increasing the distance between his box and the home-plate. In some contests the power to inflict injury, or even to take life, of the party of the first part is assumed to balance the skill possessed by the party of the second part. The skill required to shoot a calf is just as great as is that to shoot a lion, but shooting a calf is not classed as a sporting proposition, while lion-hunting is. In fox-hunting there is on one side the cunning and speed of the fox pitted against the speed and keenness of scent of the hounds; and that the fox cannot harm his pursuers is balanced by the fact that the pursuer risks his limbs, collar-bone, and neck. In almost every recognized sport will be found some nice adjustment of the chances possessed by the two contestants. But in bull-fighting there is no such arrangement. It is easy to see that when the rules for bull-fighting were drawn up the bull was not consulted. He is brought into the arena to be killed, and the advantage his ferocity and his cutlass-like horns seem to give him is, from the moment he enters the ring until his carcass is dragged from it, handicapped by his own stupidity. As an Englishman has written, "No man who has a sense of true spirit would engage with a dozen other men against a brute that is so stupid as to expend its fury a hundred times in succession on a piece of red cloth, ignoring the man who holds it." The whole inwardness of bull-fighting is expressed in that paragraph. It is the popular opinion that the bull-fighter stakes his life against the life of the bull. But, as a matter of fact, while he is attacking the bull, the bull is attacking a crimson flag. When the *espada*, sword in hand, faces the bull there is supposed to be a duel between the man and the brute. But there is not. It is as though two men with swords fought a duel with one of them carrying a dish-cloth in his left hand, and while he lunged at the heart of his

Each actor in the fight knows the prerogatives of his position.—Page 642

Drawn by C. M. Relyea from a photograph by J. F. J. Archibald.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opponent, his opponent stabbed at the dish-cloth. It must also be understood that before the matador faces the bull, the bull has been bled by half a dozen darts, has been run off his legs until he is breathless and exhausted, and that he is surrounded by adversaries whose business it is, should the bull actually attack the matador, to blind the bull with their cloaks. The chances against the bull are illustrated by the fact that during the bull-fighting season in Spain, twice a week in every large city and town, from four to eight bulls are killed, while the proportion of bull-fighters wounded or killed is no greater than the proportion of college boys killed or hurt during a foot-ball season in America.

The bull-fight consists of three parts, in which the opponents of the bull are in turn: the picador, or the man on horseback armed with a pike; the banderilleros on foot who stick sharp-pointed darts into the bull's neck and back, and the matador, or *espada,* who tries to reach his heart with a sword. Of these performers the picadors run the least personal risk, and it is their part in the game which is the most brutal and offensive. The blade on the end of the pike is too short to reach the heart of the bull, and in consequence they can only wound and torture him. At the same time, they offer up their horses as a sacrifice. Sometimes six or eight horses will be killed before this part of the performance is at an end, and the condition of these brutes is unspeakable. The only exhibition of horsemanship given by the picador is to keep that eye of the horse which is blindfolded toward the bull, in order that, when the bull charges, the horse will not know he is coming. He makes no attempt to elude the bull nor to protect his horse. Sometimes he is able to check the rush of his adversary with his spear, but nine times out of ten the bull disregards him entirely and rips and gores the horse at will. The picador's own limbs are cased in steel armor, like pieces of stove-pipe; so they are in no danger, and should he be unhorsed there are always *chulos,* or attendants, running on the side of the horse farther from the bull, who pick him up and drag him to safety, and at all times he is surrounded by other toreadors who distract the attention of the bull from him by flinging cloaks in its face. There is a theory that the horse suffers less from bodily injuries than do other animals, and after one has seen many bull-fights, he either must believe that this is a fact, or he must recognize that a horse, of even the poorest breeding, is possessed of the most magnificent heart and nerve. At the touch of the picador's spurs, I have frequently seen the horse not only trot, but gallop, around the arena after he had been fearfully gored; sometimes with his flank cut open, or with blood spurting from a clean round hole where one horn has pierced him. While in even this state his sides are beaten with rods by the *chulos,* and cut by the heavy spurs of the picador. And yet in that condition, in answer to the bridle, he will turn and wheel, and after his ghastly wounds have been sewn up, the same horse will return instantly to the arena, again to be tossed and gored, and at last, mercifully killed.

Although the cruelty to the horse is an incident to bull-fighting and is not the chief reason which makes one think it cannot be classed as a sport, still it is reason enough. No one can consider the spectacle of a blindfolded and disembowelled animal, carrying the weight of a man upon his back, and being thrashed forward with rods upon the horns of a frantic bull, as one to be classed with any sport except those of the Coliseum.

And yet in the early days of bull-fighting the work of the picador was that part of the bull-fight which was the most daring and sportsman-like. In those days his object was not to torture and madden the bull, but to kill him, and not to sacrifice his horse, but to save him from even a scratch. In the royal bull-fight held during coronation week in Madrid there was a return to the original methods, and the exhibition was one of the most extravagant and brilliant efforts imaginable. On this occasion amateurs of the crack cavalry regiments acted as picadors, and were mounted on thoroughbred polo ponies. The riders wore no protecting armor, and their ponies were not blindfolded. They attacked the bull only after he had first charged them, and then their aim was to kill him from in front by

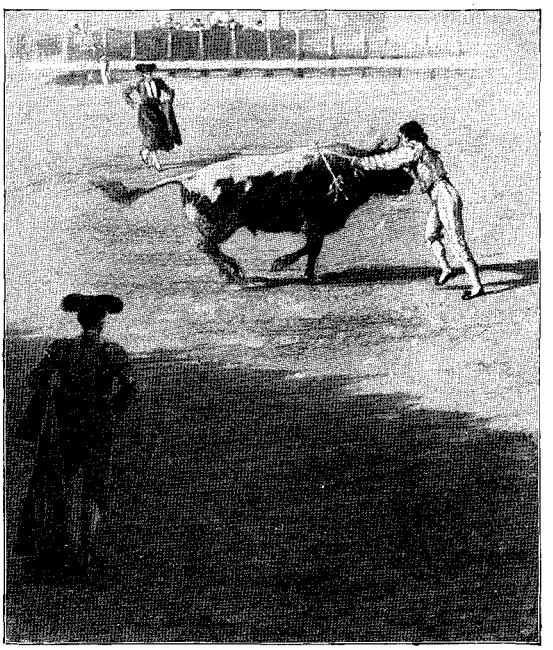
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Chulo—the Real Hero of the Bull-fight.—Page 652.

Drawn by C. M. Relyea from a photograph by J. F. J. Archibald.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a thrust of a spear over his horns and down to his heart, and at the same instant to lift their ponies out of danger. The blade of each lance was sufficiently long to reach the heart, but the staff was too brittle to serve as any protection to the man who carried it. The officers gave an exhibition, which was a combination of tent-pegging and polo, with a mad bull weighing a thousand pounds and armed with horns two feet long, as the tent-peg, or the polo-ball. But they reached his heart, successfully escaping from the points of the horns by less than three inches. It was the most reckless and sportsman-like performance imaginable. The work of the professional picador in comparison was as sportsman-like as that of the man who sticks pigs at a pork-packer's, and about as dangerous.



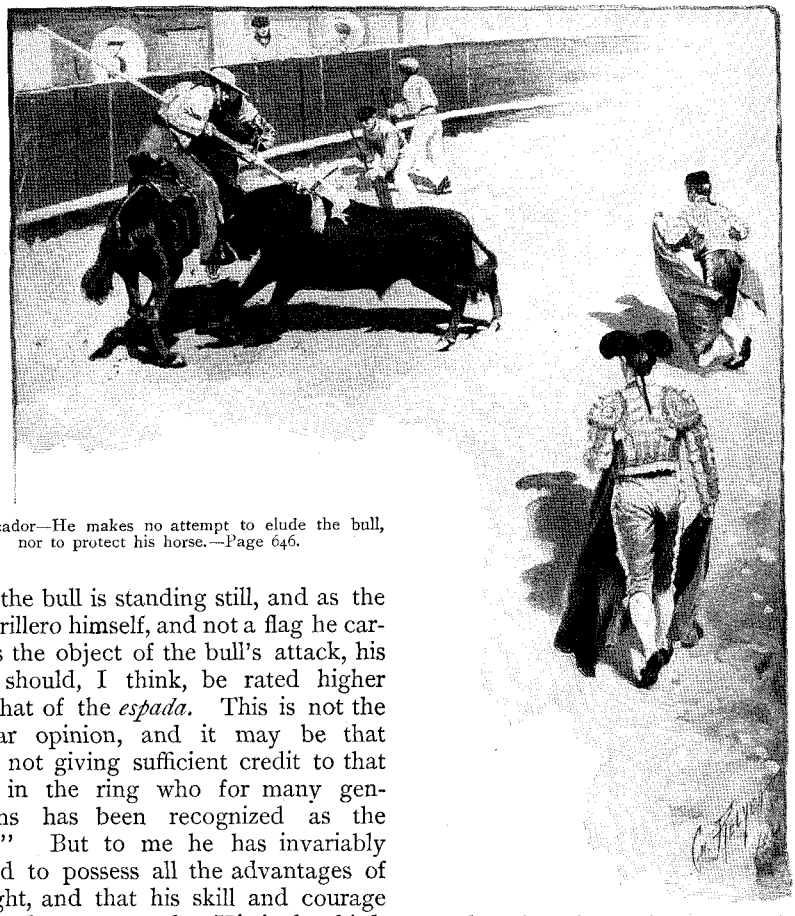
Harass the bull with long darts.

Drawn by C. M. Relyea from a photograph by J. F. J. Archibald.

In the game as played by the officers, which is the game as it was played when bull-fighting was limited to the farms and ranches, the man actually does stake his life against the life of the animal. He has no advantage over it; his lance is no sharper than its horns, and when the bull makes one of its sudden, furious dashes, no pony is more swift. Also the man offers the bull a target as large as his pony and himself, while he, in order to kill, must hit a mark on the bull's back no larger than a playing-card. And the only moment when he can strike is when he is directly in front of the bull, and it has its head lowered and is charging him. His is certainly a generous proposition — a clean, fair fight. The fight made by the professional picador, who, padded and bandaged and cased in steel and hemmed about by attendants, offers up the life of his horse to save himself from even a fall, is a brutal and cowardly spectacle. When the bull meets his death in the officers' fight, he suffers no more than when he is killed by the stroke of an axe in the stock-yard, and the daring of the riders at the royal bull-fight, and the chances they accepted of being tossed and gored, made their performance the most memorable feature of the coronation week.

The second part of the regular programme of the bull-fight brings on the banderilleros, whose duty it is to harass the bull with long darts. These they plant in his neck or shoulders. They do this on foot, and as they hold a banderilla in each hand they have none free with which to wave a cloak, and, in consequence, are themselves the object of the bull's attack. Their performance, even though its aim be only to madden the bull, is much more sportsman-like than that of either the picador or of the matador. From the centre of the arena they await the charge of the bull, and when they are ready to plant the banderillas, they proclaim their intention by a peculiar sweeping gesture of both arms. This is a sort of public declaration that they intend, no matter how savagely the bull may charge, to stand their ground and deliver the darts. In keeping this unwritten contract with the spectators I have often seen a banderillero escape, by only the breadth of a knife-blade, from mangling or death. As it is etiquette for the banderillero to plant his darts only when the bull is charging him, and as the matador lunges with his sword

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

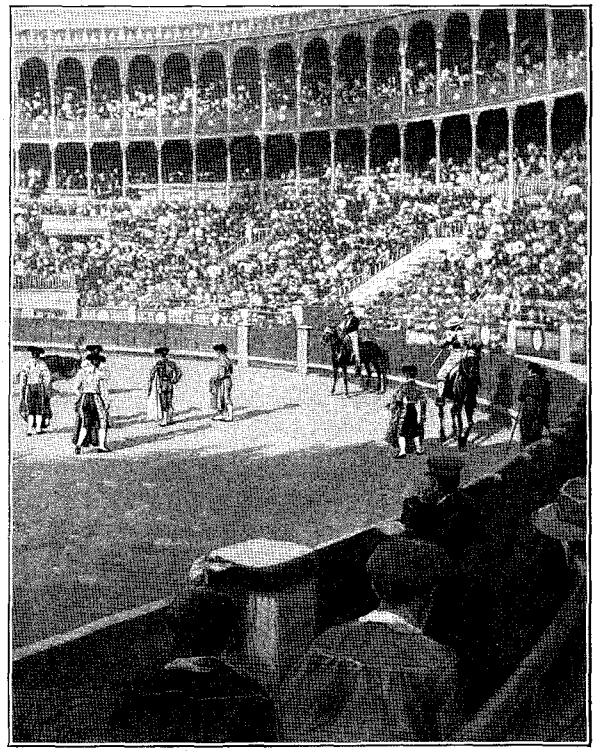


The Picador—He makes no attempt to elude the bull, nor to protect his horse.—Page 646.

when the bull is standing still, and as the banderillero himself, and not a flag he carries, is the object of the bull's attack, his work should, I think, be rated higher than that of the *espada*. This is not the popular opinion, and it may be that I am not giving sufficient credit to that actor in the ring who for many generations has been recognized as the "star." But to me he has invariably seemed to possess all the advantages of the fight, and that his skill and courage are much exaggerated. His is the third, and unless the audience demand that the bull be spared to fight another day, the last act of the contest. After asking permission to despatch the bull, and dedicating its death to someone in the audience, he jerks his hat from him under his left arm, and then advances to meet his adversary. In his right hand he carries a short sword, and in his left another sword with a red cloth hanging from it. At the same time he is closely attended by the other toreadors with cloaks who stand ready to entice the bull from him, or, if he so directs them, to drive it in his direction. The popular idea of the contest which follows is that a man armed only with a short sword stakes his life against that of a maddened animal. But, as a matter of fact, by the time the matador appears, the bull, so far from being infuriated, is frequently so exhausted from loss of blood that his only emotion is one of complete boredom with the entire performance. His desire is only for peace, and while the matador stamps his foot and challenges him from the centre of the arena the bull, in an earnest effort to escape, will be butting at the gate through which he first entered it. At the royal bull-fight the bulls were selected only from the best of those bred by the Duke of Veragua, and by Señor Ibarri, who are supposed to breed the fiercest and most dangerous bulls in Spain, but some of even these prize bulls funked the fight completely. To show his contempt one *espada* stood in front of the first bull and again and again slapped it across the nostrils with his bare hand. That certainly is not one's idea of a duel to the death. But again, it often happens that when the matador is ready to perform his turn, the bull has still sufficient breath and blood in him to make him a very dangerous adversary. Then the first object of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the matador is to tire the bull, which he does by holding his red cloak from him at arm's-length and flapping it in the bull's eyes, inducing him to waste his strength by charging it again and again. When the bull pauses for breath, with knees together and head lowered, the spot is exposed on his neck through which the sword must enter in order to reach the heart. Then the matador stands erect and slightly to one side of the bull and with the sword held in *tierce* lunges downward through the neck. If the sword pierces the heart the bull will fall where it stands, but often after the matador has taken aim the bull will charge him, so that the mark becomes a moving target, and, in order to reach the heart and escape untouched, the matador must strike quickly and as quickly leap to one side. The result is that, as a rule, the bull does not fall until he has been stabbed the second or third time. He is not even then dead, and as he lies on the ground he is given the *coup de grâce* with a heavy dagger which pierces his spinal marrow. This is what usually happens. It is what you will see nine times out of ten. It is an accident to the matador, or an exceptionally well-delivered stroke, or the assaults of a particularly savage bull, who chases everybody over the barriers and holds the ring himself, which is the exception, and gives bull-fighting its popularity. The possibilities in bull-fighting are tremendous, and it depends for its interest not only on what is happening, but what may happen. In the past men have been tossed and killed, and the fact that at any moment the spectators may see another added to the list, is to a great degree what gives the bull-ring its enormous patronage.



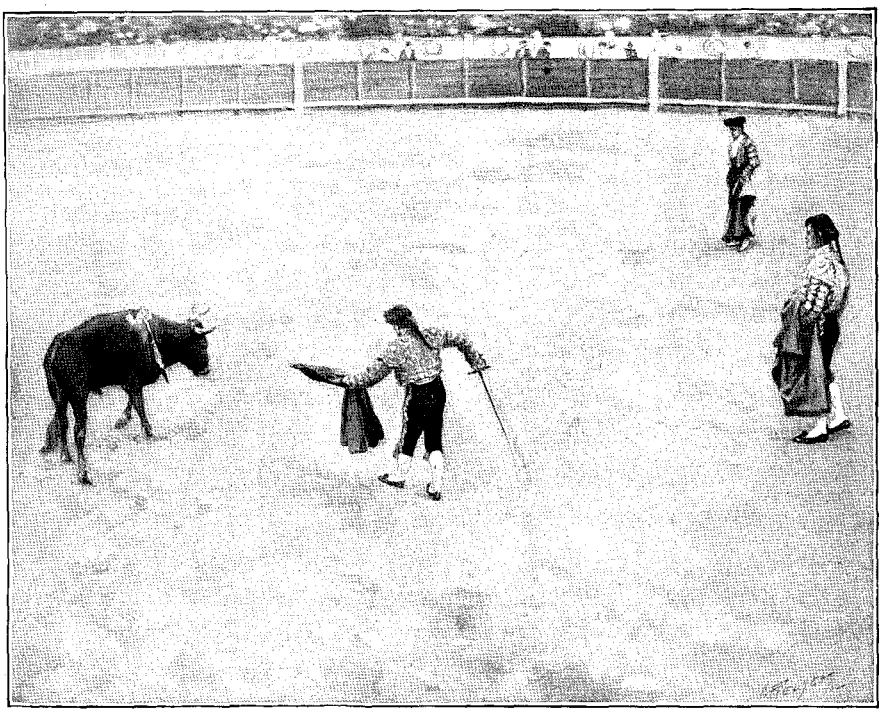
At the Coronation Bull-fight.—Page 646.

Drawn by C. M. Relyea from a photograph by J. F. J. Archibald.

Last year in Barcelona a matador was so badly gored that he could not be moved from the ring to the chapel adjoining, to receive the sacrament, and in consequence the priest came into the arena, and, while the matadors kept the attention of the bull distracted, and with the entire audience kneeling uncovered, the last sacrament was administered, and the man died. That would seem sufficiently terrible and dramatic for one afternoon, but what followed was equally spectacular. One of the matadors present was the great friend of the one who had been killed, and this man advanced to the box of the president and demanded that as a revenge for the death of his friend he might be permitted single-handed to kill all of the remaining bulls. The president granted this favor and he entered the ring alone and placed six swords in the sand. All the other matadors and attendants then left the arena, and one after another the six bulls were rushed into it, and one after the other the man killed them.

Again, at the royal bull-fight held to celebrate the birth of the present King,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Matador Challenges the Bull.—Page 649.

Drawn by C. M. Relyea from a photograph by Richard Harding Davis.

one of the great matadors, on entering the arena, dedicated the bull to the Queen-Mother, and then, with the point of his sword, drew a circle around him, signifying that he would not retreat from that spot until either he or the bull was killed. Without stepping from it he fought off the charges of the bull until he reached its heart, and the great beast fell with its horns inside the circle the man had drawn.

I have seen other matadors sit comfortably in a chair until the bull rushed them, when they would kick the chair behind them and kill the bull as it charged; others I have seen step on the head of a bull, and leap over it to safety.

Owing to long practice, experts in any athletic sport learn to score their points with so little apparent effort that the looker-on falls into the error of thinking that what they do cannot be so very difficult. Indeed, he feels that with a little more knowledge of the game he could beat them at it. It may be that the writer has fallen into this error in regard to bull-fighting. That there are points which are lost upon the uninitiated is very true. Often, at a particular thrust the entire audience will rise shouting and cheering madly, or to hiss and hoot, when, to the eyes of the novice, the thrust was in no way different from the others which had preceded it, and which had called forth no comment. On the other hand, those exhibitions of skill given by the bull-fighters which are evident to even a novice, are no more remarkable than those displayed in the infield at a professional base-ball match. Except that the element of danger is eliminated, the work of a short-stop in picking up a hot ball, the alertness of mind and body shown by a runner caught between bases, and the quickness of action and judgment required to make a successful double play, show as great skill and expertness as is exhibited in running for a barrier, and as sure an eye as is needed to plant banderillas. But, of course, chasing a harmless leather ball and being chased yourself by a mad bull are two very different things. And yet, the bull-fighter, with all his reputation for reckless daring, impresses

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one as taking surprisingly good care of himself. I have never seen a bull express his desire to have the ring entirely to himself, but that his wishes were not instantly respected, and his mad rush around the circle was always preceded by a vision of disappearing gold jackets and pink silk stockings. Again, it is easy from a seat of safety to laugh at the stampede of the men who are down in the sawdust. But before I can share the popular admiration for the matador there is one humble participant in the bull-fight who must be eliminated. He is the *chulo*, or attendant, who, armed only with a rake, scrapes the sand over the blood, and offsaddles the dead horses.

From a stage-manager's point of view, his presence in the ring is a grave mistake. There is no doubt but that to him his life is just as valuable as is the life of the matador to the matador, but invariably it is the *chulo* who is the last to leave the arena. And even when he does make his exit, he goes sulkily and under protest. By his manner he gives you to understand that the bull is interfering with his work and that he regards him as a nuisance. Again and again, after the matadors have vaulted to safety you will see the humble super, rake in hand and with one foot on the step of a barrier, waiting patiently for the bull to sweep by and permit him to continue with his hoeing. He steps out of the way of the bull with no more braggadocio or assumed terror than he would show in avoiding a tram-car. His business is to sweep the arena, and all through the fight he and his humble brethren, cursed though they be with the most enticing of firemen's shirts, continue to go about their own business while the raging bull and the stars of their profession disport themselves in the limelight. The stranger cannot help but observe that the man with the rake is in danger just as great as is the man with the sword, and that he regards it not at all. He should be taught to do so. He should be made to show open fear of the bull. As it is, he spoils the dramatic effect. It is irritating, after having been thrilled at the sight of all the bespangled comedians darting, like gold-fish, for safety, to note that one old man with a hoe still remains whence all but him have fled, industriously picking up the cigars that were thrown to the popular idols, but which they were in too great haste to collect. Is it familiarity which has bred this contempt for the bull in the mind of the chulos, or is it that perhaps the bull, not even to the matador, is as dangerous as the matador would like you to think? There was never yet a bull-fighter who was not also something of an actor, and certainly it is to his advantage to lead the people to believe that the bull is a fearful and savage opponent. For the more dangerous the bull, the more credit to the man who flaunts him. The matador's success, his popularity, his livelihood depend upon the public holding that opinion. So he plays the part which he is paid to act. The *chulo* is not paid to act. He is paid only to rake sand. He knows if bull-fighting ceased he could make a living sweeping a crossing. So he does not disguise his opinion of the bull, nor help to sustain its reputation as a savage brute. Perhaps his opinion, being unprejudiced, is worth considering.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Edward Penfield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

INSLEY should have been at home. He had been working hard all summer in the little Dutch fishing village, but it had taken him until now to finish his pictures and get them together for his annual exhibition in London. The canvases were neatly tacked together, ready for the packing-boxes. He still might get to London in time for Christmas, if only Jan Hoorn would hurry; but Jan was conscientious, and, knowing he was to receive a reasonable sum for the boxes, had decided to spend a reasonable time in doing them well. Insley would gladly have paid him double if it would hurry matters; but if our good Jan should receive twice as much, his Dutch conscience would have insisted on double the amount of labor. And so, where was the use? There wasn't any, and Insley knew it. "You can't hurry a Dutchman," said he, as he rammed his hands well into his pockets and walked up and down the main room of the Café Spaander.

During the summer, he and half a dozen fellow artists had made the café their headquarters, and things had been jolly enough. In the evenings, after their day's work, these friends would sit at the little tables on the veranda chatting over their coffee, or watching the incoming fishing boats, their great patched sails holding the evening light.

But the last of these men had left some time ago, and this, together with the knowledge that on the other side of the Channel an English Christmas awaited him, had robbed the place of its charm. It was indeed cheerless enough; the chairs were piled upon all the tables, with the exception of one near the little square-paned window, through which, beyond the red-tiled cottages opposite, one caught a glimpse of a patch of leaden sky, and a gray, flat, wind-swept country. Occasional pedestrians, in their loose garments, hurried along the dyke with a great clacking of sabots. It was a time of quiet preparation. The boats were tied up at the quay for the holidays, and many of the daughters of the village, who were away in Amsterdam as maids, would soon be home.

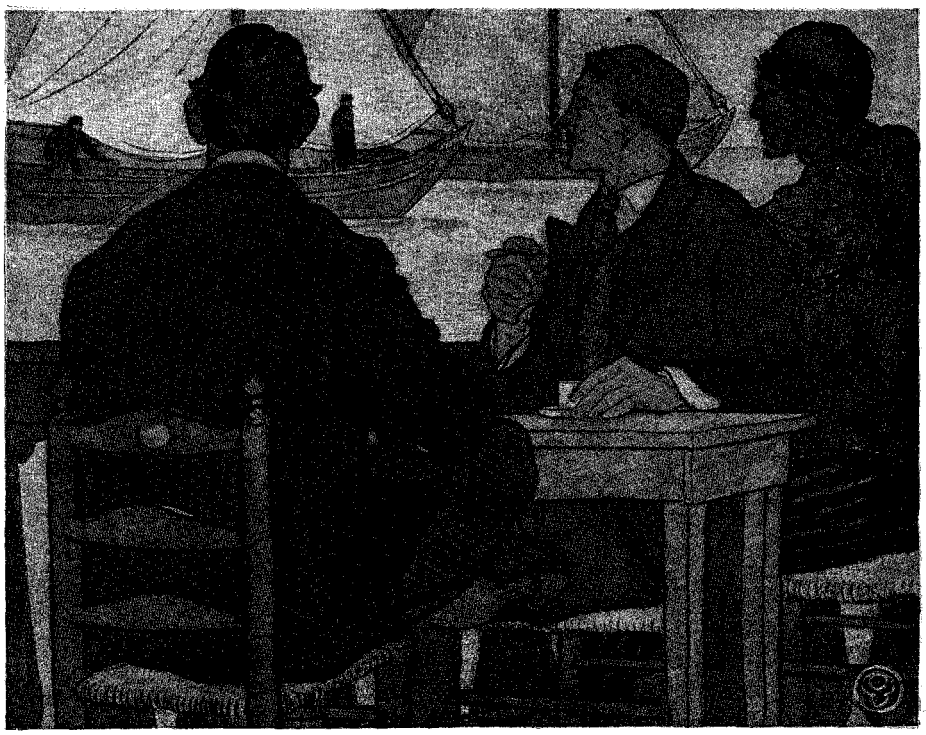
As Insley stood, looking out of the window, trying to bring his philosophy to bear on the present predicament, he noticed Pietje, a girl of seventeen, whom he had used as a model during the summer, pass by. Most of his models had been the children of the fishermen, for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With a great clacking of sabots.—Page 653.

whom he had formed a fondness, but Pietje had found her way into many of his pictures, and when she was not posing she kept the children in order for him and was useful in many ways. She was tall and erect; her cheeks were as red as apples; and her complexion rivalled that of many girls he had known in London. What he liked about her most was her frank way of looking at him, out of those big clear eyes.

Ordinarily the appearance of Pietje did not arouse any musings on the part of the artist, but to-day anything to fasten his mind upon was a relief. He noticed that she wore a small blue muffler about her neck, and he thought, "It must be raw indeed when Pietje wears that. She does not look as happy as usual; I wonder what can be the trouble!" With these musings, he watched her pass on down the dyke and turn off toward her



Their great patched sails holding the evening light.—Page 653.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grandmother's house, where she lived with her younger sister Katrina, a child of four years or thereabouts.

Turning around and pacing the room, the artist felt things more depressing than before. He lit a cigarette and stood a moment, then, putting on his great coat, he left the café, and was soon before the door of Pietje's home. Her sabots lay outside, and following the custom of the village, he entered without knocking.

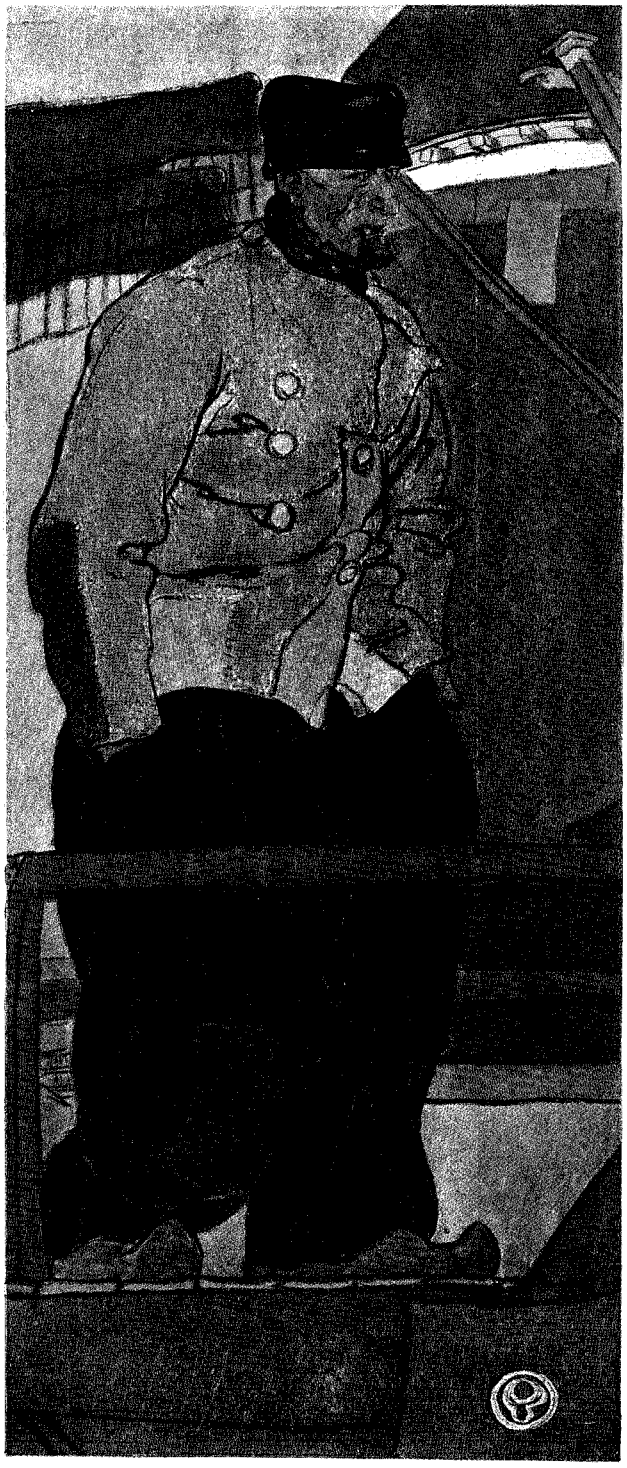
Pietje was seated near the fireplace, while her grandmother was bending over the little bog fire, preparing the coming meal. Against a table, which was littered with brass and copper kettles and blue china, stood Katrina, her fingers entangled in a short, blue, worsted muffler. She eyed Insley quietly and sadly as he entered.

"Hello!" said he, "what's the trouble here?" Pietje answered for her.

"Kris Kringle is not coming to sister this year."

"What — has she been a bad girl? More tricks on her grandmother?"

"No, no," broke in Katrina, the tears beginning to glisten on her eyelashes, "I have been good all the week, haven't I, grandma? I have really been very, very good, but Pietje says Kris Kringle won't come this year — I don't see



Jan Hoorn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nico.

why. He is going to the other children, why won't he come to me? I hope he will see how good I have been and come, but Pietje says 'No.'"

"The fishing boats have not done as well this year, and brother Nico has not had his usual luck," added the older sister.

Insley understood that this meant scanty living for the family until the fishing revived in the spring. He picked Katrina up in his arms to comfort her, and could not help smiling, as he looked into her chubby face and tearful eyes, to see there the innocent belief in the old Saint who helps us to make a fairy-land of our childhood.

"Have you ever seen Kris, Herr Insley?" she said.

"Not for a very long time—but suppose I did, what would you like me to say to him for you?"

"Oh, if you should see him, tell him I want a dolly with real hair, and eyes that open and shut. Grandma says I will soon let it fall on the bricks of the dyke, but I am a big girl now and nothing will happen to it."

"Well, now," said Insley, "suppose you and I just sit down here in the corner and write a little note to Kris, and to-morrow I will see if he can't be found."

According to Katrina, who should certainly know, Kris was to be found in Amsterdam at this season of the year; and on the following morning Insley started out in that direction along the canal.

A mist was blowing in from the Zuyder Zee, softening the outlines of the huge windmills, and glistening on the pavement. Boatmen passed him from time to time, pulling their unwieldy craft, and the cabin of one was filled with a merry lot of girls who waved their greetings to him. The spirit of Christmas was taking a very rosy and tangible form.

Amsterdam is certainly an ideal place for a person of Kris Kringle's picturesque tendency, and on arriving there, Insley started at once to deliver Katrina's "note."

Not finding the venerable Saint, on account of the busy season, he had to be content with divers active agents, who

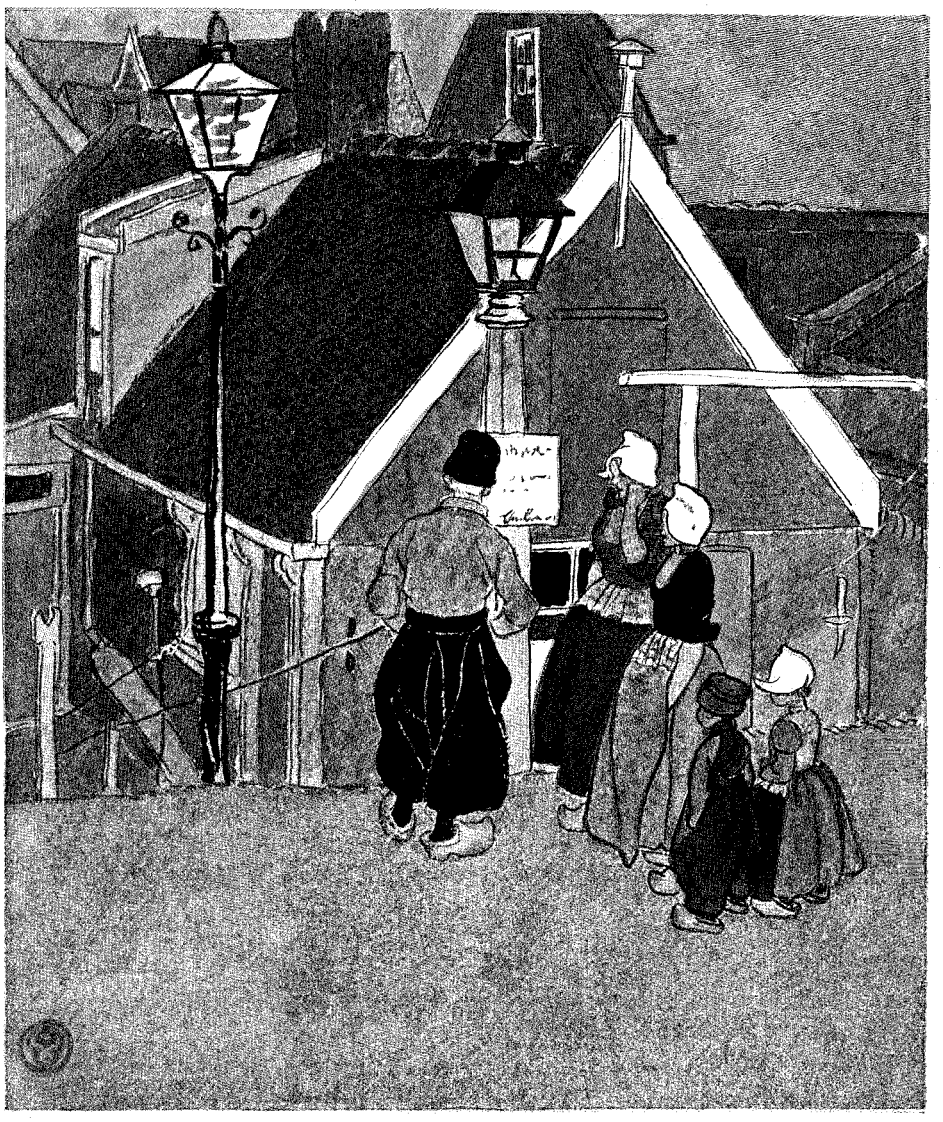
Katrina.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Edward Penfield.

Pietje.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A most wonderful notice appeared on the lamp-post opposite.

marvelled at the Englishman's enthusiasm, and probably at the size of his family.

At all events, on the following day, the one before Christmas, a huge bundle addressed to Insley, was delivered at the Café Spaander. Coincident with this, a most wonderful notice appeared on the lamp-post opposite. It stated, in bold characters, that "all the children of the village were invited to assemble on the dyke, by the big fog-bell, at half of seven (six-thirty) on Christmas morning, to see Kris Kringle come up from the sea, bringing with him presents for all." At the end, with a great flourish, was nothing less than the Good Saint's own signature.

It was not long before a little group of loiterers gathered before the notice, and with incredulous glances, read it over and over. Then others came and read and passed on; mothers repeated it carefully to their children, and they, in round-eyed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

amazement at the mystery of it all, hastened to impart the news to their little comrades. Insley had not been idle, either, and, a few of the elders having been informed of the nature of the plan, by evening everyone knew of Kris Kringle's proposed visit.

Christmas morning was very thick. The fog-bell was ringing dolefully and children were hurrying from all quarters. Before the appointed time, every child had arrived, and was peering anxiously out into the fog for some sign of the Saint.

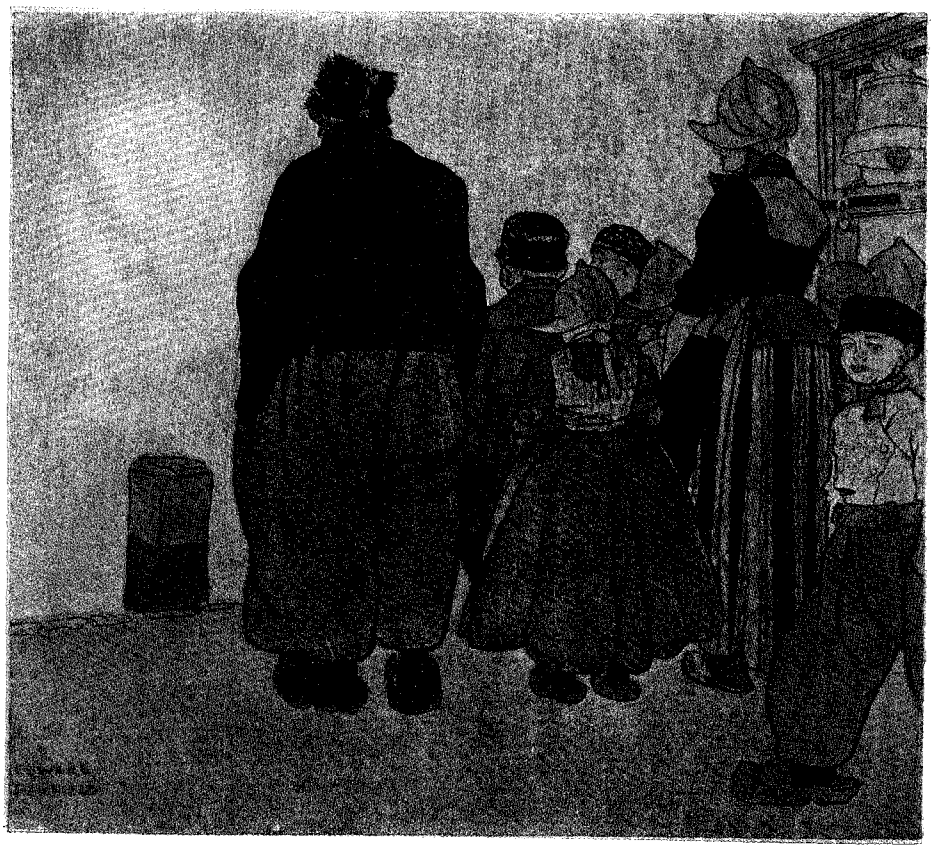
"Would he really come? Did he ever come like this before?"

"P'rhaps he won't be able to find us in this fog," said little Jacob Winkle; "my papa had to lay outside for two whole days, once."

"Hoh! he knows," said a rosy-cheeked urchin who had but recently come from a neighboring village, "what I'm afraid of is that he won't know we're all here."

At last a dim red light began to glow faintly out at sea, spreading and deepening with each moment, tingeing the fog and the sea with crimson, and throwing a ruddy glow on the objects along the dyke. It grew brighter and brighter, drifting in slowly over the water, lighting up the harbor, and shining on the crowd of anxious little faces, all turned toward the wonderful vision. Soon the outline of a boat could be discerned, the red light now burning brightly on the iron fender at the bows. "See!—See! There he is," cried a hundred small voices; and Kris, clothed in red, with a long white beard, was standing before the mast, beside his big bundle, slowly waving his hands and bowing to the crowd of children.

The excitement was intense, all trying to get a better view of his face. As the



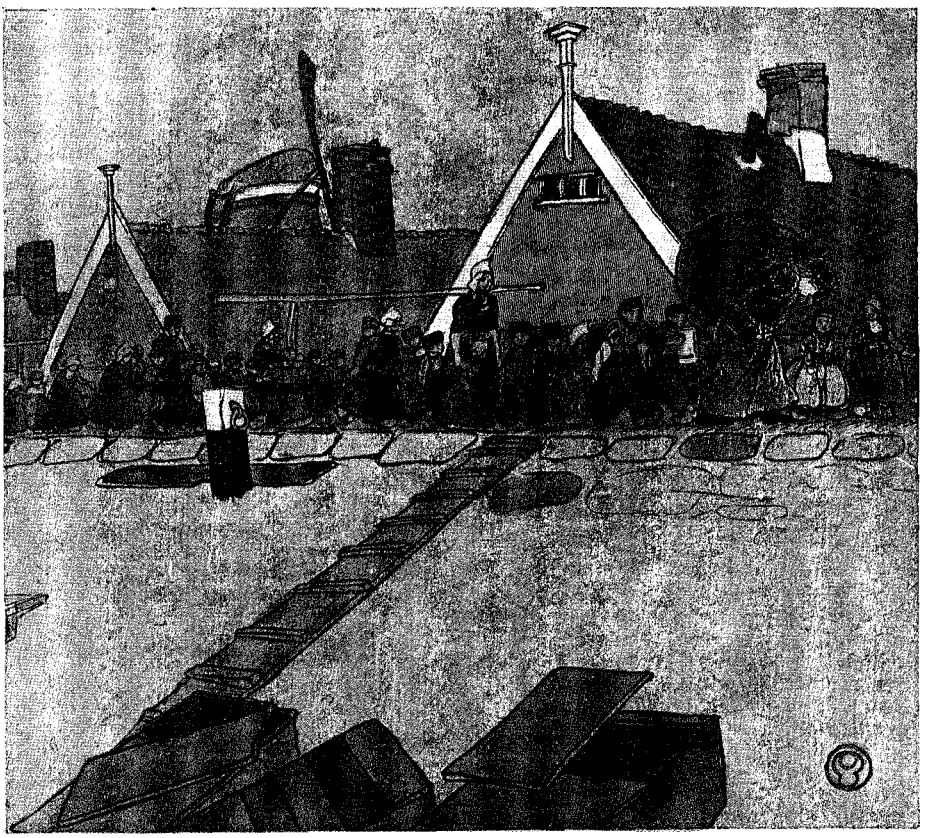
A dim red light began to glow.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boat made its way alongside the dyke, the children crowded forward. "No, they must not do that, else he cannot get off." Older hands kept them back, and Kris Kringle, gathering his big cloak about him, jumped ashore. Nico followed with the bag, and, placing it on his shoulders, Kris gave a jolly laugh and started toward the café, followed by the clatter of two hundred little sabots.

He entered the long low room and took his position on a platform that had been arranged for him at one end. The children crowded about and were kept in line by their elders. Each one came forward with round, wondering eyes and received a present, with some kind word to allay his fears. When it came Katrina's turn, Kris first looked at Pietje, who held her wee hand, and then at the little one. Diving into his bag, he gave her a present and then, reaching far down in his pocket; brought out a big doll, with real hair and eyes that opened and shut!

Somehow or other that day Insley's sense of the cheerlessness of the Café Spaander seemed to have disappeared.



Followed by the clatter of two hundred little sabots.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS OF RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE

Author of "Lorna Doone"

Edited by Lucy Derby Fuller

"TEDDINGTON, MIDDLESEX, June 30, 1879.

"DEAR MADAM: Your very kind letter has been forwarded to me, and is one of the most pleasing of the many proofs I have that my writings are well received by the most intelligent community in the world. I know well enough that they do not deserve a quarter of your good expressions; still it is something very glorious—in the small affairs of self-glory—to find one's self able to put things so that others can join in seeing them. This is very often a mere piece of luck, from one's hitting the vein of the moment, or some incident of remembrance; but even so, there must be some delight in finding one's own perceptions true.

"My perceptions now are the memories of things which have come to me without any conscious impression; and which I am often surprised at seeing more clearly than when they were before my eyes.

"It may be a very empty vanity of mine; but I sometimes think that the fact of my being liked better in America than in England is no bad omen for the liking of the future.

"Believe me, dear Madam,

"Truly yours,

"R. D. BLACKMORE."

A month later the recipient of this letter was in England, and through the kindness of friends had the privilege of visiting Mr. Blackmore in his country home. Surrey was in all her summer softness and beauty. The sun shone, the birds were singing, fields of poppies glowed in gorgeous red, and the lanes and hedges and little stone bridges and vine-covered cottages, with mossy roofs, were new visions. The drive from Hampton Court to Teddington was through Bushy Park, under the shade of massive horse-chestnut trees, where the deer bounded lightly, and the sun, piercing here and there, touched the turf with the sheen of emeralds.

Teddington, on the edge of Middlesex, lies close to Bushy Park. It is the type of a small English village. Tiny houses nestle in rose-vines and fuchsias; and in their midst the old ivy-grown church, with a memorial tablet to Peg Woffington, who is buried there.

Box and wall flowers, and many English posies, fit for old-fashioned nosegays, filled the little gardens, and penetrating gently everywhere came the sweet song of birds and the cooing of doves.

Apart from the village stood Mr. Blackmore's gray-stone house, surrounded by rose-gardens and strawberry-beds, and shut in by high walls, on whose sunny exposures were trained peaches, pears, and nectarines.

The novelist and market-gardener himself, with pruning-knife in hand, was hard at work among his pear-trees as we approached. No welcome could have been more cordial; America had been kind to his writings, and "Lorna Doone" had brought him many friends from across the seas.

Trained to the law, Mr. Blackmore had abandoned his London practice in the Courts for the joys of country life, and of fruit and flower raising for Covent Garden Market. Time spared from these pursuits he gave to novel-writing; but his gardens were his first interest. He kindled with genuine love and enthusiasm for his chosen avocation, as he showed us a great magnolia-tree trained against the face of his friendly mansion, which at his bidding had become a vine, winding and twisting about the many windows. "It is a great satisfaction to subject a tree to your will and to see it thrive in its new obedience," he said.

Before wonderful bushes, full of white roses, he paused, and, with a touch of scorn in his voice, told us that white roses were out of fashion in London, and that he had received word that no more were wanted.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In his large, sunny drawing-room we feasted upon strawberries finer than we had ever seen—larger even than the brilliant emery bags of childhood. In the many gardens he gathered for us roses and lilies and pansies—everywhere between the larger shrubs grew pansies—clumps and clusters of them. He spoke of their "sprightly eyes," and called our attention to the beauty and variety of the foliage of the different rose-bushes and to the wonderful intricacies of some of the ferns. The birds which haunted his gardens he knew individually, and recognized them from season to season. They came in numbers into his study-windows at his call. A new blackbird had come that winter, and had repeatedly tapped upon his window-glass to be fed, and later "had brought a young lady with him." They had built in his garden, and raised two families of young birds, who already knew his whistle. Though the birds made havoc with his fruit, yet he welcomed them all save the starlings. These swept down in a great flock, from Bushy Park, upon his garden, and remained for some two hours each afternoon, sometimes killing his favorites; and to them he sometimes felt obliged to take his gun. Quite as interesting was his feeling for cats and dogs—"invalid cats," "skeletonic cats," and "hungry dogs," came to him for succor, and he often nursed them back to well-being. He called an old Newfoundland dog from a warm corner of the garden, who tried to bark and gambol as he heard his master's voice and footstep. He had been brought there from a dog-hospital, and was rapidly convalescing under the happy conditions surrounding him. As we walked through the long paths to the garden-gate, near the picturesque little railway station, he gathered roses, and still more roses for us; and we watched him returning to his trees and flowers, conscious of his rare understanding of some of nature's secrets.

No photograph of Mr. Blackmore could be had in either Teddington or London; and he told us that none existed, as he had an inherited hatred of the camera. Later, among these letters, it will be found that at length he had one taken, and that Mrs. Blackmore sent it across the ocean, folded in delicate white satin wrappings, with a few of the sweetest garden-flowers about it. The following letters and extracts bear dates extending over a long period. The first, describing the wreck of his garden, followed our then recent visit:

"Jan. 12th, 1880.

". . . About six weeks after you honored me with your pleasant little visit, my garden was wrecked by a hail-storm (Aug. 3d) such as I never expected to see. The hailstones were as large as hens' eggs, and some even larger. One was 4½ inches in length. My vineries, etc., were entirely smashed, fruit dashed to atoms—; a loss of at least £300. Roses and lilies were cut from the stalk, and the ground was riddled like a sieve. The storm was confined to this district. Even in London, and nearer still at Putney and Hampton Court, there was no hail. I meant to have a good holiday after finishing 'Mary Anerley;' but now I must not drop the pen . . . I hope you will come to the little isle and not forget, if still here,

"Your sincere and grateful friend,
"R. D. Blackmore."

"Teddington, Nov. 23, 1882.

"My Dear Miss Derby: When you were in England you did not, I think, pay a visit to Exmoor; but I hope none the less that you will kindly accept a copy of the illustrated 'Lorna Doone,' which I packed up a few days since for kind furtherance by Messrs. Harper. The drawings are good, upon the whole, I think. It has been my chief work of the year—so far as literature is concerned—to go through the whole with care, and make a few slight alterations. Of these the most notable is the omission of needless (and sometimes almost profane) reference to the Almighty, which certainly is frequent in West-country speech but need not be always set down in type. Also one or two anachronisms have been removed and some rather coarse passages, etc., etc. But I hope there is no change made for the worse; though many that might be for the better are *not* made. I did not thank you for your last kind letter, because you told me not to do so. But I was greatly delighted with it, and carry it in my gardening-coat, that its good-will may

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mitigate me when I am cross, as sometimes an angel would be with the British *play*man, let alone your non-angelic friend,

"R. D. BLACKMORE.

"P. S.—My wife, who never knows rest from pain, wishes me to say that she would like to send you a photograph of my humble self—which she persuaded me at *last* to have—only (*she says*, for I would not dare to talk of conditions), that you must promise faithfully not to lend it. The fact is that Harpers and some others have plagued me much to be thus brought before the public; against which all my nature exclaims. And in this she quite agrees with me. What can be more presumptuous than for any writer, even a great one, to push his own littleness on the large world? She has not given one away yet, for this reason."

"Christmas Eve, 1880.

". . . We in England seem to be much agitated about some attack of one of your critics upon our novelists. I have not seen the article which so disturbed our minds, and trust that we shall soon get over it. Surely there is room enough and ever-widening space for us and them, and all who have anything to say. It seems a pity that no man should be allowed to do his little work without being brought into conflict of comparison and disparagement. But these little tumults pass, and make the next one smaller. My wife hopes, and so do I, that you will send us a portrait of yourself, to be a keepsake of good-will and regard. You will laugh at the fuss she has made in packing me up for the journey. However, she always does exactly what she likes."

"TEDDINGTON, June 15, 1882.

"MY DEAR MISS DERBY: What with our strawberry crop and two sets of proof in hand at once, I am so busy that brief must be my thanks, though not my gratitude, for your most kind remembrance. I cannot send you anything good enough to meet your good-will toward 'Lorna Doone,' but have made a clumsy effort, as you will see.

"At present I have no tale in hand, and doubt if I shall ever write another. I was fifty-seven years old last week, and the joints of the mind began to stiffen, and its grasp to tremble. . . . Your pretty little note goes about my garden with me. It is a comfort to have kind words about me. The great storm of April 29th largely wrecked our poor pear-trees.

"With kindest regards and best wishes, am always,

"Truly yours,
"R. D. BLACKMORE."

FOR TITLE-PAGE OF "LORNA DOONE."

"To Miss Lucy Derby.
(Vastly overvaluing this book)
How proud were I, to be so praised—unless
I knew *yourself* the source of my success!
Your heart supplies my art, your ready mind
Creates the beauty it assumes to find.
The down of flowers is dust—till bees arrive;
The honey cannot form, without the hive.
"R. D. BLACKMORE.
"June, 1882."

"TEDDINGTON, February 15, 1883.

"MY DEAR MISS DERBY: . . . Many little cares, as well as doubts of my own capacity, prevent me from falling to at another story. It is a great encouragement to receive such words as yours; but I know that almost every writer has his own small circle of those who somehow feel and think according to his fashion, and therefore kindly like his works. Some I have known to be misled by this, and to rise unduly in their own esteem. Time alone can show, too late for any addition to one's self-knowledge, whether the work was good or bad. And even time is not—so far as one may dare dispute with it—infallible in knowing what to keep and what to cast away. But all this is too large talk about the mere question of writing a novel. And perhaps if I were undisturbed, the old habit might come forth again. My garden is in bad condition. Perpetual rain and gales of wind have soddened the earth and knocked over the trees. It has been impossible to work the ground for the last three months, and all looks bad at present. Nevertheless, a dry, fine spring would soon put spirit into us, and revive the heart of everything. All are complaining of the plague of waters. . . ."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"December 13, 1884.

". . . I did not venture to suppose that 'Tommy Upmore' would be pleasing to young ladies; but it did me good to have a feeble hit at the pugnacious Socialists. . . . Some of your novelists have now obtained very high favor here, Mr. Howells, Mr. Cable, and others. The account of your dog delights me. There is no affection more true and disinterested. We have a spaniel who came here very ill, when quite a pup. I nursed him through distemper, and he is a most lively, pleasant, and loquacious dog. The thrushes are singing, as in spring; we have very mild and gentle weather, and some of the buds are beginning to push. Do you know Paul Hayne's poems? Some appear to me very fine and large; but I am not much of a judge. My wife, who still suffers sadly, joins me in best regards and wishes, for this and many another Christmas.

"Very truly yours,
"R. D. BLACKMORE."

"TEDDINGTON, January 31, 1885.

"MY DEAR MISS DERBY: Again I have to thank you, and this time for a most interesting present—good pear-trees, which shall be cherished, and for which a good place must be sought. They arrived in the morning, with not a cent to pay, and in the evening came your interesting letter. . . . Your dog must be *almost* as clever as one of mine, who came here in illness, and was cured and established, after being sent adrift by somebody. He watches every movement from his house outside, and can see me through four walls and any quantity of wood. He is not very brave, but exceedingly large-hearted, and popular with dogs who could eat him at a mouthful. The trees, which were well packed and in good condition, are 'laid in' for better weather, when we shall plant and tend them well, and with many grateful thoughts,

"Believe me, dear Miss Derby,
"Very truly and kindly yours,
"R. D. BLACKMORE."

In the winter of 1886, I had sent him an early copy of Margaret Deland's volume of poems, "The Old Garden," and received the following letter:

"TEDDINGTON, December 4, 1886.

"MY DEAR MISS DERBY: We were much pleased at hearing of you again, and in so kind and interesting a way. The book is a very pretty one, and the contents—no doubt—still better. I dare not offer an opinion until I have read it thoroughly; and that feeling of diffidence will prove that I do not deserve to be called a critic, and am quite unfit for the duties. . . . How it is, I have no idea; but all the Americans I have seen seem to have such a short cut to friendship, which we English do not possess. Perhaps I have been especially lucky; but I do not get that luck with others. A dear friend of mine—though I never saw him—Paul Hamilton Hayne, of Georgia, left a great gap in many hearts last summer, when his own passed to larger things. Have you read his poems? Some of them seem to me beautiful.

"Many of the trees you so kindly sent me are growing into bearing strength, and next year perhaps will carry fruit. I should like to peel one for you. My wife is in very bad health, and never has six hours free from pain, and very seldom one hour.

"I hope you will kindly thank Mrs. Deland for the mental as I thank you for the bodily part of the elegant book, and receiving our kind regards,

"Believe me,
"Very truly yours,
"R. D. BLACKMORE."

"TEDDINGTON, MIDDLESEX,
February 20, 1888.

"MY DEAR MISS DERBY: It takes me a long time to arouse my courage to tell good friends of my recent and ever fresh trouble—the loss of my beloved and devoted wife, the faithful companion of five and thirty changeful years. After a week of acute illness—'Broncho-pneumonia,' they call it—she was taken from me on the last day of January; and I do not care to do anything since except wonder and wander about without aim. Forgive me for troubling you and believe me,

"With all good wishes,
"Very truly yours,
"R. D. BLACKMORE."

After the death of Mrs. Blackmore, in 1888, the letters were infrequent, brief,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and sad. In the summer of 1898 I visited Devonshire, and knowing that Mr. Blackmore was seriously ill in his Teddington home, I sent him flowers from the Doone Valley, and from Oare Farm, and wrote him of our deep interest in and enjoyment of the scenes he had made so familiar and beloved. His last letter reached me in London, in August.

"TEDDINGTON, August 22, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. FULLER: I was unable last week to thank you for a very kind letter and tokens of the West Country, so familiar to me once. It is very difficult for me to attend to anything now—as I am often under the influence of anodyne or soporifics, which render me quite unfit for and very miserable in society. I am obliged to deny myself all the pleasure of seeing valued friends, and probably it will not again be otherwise. Once or twice I have ignored the doctor's decree, and paid for it with long relapse, *i.e.*, if that word applies where there is no progress.

"But I will not weary you with my wearisome condition, only try to express my gratitude for your good-will, and my pleasure in hearing of your enjoyment.

"I have not forgotten the pear-trees you so kindly and thoughtfully sent me. They are still existing, or at least some of them, and have often brought your goodness to my mind.

"All trees are suffering terribly now from drought, and sometimes I am glad that I cannot get among them.

"Let me send my kind regards to Mr. Fuller, and every good wish to your kind-hearted self, and remain always,

"Most truly yours,

"R. D. BLACKMORE.

"If I should ever, against all probabilities, be quit of this wearing malady, I shall hope to tell you at once."

Fresh from the rare beauty of the "West Country," from Exmoor and all the lovely "Lorna Doone" region, so intimately associated with Mr. Blackmore, it was sad to receive his last words, written in great suffering.

THE ALLIANCE OF LAUGHTER

By E. F. Benson

JULY was almost over before it occurred to her that at present there had been no summer at all worthy of the name, and that, if there was any idea among the powers of the air of having one, it was time to set about it. So one morning she sent a note to the said powers saying that no doubt it had escaped their memory that she would be off in exactly four days, and would be disgraced for ever in the meteorological records unless they did something for her. She reminded them also that it was really time for the folk to leave London, and get into the country for the good both of their bodies and souls; and that the most effectual way of promoting their exit was to send a few really hot days. Finally, in a postscript, she said that owing to the inclemency of the weather the young people generally had had none of the good, old-fashioned love-making in gardens and lanes, and she would like to see a little of it before she went.

The powers of the air saw the reasonableness of all this, put the cork into the big bottle which holds the north wind, telegraphed to the celestial charwoman to sweep all the clouds away for the present into the corner, where she could use them for a thunderstorm, say in a week's time, and gave orders that the sun should be cleaned up at once and turned on full. So July thanked them, took off her hat, for the southerly breeze was pleasant in the shade, and sat down to watch what would happen. Her seat was among the heather and pine woods of the Sussex wold, where pleasant houses nestle on the hillside, and from the gardens one may

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

step straight on to the heathery ridges of Ashdown Forest, where, mingled with the purple, lie patches of gorse, like patches of sunlight, and to the south rises the long line of the downs.

It was about three o'clock of a broiling afternoon, and two young men were lying on the grass, beneath the shade of the shrubbery that bounded the lawn. Two golf-bags were cast on the grass beside them, and beyond the line of shadow lay the croquet-ground, on a piece of perfect turf, set out in no hap-hazard fashion, but with absolute precision of line, while the hoops themselves were of paralyzing narrowness. Beyond again was a tennis-court of the same business-like aspect, while the lines of physical fitness in the lounging figures and the clear, sun-burned faces would seem to indicate a similar probable precision in their performances. One had in front of him a small piece of paper on which he had jotted down a word or two, and for the moment there was silence.

"That's settled then," he said, "and you, Margery and I begin with a three-some at golf to-morrow. We'll start at ten, and shall have finished at twelve. Pea-rifle till lunch. After lunch, croquet, ten minutes limit, then tennis. Golly, how hot we shall be. And what's the fifth event, Dick?"

Dick sat up.

"I promised Margery she should settle the fifth event," he said. "I expect she'll say putting on the lawn, in which case, you and I, my poor man, will take exceedingly back seats. I don't think putting is a fair event. Margery knows the lawn. However, she ought to be pretty tired by then. Jack, why is she such an infernally good putter?"

Jack laughed.

"The Lord knows. So do I, really. She thinks they are all going down. So most of them do."

"Well, I think that. Only most of them don't."

"When does she come?" asked Jack.

"Dinner train. We might ride over to the station and meet her. And this evening it will be just you and she and I. Mother can't come till to-morrow."

Jack sat up.

"Oh, I say, is that all right, do you think?" he asked. "I mean ought we to get some sort of silly chaperon?"

Dick started.

"Why on earth?" he asked. "Margery knows we shall be alone; in fact she persuaded my mother not to come down till to-morrow, for that very reason. That's the best of Margery; she has no silly little ideas of that kind. Besides I'm her second cousin.

Jack was silent a moment.

"Oh, if Margery knows, of course it's all right," he said. "I only thought it wouldn't do to spring it on her. You see you are an eligible young man, Dick, and she's an eligible young woman, and I'm —well, I'm the third in the alliance of laughter."

The second ally lay back again on the grass.

"Stuffy, pokey, dark, hot, stupid, fusty, smelly London," he said, with a pause for thought between each epithet. "Why in the name of all that's nice do people go there? I went to a dance last night, Jack, at least it was a dance I was asked to. Dance! There was a room about as big as the dining-room here with two hundred people in it. The stairs were blocked, the passage was blocked, the ball-room was blocked, the square outside was blocked, the candles bent over and showered grease on you, and everyone was going on somewhere else afterward. To-night we'll dance on the lawn among the croquet hoops. At least Margy and I will dance, and you'll sit among the wall-flowers."

"Very amusing," said Jack. "But I went one worse. I went to a crush—took my sister there—it was a crush. That's all. Oh, it's good here. A whole week, with nothing whatever to do. The alliance of laughter hasn't met since before South Africa, at least not properly, all by themselves. I say, Dick, someone asked me the other day if I was engaged to Margy. I just stared in the man's face. Then I laughed. Then I told Margery. Then we both laughed together. Hullo, I heard wheels. Who can it be?"

Dick sat up gently with a face of apprehensive dismay.

"Hush," he said. "It must be a caller. We'll get into the shrubbery."

With infinite precaution the two stole

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

among the trees till they were out of sight, and awaited the outcome of this portentous event. But they were scarcely hidden when their names were loudly called, and through the open French window of the drawing-room a girl came quickly out.

"Dick — Jack," she cried. "Where are you both?"

The shrubs quickly divided themselves, and the two rushed out.

"Oh, how nice!" cried Margery. "Dear Dick, you are ruddier than the cherry, and Jack, your nose is peeling. Yes, it's me. I caught an earlier train. Isn't it too heavenly? And I borrowed a sovereign of the station master at Charing Cross, because I hadn't a penny, and I shall certainly forget to pay him back. Are station-masters rich? I think they must be. And they are all furious with me at home, because there's a dinner-party to-night and I wouldn't stop, and mother said it was most improper my coming down here alone, so I said, 'Nonsense, you old darling,' and left it to sink in. Oh, oh, how nice it is to be here, you old angels. And I must take my hat off at once."

She unpinned her hat and dropped it on the grass, took up a golf club and swung it, took up a croquet mallet and hit a ball into the bushes.

"Dick, that angel-mother of yours isn't coming down till the day after to-morrow," she said. "She really is a very nice woman. I told her so, and said I loved her very much—but I loved you more. Upon which she suggested that she would be *de trop* here, and I told her she had a very keen grasp of the obvious. So she's not coming down till Saturday, but she must then, as she has some other people."

"Didn't you suggest she should put them off?" asked Dick.

"Yes, but she wouldn't. I thought that was just a shade selfish of her, particularly as Jack was here too, and he doesn't like people. You make a mistake there, Jack, people are very nice."

"I know—charming. Why didn't you get someone else to come down with you?"

"Because it wasn't my house. Anyhow, people are coming on Saturday, so we must make the best of the next two days."

So the alliance met, and worthily fulfilled its office. The three had known each other for years, for Margery had been brought up, while her parents were in India, at the house of her cousin Dick Taylor, while the home of the third ally, Jack Arkwright, had, till a couple of years ago, lain on the other side of the boundary fence behind the shrubbery of the garden where the three now walked. But two years ago the place had been sold on his father's death, and the territory of the alliance had been narrowed. Thus from the days of school where the boys had been together first at Eton, then at Sandhurst, returning for the holidays to find Margery waiting eagerly for the games and laughter which filled the days, the three had grown up equals in age, and comrades together without a break. Till then, at any rate, all had retained to a somewhat unusual extent the absolute insouciance of childhood, taking each day exactly as it came, utterly ignorant of the deeper and tenderer needs which come soon or late to all men and women. The hours had been taken up with games, and for years the two boys, whenever they met, had arranged some series of sports against each other. Into these Margery, with due allowance for her sex, had at first been grudgingly admitted, for the male animal feels, naturally, a healthy contempt for the athletic possibilities of the female, but soon her matchless enthusiasm won respect, and now, at their first intimate meeting after the two years of separation, a programme for the next day had been at once arranged. The united ages of the three, it may be added, were at the present time, sixty-four years, of which the boys owned twenty-two each, the girl the remainder.

Next morning accordingly the three started off early for the links. The powers of the air were royally fulfilling their bargain with July, and it would seem as if the malignance that is wont to lurk in inanimate objects such as golf-balls lay for the time asleep, and the match grew in excitement and abated not in merriment as it advanced. The two men played level against each other, and gave Margery a half, and they reached the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eighteenth green without any of the matches being yet decided. Then came a moment.

The balls of the two, Jack and Dick, lay within about a yard of the hole, and Margery had a ten-yard put to win the match from each. She looked at it for some time, standing with her back to the sun, so that the outliers of her brown hair were flushed and gilded with it, and her eyes, very blue and vivid with thought, were intent on the line to the hole. Her mouth was a little drooped and the white line of her teeth showed below her lip. Suddenly she said :

"Yes, I see," and putted.

The ball travelled smoothly over the close-mown turf, and she threw her arms wide.

"It is going in ! " she cried. "*What* a darling ! " and as the ball dropped into the hole she looked up at Jack. Then something caught in his breath, and it was no longer the Margery that he had known so long who stood there, but She. She who was completeness and perfection. Woman to him the Man.

Thus she won from them both, then Dick putted and holed out, and in turn Jack putted, missed it, and lost to both.

"Jack, you're too careless for words," said she. "You've lost to us both. And I've won from you both. How heavenly ! I love winning. Now it's pea-rifle, isn't it ? "

But the discovery that Jack had made did not break up or in any way impair the alliance of laughter, for love takes every man according to his nature, and that which he had discovered but vivified and made more intense his part in the companionship which he had always enjoyed, but now ranked higher than the pleasures of a king. Soon, no doubt, would come the questionings and yearnings, the dumb desire to speak, the myriad heartburnings and fears, but as yet and for a few more days to come everything was shot to him with more brilliant color, and his heart sang to him. Then, on the fourth day after, Margery was suddenly called to London for the day, and on the instant of her departure the troubles of love awoke in him.

The day was unreasonably hot, and promised thunder : a leaden sky brooded low, and the sunless air was of an intolerable heaviness. But on Dick, who for the most part was liable to the disturbances of the heavens, this great heaviness seemed not to weigh at all. At lunch, after Margery's departure and the departure of those guests who had come down for the Sunday, he talked with the most surprising extravagance ; afterward he and Jack went out on to the open heath, for the garden, shut in by trees, was stagnant and oppressive, to catch what breeze there might be.

Dick threw himself down on the heather.

"Whew ! It is hot," he said. "I pity Margery in London. Why even here——"

Then suddenly he stopped, and, plucking a handful of grass stalks, began to clean out the stem of his pipe with curious solicitude. Jack, lying by him, smoked steadily, and an unusual silence fell.

Jack did not ask him what he had to say about "even here," and his thoughts were busy at Charing Cross Station, where Margery probably was at this moment, for her train back started in five minutes.

Then Dick threw away the last of his pipe-cleaners and sat up.

"Look here," he said. "I've something to tell you. There's no doubt about it. I've fallen in love."

Jack's mouth was, as he spoke, puckered up to blow tobacco-smoke over an ant that was coming closer than he wished, but at these words it slackened again, and the smoke was spilt aimlessly into the hot air.

"Yes—Margery, of course," continued the other. "My God ! "

He paused a moment and looked at Jack.

"What's the matter? " he asked, with a sudden, sharp anxiety in his voice. "You look queer, somehow."

"Dick, are you sure? " asked the other.

"Sure you look queer? "

"No, sure that you are in love with Margery."

"Sure? You'll be sure enough when anything of the sort happens to you. It's queer how long that's been coming to either of us, Jack. Other fellows catch it earlier, but we've fooled along hitherto

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

without. But when it comes there's no mistake about it. Why, Margery is just the whole point of everything now."

Jack rolled over on the heather, and let his arm lie across his eyes.

"She has been that to me," he said, "for the last four days. We're in the same boat, Dick."

This time it was Dick who paused.

"God forgive us all!" he said.

Then he got up quickly.

"Come away," he said. "I don't like this place. It's stifling here."

He held out his hand to help Jack up and kept it in his for a moment.

"I say, Jack," he said. "Whatever happens, we'll behave decently, won't we?"

"We'll have a shot to," said he. "And what now?"

"Time to go in to meet Margery. We'll talk it over to-night. Let it simmer a bit first—we're—we're in a queer place, you know."

So they rode through the reeling heat to the station, found the train already in, and Margery on the platform looking for all the oppression of the day like a nymph of Grecian waterways. The eyes of the two dwelt thirstily on her, but they avoided meeting each other's glances, for love was in the balance, and they both were friends.

That evening, when the rest had gone to bed, the two went up to Dick's room and sat long by the open window, speaking in short sentences and with long pauses. A great bank of cloud had risen in the west, and from time to time the fires of lightning flickered in it, and a drone of distant thunder answered. Before long they had to shut the window, for the storm burst overhead in appalling riot and slanting lines of tepid rain, and at the end the moon came out in a clear heaven, with the stars clustering round her, while to the east the sky grew dove-colored with the earliest hint of dawn.

At last Jack rose.

"It remains then just to toss," said he, and spun a coin.

"Heads," said Dick.

"Heads it is. You speak to Margy first."

Dick got up too, irresolute, and they looked at each other gravely, rivals in that which makes life sweet, but friends. And that makes life sweet also.

"And whatever happens, Jack," said he, "we promise to do our best not to let—not to let it spoil all that has been, and all that may yet be. We've no idea, neither you nor I, what the result will be. Anyhow, it mustn't get between us."

Jack nodded.

"Yes. Time to go to bed, Dick; nearly time to get up too. By the way, let it be soon. For God's sake let it be soon."

Dick's face lit up with the unimaginable light of love.

"Yes, to-morrow, to-day," he said.

So the days of child's play were over for the alliance of laughter, for out of laughter had been born love.

The morning was still young and dewy when Dick went out into the garden and Margery was already there. Soon he returned, and went straight to Jack's room, who was still not fully dressed, and as he looked up he knew.

"So it is you," he said, and stopped—then the friendship of years strengthened him. "Oh, make her happy, Dick," he said.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PIPPO

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ETTORE TITO

FOR Pippo the world consisted of an island, unimaginable distances of sapphire waters under skies of deep turquoise, certain points and peaks of land, often invisible through the haze of early morning, but, later, standing boldly and sharply out, and, finally, far, far away, a great, pointed mountain, breathing forth slow coils of gray smoke, that sometimes darkened to black, and sometimes changed to ruddy flame. That was Vesuvio, and near Vesuvio was Napoli, which Pippo had seen from the northern slope of Monte Solaro, lying, like a little snowdrift, in the curve of the distant gray-green shore. Pippo was no more Moses than Solaro is Pisgah, but the sentimental significance of their visions was the same.

For unknowable reasons, people arrived in Capri daily from this same Napoli. Excepting only a dog which had stolen a cake out of his fat hand, as he sat, undraped and unashamed, in the centre of a wide, white road, the steamer, which brought them, and took them away again, was the first permanent impression in Pippo's brain, and he was not yet three before he understood as well as Tommaso, who lived in the next house and was three and ninety, that these were people more wonderful than any who lived in Capri, people with pockets full of money, and in whose good graces it was well to be. Why they came, and what they sought did not enter into his calculations. What alone was of consequence, he found, was a means of commending himself to their attention. So Pippo took to turning somersaults. They were easy to do, and, as things go in Capri, they were amazingly profitable.

He was not without rivals. The band of boys and girls to which he attached himself gathered at noon on the hill-road leading up from the Marina Grande past the big hotels, and, as the throng from the steamer came by in carriages, on donkeys, and afoot, competition for their applause and, what was more important, the *soldi* which they scattered, was of the keenest. The girls sold fruit and flowers, the boys tumbled, turned handsprings, sang songs, and arranged themselves in picturesque attitudes whenever their sharp eyes spied a camera or a sketch-book. But, from the first, Pippo was the most successful of them all. This was not only because he was the youngest, but rather for the reason that he was as round and sleek as an olive, and his somersaults were executed with a frankness and an *abandon* all his own. Not infrequently, in the energy of his exertions, he parted company with his sole garment, a rudimentary affair at best, but, with unabated enthusiasm, he nevertheless continued rolling, heels over head and head over heels, up the dusty slope. One is frequently rewarded at the age of three for performances which are viewed askance at that of twenty. It was so in the case of Pippo. His income was equal to that of the largest boy of all.

Later, when the visitors were breakfasting upon the balconies of the hotels, a continual shower of nuts, figs, and oranges descended from their tables into the midst of the clamoring groups below, Pippo, the ready pupil of experience, disposed, on the spot, of such of these dainties as fell to his share. There were those among his companions who manifested a none too scrupulous regard for the rights of property. Early in his career he discovered that it was best to put the gifts of the gods beyond the reach of avarice, while his familiars were busy with other things. For the fact that he was able to preserve his *soldi* from their rapacity, Pippo had not himself to thank. His mother was a woman of ingenuity. She took no notice, to be sure, of pilfered figs and nuts. But, whenever a theft of Pippo's coppers was reported to her by the infant acrobat, it was not Pippo, but his elder brother Mario, aged twelve, who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

received the inevitable beating. It was the custom of Mario, when smarting under chastisement, to exact full indemnity therefor on the person of Pippo's despoiler. Mario's brown legs were as fleet as the wind, and Mario's fists at once the heaviest and the most nimble of any on the hill-road. After a few experiments in robbing Pippo of his coppers, the rest of the band would as soon have thought of attacking His Majesty's post.

In the morning, before the daily visitors arrived, and in the afternoons after the steamer had carried them away, Pippo spent much of his time on the beach of the Marina Grande, in rapt contemplation of, and occasional conversation with, the fishers and the young owners of the *barchette* wherein strangers entered the Grotta Azzurra. These were sturdy, bronzed by the sun, picturesquely dressed, and talked loudly of the gains of their profession. Pippo admired them extravagantly. To him this Grotta of which they spoke had something in common with Napoli itself. It was in Capri, to be sure, but he had never seen it, so in his mind it was as mysterious as the white city beyond the bay. He meditated long upon what this might be which the strangers came to see, while the ripples piled sand between his toes and ran glistening up his sturdy legs. From time to time he invited himself to be of the company that went out to the westward each morning to meet the steamer at the Grotta, but the boatmen laughed at him as he stood upon the sand, and then rowed away without him. Pippo accepted these rebuffs with haughtiness, and consoled himself by plunging, clothes and all, into the water, and swimming about for an hour like a cork. He was six years old now, fearing nothing, and respecting only Mario.

One morning, Mario departed with the boatmen. He was become *ragazzo tuffatore*, which had something to do with the Grotta Azzurra, but exactly what was not made clear until his triumphant return at two o'clock, with his lips blue, his teeth chattering, and six *lire* in the pocket of his trousers. That afternoon, as the brothers sat together on the beach, the mystery of the Grotta was revealed. It was, according to Mario, a cave, all blue. One entered in a *barchetta*, by a narrow passage, pulling on a chain. The water dashed against the rocks outside, and it was necessary to wait a chance to pass. But inside it was calm—as water in a pail, said Mario—and one climbed out upon a flat rock and the boat went away again, pulling on the chain. Afraid? Yes, perhaps, acknowledged Mario, if one had been alone. But there was Battista Falierni, three years older, who showed him what to do. The walls, the roof, the water, all were blue, deep blue. The light came from below *qualche parte*—who knew whence? And the water plashed in at the entrance. And it was dark. And cold, *perbacco!* very cold. They had waited, he and Battista, for a half-hour, perhaps longer. Then, suddenly, a boat had shot in at the entrance, pulling on the chain, and then another, and another. And Battista had stripped off his clothes, yes, to the last, and Mario had done the same, so that both stood shivering on the ledge of rock. Then they had plunged into the water for a moment, and swiftly climbed out again, and Battista had cried "*Mancia! Mancia!*" so that Mario as well had cried "*Mancia!*" And the nearest boatman—it was Guiseppe Torquo—also cried "*Mancia!*" only louder, and brought the *barchetta* close to the rock, and a man put *soldi* into Battista's hand. Then they had dived again, and again cried "*Mancia!*" as a second boat approached, but this time it was Mario who received the money—a whole *lira!* There were fourteen boats in all, said Mario, and some gave nothing, and many came twice into the Grotta, but when it was all over, and he and Battista had dressed, and Guiseppe had come for them in his boat, there were thirty-two *lire* to be divided. Guiseppe took half, and Battista ten, and Mario six, because he was the youngest. So that was what it was to be *ragazzo tuffatore!* Mario was to go twice a week thereafter. Twelve *lire! Perdinci!* It was marvellous. And all because he looked like silver in the blue water, and this was what the strangers came to see. Then Mario gave Pippo five *soldi* for himself, and left him seated upon the beach, half-blinded by the light of this great revelation.

His meditations were interrupted by the passing of two strangers. By the red

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

books which they carried and the cameras swung over their shoulders, Pippo recognized them as being of the wonderful people from Napoli, and instantly plunged into the water. Emerging an instant later, with his face screwed into a knot, and little rivulets of water running from him in all directions, he vociferated "*Mancia!*" and received a *soldo* for his pains! He surveyed the coin ruefully. Evidently there was no doing it in that way. "When I am as large as Mario," said Pippo to himself, "I, too, will be *ragazzo tuffatore!*" The which was prophecy.

It was when Pippo was ten that La Bellina came to the island. She had another name, of course, one of enormous difficulty, which, during the first week of her stay, was known, and enthusiastically mispronounced, by a limited circle, but the task of remembering this proved too arduous for Capri, and so it was presently abandoned in favor of the more beautiful, and, hence, more appropriate, *sobriquet*. La Bellina lived in a large, white villa, to the eastward of the town, with her father, who was old, and walked with a stick. She painted pictures, and had need of models, who were well-paid and regaled at the day's end with sweet cakes and wine, and this of itself was sufficient to insure her popularity. But, more than that, La Bellina was as beautiful and as gracious as a Madonna, and, like a Madonna, pale and slender, with blue eyes, and soft, yellow hair. She loved children and flowers, and took long walks over the hill-roads in the early morning and at sunset. Each of these came in time to resemble a triumphal progress. In two weeks La Bellina knew every child, down to the smallest *bimbo*, by name, and, what was more, the parents of them all. Her walks were punctuated, at minute intervals, by scraps of conversation at doorways and road-turnings, and offerings of tiny, tightly compressed bouquets, and in her inquiries there was such sincerity of sympathy, and, in her acceptance of the children's tributes, such frank appreciation that Capri, whose heart is become sordid through long experience of silver-scattering tourists, adopted La Bellina without a thought of gain, and loved her, as only Capri, when it will, can love. Her frequent stumblings in the labyrinth of peasant *patois* inspired assistance rather than the Italian's ever-ready ridicule. Even the fact that she was an American was overlooked. There was only one circumstance in the situation more evident than the love of Capri for La Bellina, and that was the love of La Bellina for Capri.

As may be imagined, Alice Ainsworth—for such was that other name of enormous difficulty—had not been many days at the Villa Rosa before she and Pippo knew each other intimately. He did not remember her as the stranger of four years before, whose companion had given him a *soldo*, nor she him as the brown *bambino* who had plunged into the water at their approach, but there was a roughly sketched outline of a boy in the foreground of her first picture of Capri, and when, on one of her early strolls, she came upon Pippo catching lizards among the rocks upon the road to Anacapri, she knew where he belonged. That was the beginning of his many visits to the Villa Rosa. At first, he came only for the sweet sake of his daily *lira*, and yawned through two morning hours of posing in the enclosed garden, his bronze skin gleaming in the dappling sunshine that filtered through the gray-green foliage of the olive-trees. It was beyond his comprehension why this should be worth a *lira*, but there was nothing else to do until the steamer came in at one, with his legitimate tourist-prey on board. So Pippo was content.

In time the picture was finished, and little, naked Pippo, with his proud head and his broad shoulders, and his slender, straight legs, stood upon the canvas in the person of that young god who later found a place on the walls of the Philadelphia Academy, as the Boy Bacchus, and on the ledgers of the same, to the tune of five thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. But, somehow, Pippo's visits did not cease with Pippo's posing. He still climbed daily to the Villa Rosa, bringing the mail, and there was always a sweet cake or an orange on the corner of La Bellina's table for him, and on Sundays a five-*lire* note—though it was no longer for these alone that Pippo came. No, La Bellina's blue eyes, and La Bellina's soft, white hand that sometimes stroked his tangled hair, and, more than either, La Bellina's kind-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Competition for . . . the *soldi* which they scattered, was of the keenest.—Page 670.

ness to his mother, who had been ailing all that spring, had won his profound, unwavering allegiance. At night he said his prayers to his mental picture of her. She was more nearly his religion than the tawdry, gilded Santa Vergine which hung above his bed.

As the steamer slid up to the pier of the Marina Grande one morning in June, Pippo sat dangling his legs over the wall of the roadway, in great indecision of mind. Whether to wait for his daily harvest of *soldi*—there was an uncommonly large throng of tourists, too!—or whether to let business slip for once and hasten up to the Villa Rosa with the most stupendous piece of news he had ever had to impart—this was the problem. In the end, the sentimental instinct triumphed over the mercenary, and, swinging himself off into the dust, Pippo set off at a fast trot toward the long stairway leading to the town. Half way up, he paused to catch his breath, and then it was that he saw that he was followed. One of the tourists was mounting the steps in haste as evident as had been his own, and he, too, stopped for his breath's sake, and stood a few feet from the boy, looking back over the bay.

"*Mancia*," suggested Pippo, instinctively, holding out his hand.

The other laughed. He was very straight and tall, with a yellow mustache and kind eyes—the sort of person who would be apt to like a somersault, thought Pippo, turning one forthwith.

"*Mancia?*" he repeated, as he regained his feet.

"That's the first word one always hears in Capri," said Gabriel Tennent, with his hand in his waistcoat-pocket. "Dost thou know the Villa Rosa, *ragazzo?*"

A *lira!* A whole *lira* for one somersault! Pippo bit the coin reflectively, looking up at Tennent from under his long lashes. *Senza dubbio*, he knew the Villa Rosa! In fact, he was on his way there. And if the *signore* desired a guide—one was usually paid a *lira* for showing the road, said Pippo, shamelessly.

"And one is usually paid a *soldo* for a somersault—eh, *piccolo?*" answered Tennent. "Show the road, therefore. Thou shalt not have cause to complain."

And swift as were Pippo's legs in mounting the remaining steps, and the long, curving incline to the left, toward the Villa, the American kept pace with him, and even passed him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A continual shower of nuts, figs, and oranges descended.—Page 670.

They found La Bellina in the garden, before her easel, but the hand that held her brush hung idle at her side, and her eyes were half closed. She seemed to be listening, and yet she did not hear their steps, till Pippo touched her on the arm.

"Signorina Bellina," he ventured.

Miss Ainsworth turned at the words, and on her lips there dawned the sweetest smile that Pippo—or Gabriel Tennent either, for that matter—had ever seen.

"Mr. Tennent!" she said. And Pippo walked off among the olive-trees. For tact is an orchid missing from many a costly conservatory, and a weed that grows by many a common road.

They spoke long and earnestly. To Pippo, bursting with his news, it seemed as if their talk would never end. Captain Ainsworth, too, came out of the Villa, wearing a droll, velvet cap with a tassel, and leaning heavily on his stick. He shook Tennent's hand warmly, and said "Good! Good!" a great number of times. Pippo recognized the word. It was what the tourists said when he turned his somersaults. But what it had to do with the present occasion was something impossible to tell. Finally, they noticed him, standing under the olive-trees, and La Bellina called him to her, and put her arm around him, and began to talk to the *signore* in Italian, as her father lit his pipe.

"This is Pippo," she said. "You remember? He is the Bacco Giovene of whom I wrote you. We are great friends. *È il mio ragazzo—non è vero*, Pippo?"

"Then, I think that we shall be great friends, as well," said Tennent. "*E, a proposito*, Pippo. I had forgotten that thou didst show me the road to the Villa Rosa." And he slipped another coin into the boy's hand.

A *napoleone!* A whole *napoleone*, for showing the road! Never before had Pippo had a gold-piece of his own. After one short look of utter adoration at Tennent, he abruptly left Miss Ainsworth's side, and rolled away in ecstasy, somersault on somersault, along the gravelled path.

Miss Ainsworth looked her reproach.

"You will spoil him," she said. "He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is used to a *lira*, at most, for such a service."

Tennent shot a swift, keen glance at the Captain, who, with his hands clasped on his stick, and the slow smoke-wreaths curling up his cheek, was staring off amiably into vacancy. Then——

"For entrance to the garden of the golden apples," he answered, "one pays in gold. It is only appropriate—Signorina Bellina!"

The violence of Pippo's exercise recalled his mission to his mind, and he came back, panting.

Pippo admired them extravagantly.—Page 671.

"But I have news for the *signorina!*" he exclaimed. "May I tell it now?"

"*Ma certamente!*" smiled La Bellina. "What is thy news, *picciolo?*"

It appeared that Pippo's news was this. *Ecco!* Mario had been saving his earnings, and to-day had bought the *barchetta* of Guiseppe Torquo, who had been drafted for the army, and, beginning with to-morrow, he was to go with the other boatmen to show *gli stranieri* the Grotta Azzurra. For he was seventeen now, and strong, Mario! *Dio!* For his age, there were no broader shoulders, and no stouter arms in Capri, said Pippo, who still adored his brother. But, what was more surprising, Pippo himself was to be *ragazzo tuffatore*, to take Mario's place—that was something, eh, La Bellina? For he could swim, oh, *si!* Even Battista Falierni—and he was the best swimmer of them all—acknowledged that. Moreover, by this time, he knew the Grotta, none better. He had been there with Mario, often. And to think that, in the time when he was *piccolissimo*, he had wondered what it was! So there was to be an end of somersaulting, for one gained largely as *ragazzo tuffatore*—Mario had had six *lire* the first day, and as much as twenty since. *Perbacco*, said Pippo, things were very well with him. *Che fortuna*—eh, La Bellina?

Then there were congratulations for Pippo, even from Captain Ainsworth, who emerged from revery long enough to murmur, "*Benissimo!*" and then relapsed into his former placid contemplation of the sky. And La Bellina promised—this was wonderful!—that to-morrow she would engage Mario's *barchetta* for a trip to the Grotta Azzurra, at three o'clock, after the steamer left, because Signor Gabriele wished to go. And Pippo should accom-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pany them, to be *ragazzo tuffatore* for the first time. And, for all of this, Mario should be paid a *napoleone*—because it was the first time. *Ecco!* So Pippo took his departure, somersault on somersault, to carry the news to Mario.

The following afternoon was deliciously cool and clear. About noon a brisk breeze had come out of the northeast, and now was blowing steadily across the bay, flecking its sapphire surface with splashes of foam, and shouldering the water, in bustling little waves, up the pebbles of the Marina Grande. As Mario's *barchetta* made its way slowly along the shore, dancing clear of one crest, and thudding musically against the next, Pippo, seated in the bow, burst, for very joy of living, into a song, caught from the musicians on the Naples steamer—

"'*A gente ride e canta*
E jett'a mare'e guaie:
Napol' e bell' assaie—
I'cca voglio resta!"

And they all joined in the chorus, and laughed together at the end, like the children that they were.

Above them, the headlands of Capri bent back into high, sloping hillsides, thickly dotted with dwarf-vines, that leaned, like human beings, on their stout staffs, and looked down upon the bay. It did not occur to any one of the four in the boat, that the bell-like music of the water, dashing on the rocks, was, of all things, the most inauspicious for their purpose, until they neared the entrance to the Grotta, and saw how the low opening was almost continually hidden by flying spray. Then Mario said, reluctantly, that it was not the day to enter. The passage was difficult at best, and even dangerous, when the water was so high. He was already pulling sturdily on his right oar, preparatory to returning, when Tennent laughed him down.

"What then, *amico*, have we come so far, to be beaten by a little water? *Sí*

When Pippo was ten La Bellina came to the island.—Page 672.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She loved children and flowers.—Page 672.

può sempre tentare, almeno, one can always try, at least! *Avanti!* Let us see how this great danger looks near-by."

As if in support of his words, the breeze suddenly dropped, and almost immediately the black entrance lay clear before them. Mario's full lips closed in a thin, straight line over his teeth, and, with a shrug, he turned the boat inshore.

"As the *signore* wills," he said, philosophically. "It is not for me to say."

As a matter of fact, there was no unusual difficulty about entering the Grotta. It was necessary, of course, for Tennent and La Bellina to lie flat in the bottom of the boat, and for Pippo, in the bow, to roll himself into a ball below the level of the gunwale, but that would have been the case on even the most still and breathless day. For an instant, they hung motionless before the opening, and then a long wave lifted, and swung them in. Mario snatched at the dripping chain, fastened under the roof of the passageway, there was a lisp of swirling foam, a grinding of the boat's sides against the rocks, and, a moment later, they were through, and riding safely on the smooth water within.

The Grotta had surely never been more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beautifully blue. From below the undermined wall of rock, the brilliant, spring sunlight streamed up, through fathoms of surpassing clearness, to the surface of the water, now stirred to tiny ripples by the spent energy of the waves outside, and gleaming in a hundred tints of cool color, from light turquoise, where the deflected light

For a time no one spoke. Even Mario, used as he was to the Grotta Azzurra, seemed charmed to silence by the infinite beauty lent to its interior by the filtered light of brilliant afternoon. Softly, very tenderly, and yet as if by right, Tennent had laid his hand on that of Alice. They could barely see each other

Posing in the enclosed garden.—Page 672.

was strongest, to deepest sapphire in the far, dark corners. The wet roof caught a reflection that turned it to cobalt, and the dripping walls, to right and left, ran down, from indigo above, to profound amethyst at the water's edge. Floating midway between rock and gravel bottom, the boat seemed to be hung in the heart of some gigantic, lustrous jewel, that played with the intruding light of day, testing its brilliance through a thousand facets, blending it into one shifting, monochrome rainbow, scaled from purplish-black through all the tones that lead to palest blue.

in the dim light. Only her eyes shone, as if they, too, were part of that marvellous blue cavern, and she made no motion to withdraw her hand. In the still sanctity of Nature's holiest of holies, heart spoke to heart, and the voice of the sea without throbbed in low adagio under the sapphire arches above them, sanctifying the unspoken eloquence of unutterable things.

The silence was broken by Pippo, plunging from the ledge of rock into the cold, blue waters of the Grotta. He had clambered out of the boat, a moment after their entrance, and, during their pre-

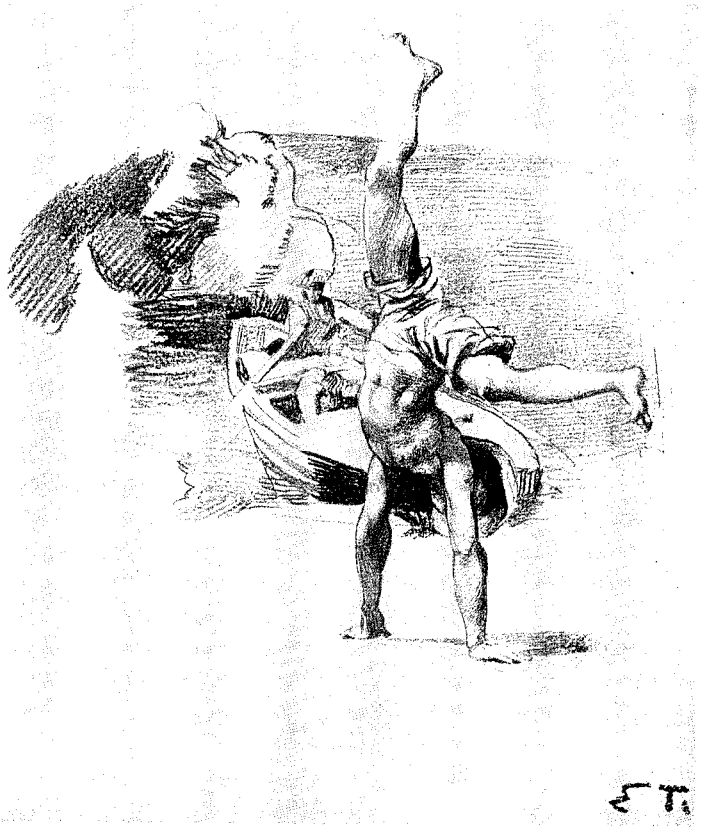
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

occupation, had stripped rapidly, eager to become *ragazzo tuffatore* in deed as well as name. They turned at the sound, and saw him, below them, still preserving his diver's pose, sliding, like a living statuette, through the limpid depths. In the strange, blue light, his bronzed body shone silver, and every line of his figure was cut sharp and clear. His momentum spent, he swerved lithely, a foot below the surface, with long, slow sweeps of his slender arms, and then sunk deeper still, while the light caught and caressed each curve of back, and thigh, and limb, with scintillant variants of blue. Pippo as Pippo was good to look upon, Pippo as La Bellina had portrayed him was even beautiful, but Pippo, wedded to the waters of the Grotta Azzurra, was a young god in veriest truth, the soul incarnate of the ageless sea, returning caress for her caress, fearless, incomparably graceful, a spirit of silver, draped in a mantle of translucent turquoise. They were hardly aware that the *ragazzo tuffatore* had become a boy again, in a shower of shining spray, or that he had clambered back upon his rock, until they heard his triumphant cry—"*Ecco!*"

"I expected," said Tennent, with his hand on that of Alice, "to see the Spirit of the Pearl rising from the depths, to link her arm in his!"

And La Bellina made no reply—the which, with a woman, is always the best sign.

Pippo slipped into his clothes again with a despatch which spoke eloquently of the coldness of the water, and presently was once more at his post in the bow of the *barchetta*. Mario rowed slowly toward the entrance, as his brother received the compliments of Tennent on his swimming. A moment later, they were all crouching, as before, in the bottom of the boat, while Mario prepared to grasp the chain. In the act he hesitated, seeming to listen, and then, with a whirl



Pippo turned one forthwith.—Page 673.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Dost thou know the Villa Rosa, *ragazzo?*"—Page 673.

of foam, a wave crowded into the opening, filling it to the roof, and raising them sharply on its swell. Before it had subsided, another followed, and yet another. Now that they were actually at the entrance, they realized what had not been apparent from their former distance. The wind had risen again, and swell followed swell so rapidly that only for a few seconds at a time was there an interval between the roof of the passage and the surface of the water. Mario was the first to appreciate their situation, and, turning, seated himself, with his body bent forward, and his arms hanging limply between his knees.

"We shall not get out," he said.

The semi-darkness hid the twitch of Tennent's lips, and his voice was quite composed as he replied:

"But thou didst say, as well, that we should not get in! And yet—*eccoci!* Come, we may have to wait our time, but we shall succeed, fast enough, in the end."

Mario shook his head.

"Now it is different, *signore*," he said. "I have never been inside the Grotta when the water was like this. We shall not get out. And the tide is rising."

"Try!" commanded Tennent, and at once—before it is too late."

So Mario tried, and tried again, and yet again, but finally even Tennent was forced to admit that the boy was right. At each attempt the *barchetta* was hurled back by the rush of incoming waters, and at the last its occupants were drenched with spray.

"Shall I try again, *signore?*" asked Mario.

"No."

The boat was drifting back toward the centre of the Grotta when they were startled by a slender, white apparition at the bow. It was Pippo, stripped again, and balancing himself for a plunge. Then, without a word, he slanted suddenly forward and cut sharply into the blue water, straight toward the passage. An incoming wave caught him at the entrance, and flung him back. He reappeared upon the surface, gasping, but, before they could call to him, he had dived again, and was gone.

"He will bring us help," exclaimed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mario, proudly. "It is a brave *ragazzo*, that!"

"God help him!" said La Bellina, solemnly, and——

"Amen!" said Gabriel Tennent.

For an hour and more there was a silence, broken only by the lisp of the little ripples against the side of the *barchetta*. Then Tennent began to speak again, this time in English.

"I do not know how we shall come out of this," he said, "but there is one thing that I must say now, lest an untoward chance deprive me of another opportunity. Almost the very beginning of our friendship was here in this same Capri which now holds us prisoners in its cold, blue heart. I have never forgotten that last day before you went back to America—how we walked on the beach together, and talked of little, unmeaning things which I have remembered always, always. I had known you only a week, but I was tempted, even then, to say what I am now saying—that I love you! You went away—out of my life—but it made no difference. Somehow, I always knew that we should meet again, and so I was hardly surprised when you came to Paris the following year and I was able to see you for a little before you went to Russia. Then, again, I wanted to speak, but the chance slipped by. And, too, I was poor, desperately poor. I had nothing to offer you. The next year it was the same. Do you remember those evenings on the lake at Como and Bellaggio, when the sun, that had left us long before, painted the snow-summits crimson, amethyst, and gray? That should have been my time, but there was a new barrier between us. You were rich, and already famous—I, nothing! So, once more, golden opportunity slid by. This year, when you wrote me that you were to be at Capri through the spring, I determined that, come what might, I would try my fate. I could not know that we should be together here, facing—God knows what! We are in danger. You are brave enough to know the truth. But I am almost glad that what is so is so, because, in the wonderful silence of this most mysterious spot of all earth, I have laid my hand on yours, and you have not drawn away. Dearest, most beautiful, slenderest, palest, and most pure, I love you! Never since first Heaven gladdened my eyes

"*Mancia?*"—Page 673.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the steadfast light of yours, have I wavered or forgotten. I love you, I love you! I would there were new words, sweet as the old words are. I love you, and I am yours to do with you as you will."

He leaned toward her, striving to read her face in the blue gloom. But when she answered, it was not to Gabriel that she spoke.

"Oh, great, unknowable, and merciful God of earth, and sky, and sea," she said, "keep Thou this man, who loves me, from all harm, and keep me, too, Thy humble servant, from the power of the deep, to be his wife, according to Thy holy decree. But, more than all, dear God of tenderness and mercy, keep Thou and preserve the little one who hath offered his life for ours. Bring him safe to shore, that his mission may be accomplished. Child though he be, ignorant, untutored, wild, yet doth he follow in the footprints of our Elder Brother — for greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends!"

And once more Gabriel Tennent said "Amen."

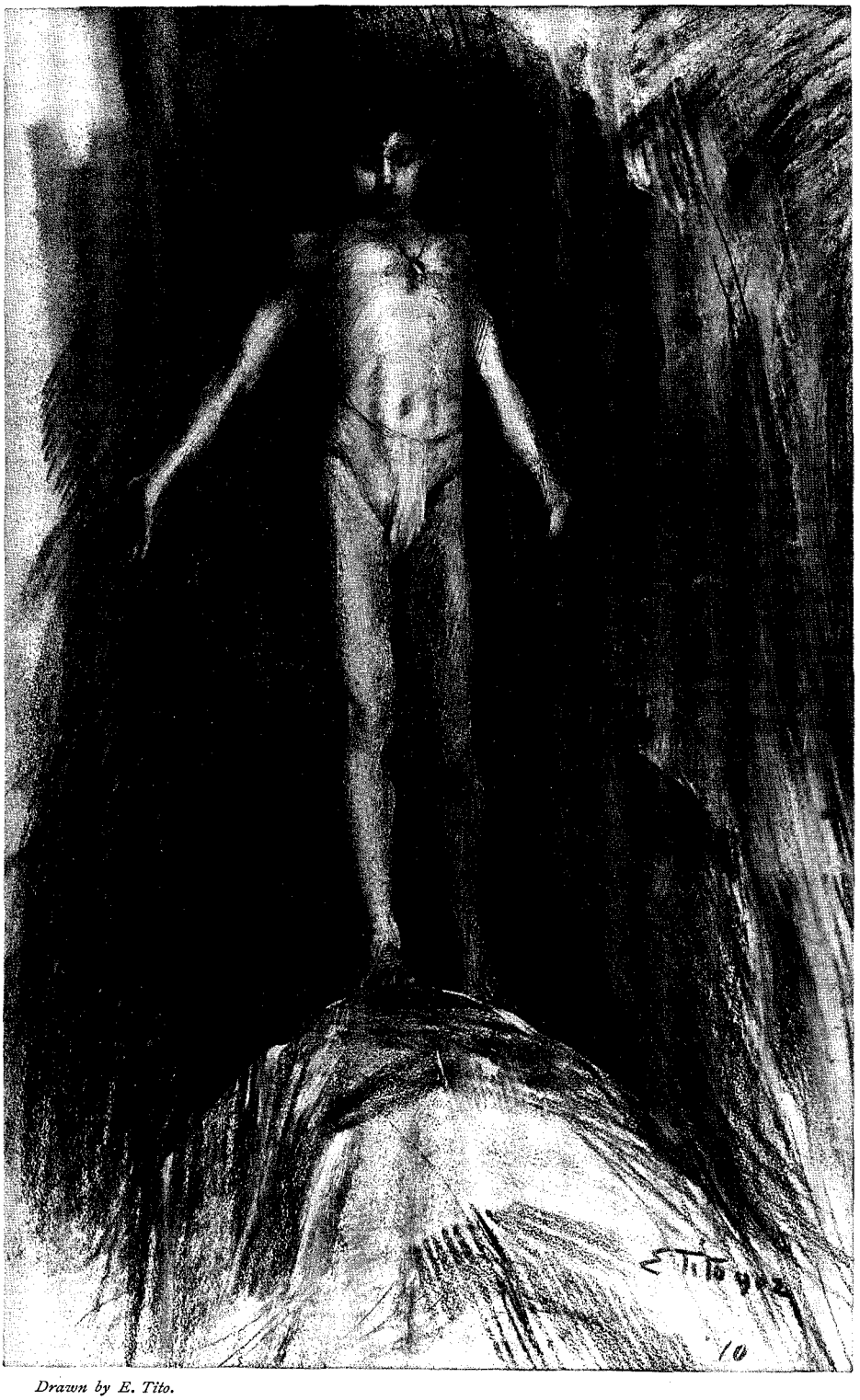
Hour on hour passed, as slowly the sunlight shifted and grew dim under the waters of the Grotta Azzurra, and then, suddenly, Pippo came as he had gone, flashing out of the swirl of foam at the mouth of the passage. The boat careened wildly as he clambered over the bow, laughing, and shaking the water from his long, dark hair. A light cord was knotted about his waist, and he vouchsafed not a word in reply to their eager inquiries, but pulled briskly upon this, until a stouter rope, tied to its end, came dripping into the *barchetta*. Fastening the latter deftly around a thwart, he drew the boat cautiously toward the entrance, and then, facing his companions again, cried, in a high treble—

So Pippo took his departure.—Page 676.

"*Tutti chinati!* They will pull us out!"

"Hold fast!" said Tennent, instinctively, and they all crouched as before, gripping the thwarts. Pippo was bending

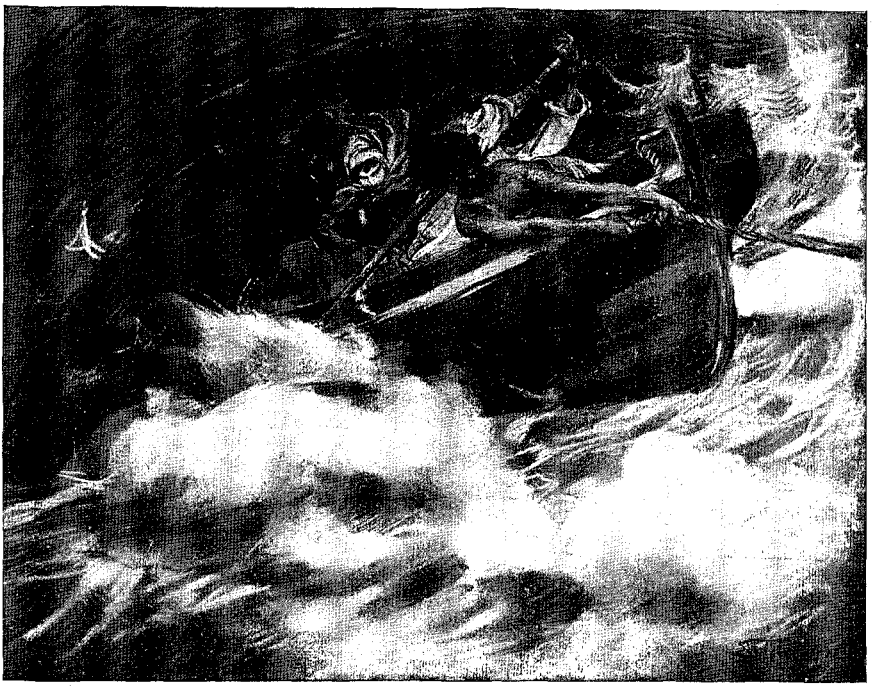
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by E. Tito.

Until they heard his triumphant cry—"*Ecco!*"—Page 679.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



They seemed to be engulfed in the heart of a maelstrom.

forward in an attitude of tense attention at the bow, with his eyes fixed upon the frothing mouth of the passage, now only a few feet away. Then, as a wave thundered through, with a great swirl of foam, he tugged sharply at the rope, and, almost instantly, the boat leaped forward.

The moment was calculated to a nicety. For a few seconds, as long as an eternity, they seemed to be engulfed in the heart of a maelstrom. The boat lurched heavily to right and then to left, scraping the rock on either side. The passage hissed with spray, and the green water gnawed angrily at the gunwale, and then, as if it had bitten through, poured in upon them, drenching them to the skin. Tennent had a glimpse of the sky, which was instantly cut off by the crest of another wave, but this the little *barchetta* met gallantly. Boat and billow struggle desperately for a breath, like wrestlers, while the tow-line slackened and then came taut again with a snap which flung the water from it in a shower of silver beads. But the danger-point was past, and the wave, with an impatient shrug, flung them over its shoulder into sunlight, liberty, and life, and then surged and was shattered against the cliff behind.

"*Ecco!*" said Pippo, naked and triumphant in the bow.

From beside him, the rope stretched, loosely now, to the stern of a tiny steam-launch, a hundred yards away, and, peering at them from over her rail, were three boatmen, and Captain Ainsworth, leaning on his stick.

"Thank God!" he shouted, waving his velvet cap by its tassel.

Tennent answered his hail with another, and then, turning, looked into his companion's eyes.

"Dearest!" he murmured.

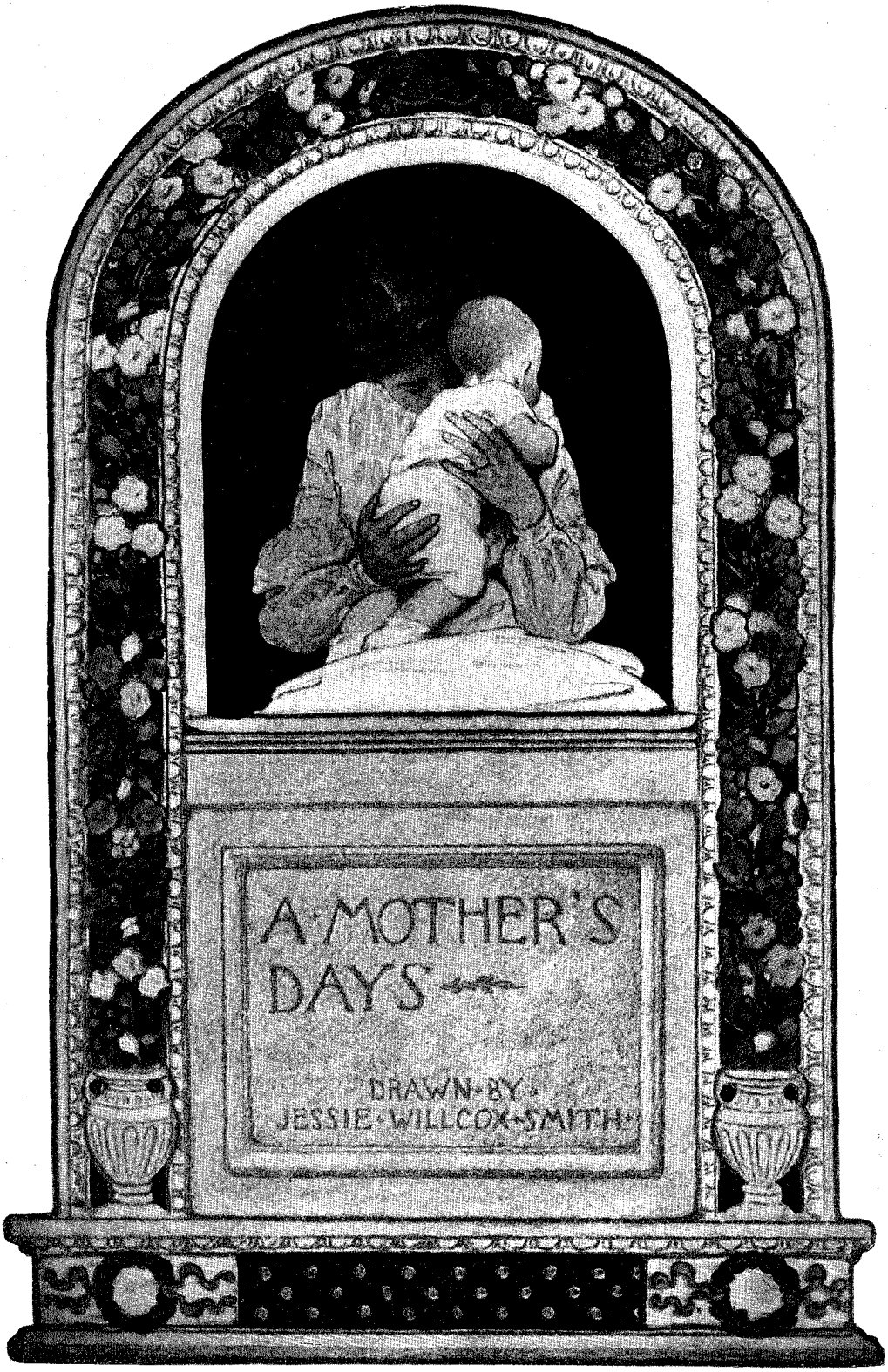
The girl smiled, returning the pressure of his hand.

"Dear!" she answered. "Call me no more than dear, Gabriel. The dearest is there!" And she pointed to Pippo.

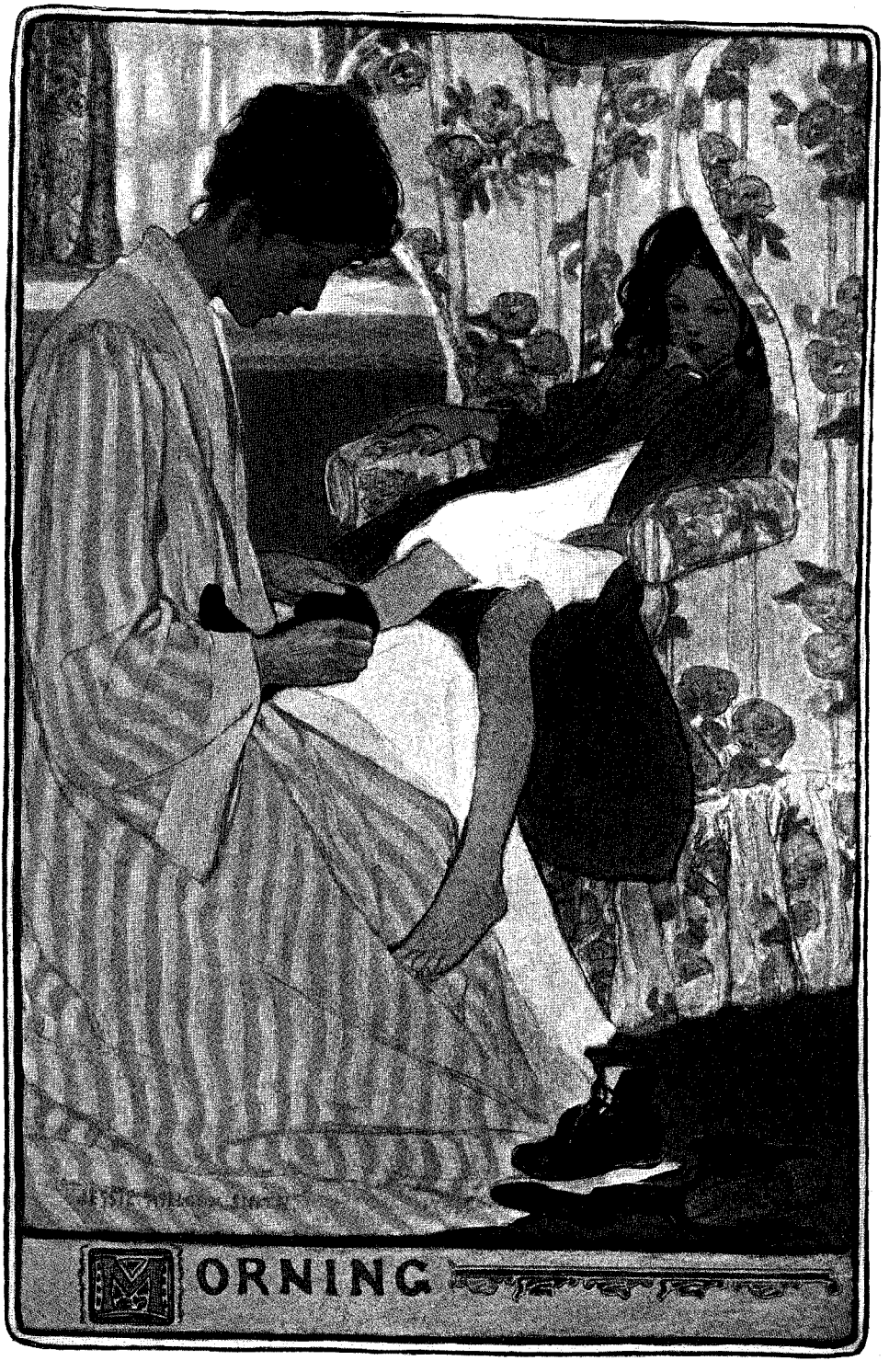
Little, naked Pippo, with his features screwed into a knot, and an indescribably droll humility in his stooping shoulders, surveyed them quizzically.

"*Mancia!*" he said, with outstretched hand, from which the water dripped upon the upturned face of Mario, and made him laugh.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

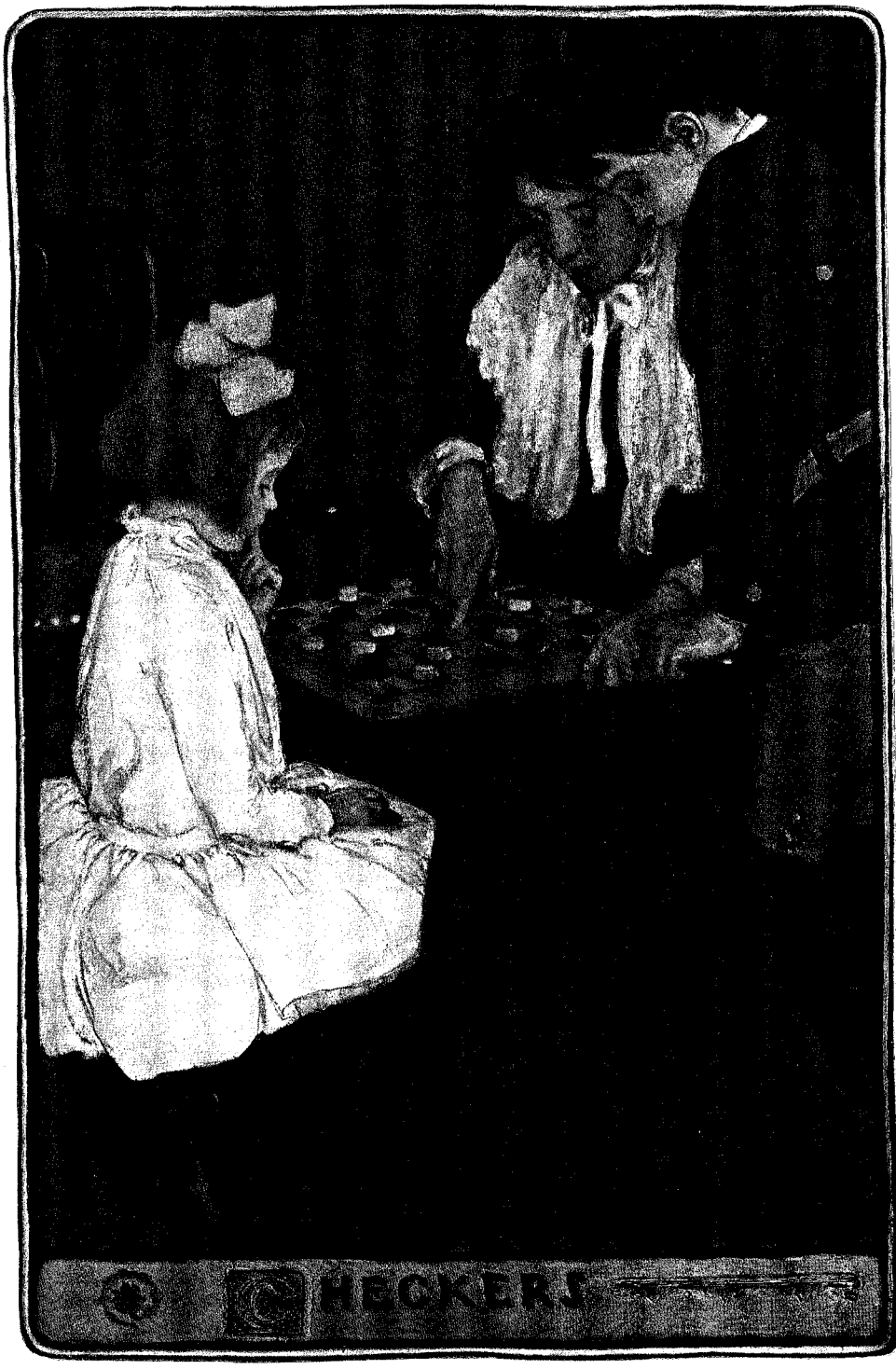


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

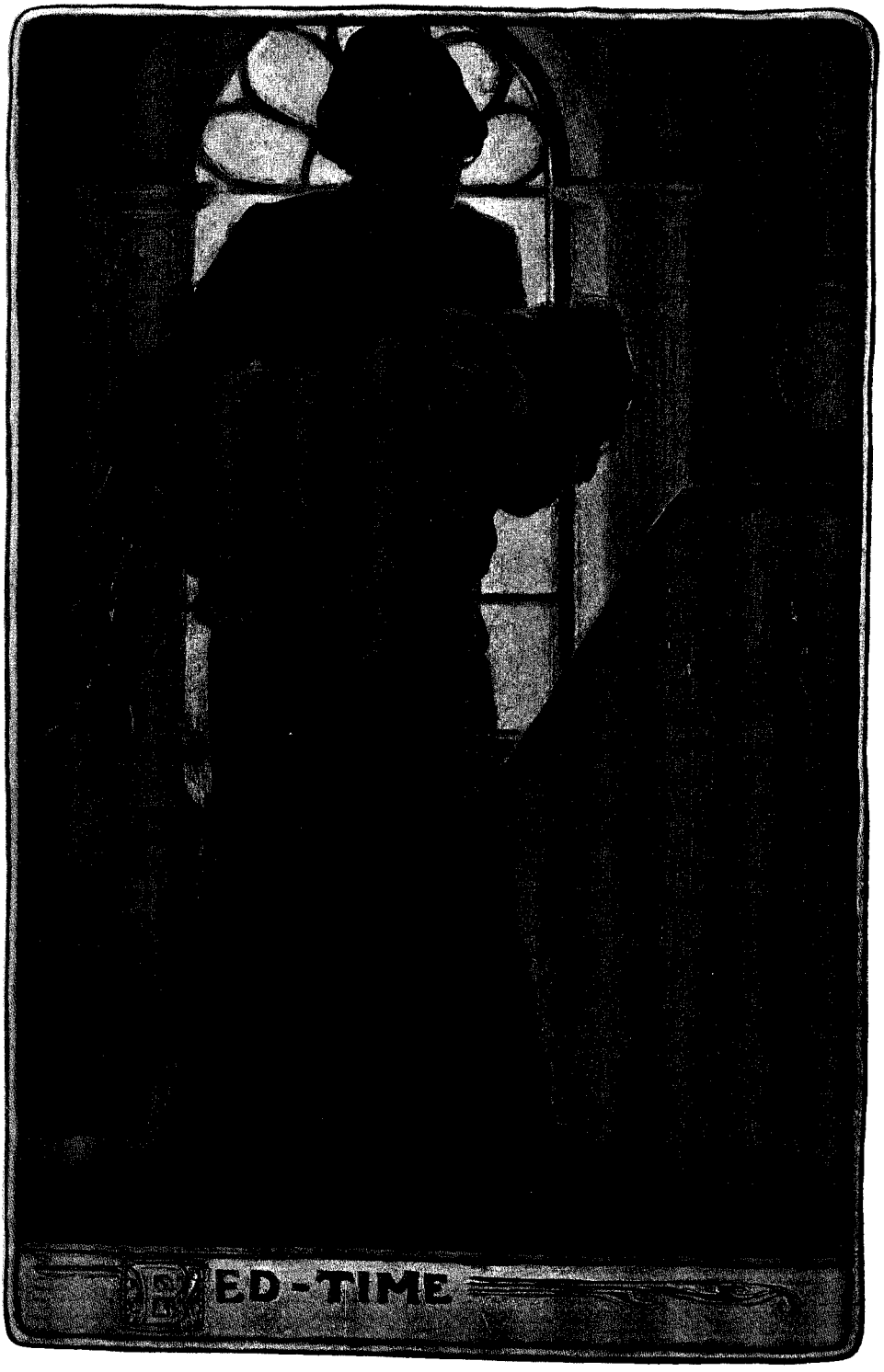
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

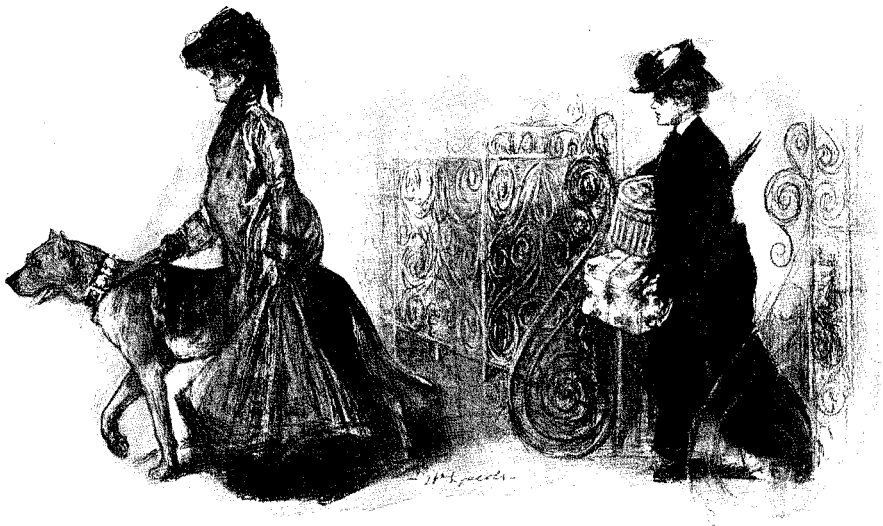


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



She, too, went through with a sweep.—Page 696.

COMPARTMENT NUMBER FOUR—COLOGNE TO PARIS

By F. Hopkinson Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. L. JACOBS

HE was looking through a hole—a square hole framed about with mahogany and ground-glass. His face was red, his eyes were black, his mustache—waxed to two needle-points—was a yellowish brown; his necktie blue and his uniform dark chocolate seamed with little threads of vermilion and encrusted with silver poker-chip buttons emblazoned with the initials of the corporation which he served.

I knew I was all right when I read the initials. I had found the place and the man. The place was the ticket office of the International Sleeping Car Company. The man was its agent.

So I said, very politely and in my best French—it is a little frayed and worn at the edges but it arrives—sometimes——

"A lower for Paris."

The man in chocolate, with touches of the three primary colors distributed over his person, half closed his eyes, lifted his shoulders in a tired way, loosened his fingers and without changing the lay-figure expression of his face replied:

"There is nothing."

"Not a berth?"

"Not a berth."

"Are they all *paid* for?" and I accented the word *paid*. I spend countless nights on Pullmans in my own country and am familiar with many uncanny devices.

"All but one."

"Why can't I have it? It is within an hour of train time. Who ordered it?"

"The Director of the great circus. He is here now waiting for his troupe which arrives from Berlin in a special car belonging to our company. The other car—the one that starts from here—is full. We have only two cars on this train—Monsieur the Director has the last berth."

He said this, of course, in his native language. I am merely translating it. I would give it to you in the original, but it might embarrass you: it certainly would me.

"What's the matter with putting the Circus Director in the special car? Your regulations say berths must be paid for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one hour before train time. It is now fifty-five minutes of eight. Your train goes at eight, doesn't it? Here is a twenty-franc gold piece—never mind the change"—and I flung a napoleon on the desk before him.

The bunch of fingers disentangled themselves, the shoulders sank an inch, the waxed ends of the taffy-colored mustache vibrated slightly, and a smile widened in circles across the flat dulness of his face until it engulfed his eyebrows, ears, and chin. The effect of the dropping of the coin had been like the dropping of a stone into the still smoothness of a pool—the wrinkling wavelets had reached the uttermost shore-line.

The smile over he opened a book about the size of an atlas, dipped a pen in an inkstand, recorded my point of departure—Cologne, and my point of arrival—Paris; dried the inscription with a pinch of black sand filched from a saucer—same old black sand used in the last century—cut a section of the page with a pair of shears, tossed the coin in the air, listened to its ring on the desk with a satisfied look, slipped the whole twenty franc piece into his pocket—regular fare, fifteen francs, irregular swindle five francs—and handed me the billet. Then he added, with a trace of humor in his voice:

"If Monsieur the Director of the circus comes now he will go in the special car."

I examined the billet. I had Compartment Number Four, upper berth, car 312.

I lighted a cigarette, gave my small luggage checks to a porter with directions to deposit my traps in my berth when the train was ready—the Company's office was in the depot—and strolled out to look at the station.

You know the Cologne station, of course. It is as big as the Coliseum, shaped like an old-fashioned hoop-skirt with a petticoat of glass and connects with one of the most beautiful bridges in the world. It has two immense waiting-rooms with historical frescos on the walls and two huge fireplaces supported on nudities shivering with the cold, for no stick of wood ever blazes on the well-swept hearths. It has also a gorgeous restaurant with panelled ceiling, across which skip bunches of butterfly Cupids in shameless costumes, and an inviting café with never-dying palms in the windows, a portrait of the kaiser over the counter holding the coffee urn, and a portrait of the kaiserin over the counter holding the little sticky cakes, the baby bottles of champagne, and the long lady-finger sandwiches with bits of red ham hanging from their open ends like poodle dogs' tongues.

Outside these ponderous rooms, under the arching glass of the station itself, is a broad walk protected from rushing trains and yard engines by a wrought-iron fence twisted into most enchanting scrolls and pierced down its whole length by sliding wickets, before which stand be-capped and be-buttoned officials of the road. It is part of the duty of these gatemen never to let you through these wickets until the arrival of the last possible moment compatible with the boarding of your car.

So if you are wise—that is if you have been left behind several times depending on the watchfulness of these Cerberi and their promises to let you know when your train is ready—you hang about this gate and keep an eye out as to what is going on. I had been two nights on the sleeper through from Warsaw and beyond and could take no chances.

Then again I wanted to watch the people coming and going—it is a habit of mine; nothing gives me greater pleasure. It has made me an expert in judging human nature. I flatter myself that I can tell the moment I set my eyes on a man just what manner of life he leads, what language he speaks, whether he be rich or poor, educated or ignorant. I can do all this before he opens his mouth. I have never been proud of this faculty. I have regarded it more as a gift, as I would an acute sense of color, or a correct eye for drawing, or the ability to acquire a language quickly. I was born that way, I suppose.

The first man to approach the wicket was the Director of the Circus. I knew him at once. There was no question as to *his* identity. He wore a fifty-candle-power stone in his shirt front, a silk hat that shone like a new hansom cab, and a Prince Albert coat that came below his knees. He had taken off his ring boots, of course,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Director of the Greatest Show on Earth, smiling haughtily, passed in.

and was without his whip, but otherwise he was completely equipped to raise his hat and say: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the world renowned," etc., etc., "will now perform the blood-curdling act of," etc.

He was attended by a servant, was smooth-shaven, had an oriental complexion as yellow as the back of an old law-book, black, jet-black eyes and jet-black hair.

I listened for some outbreak, some explosion about his bed having been sold from under him, some protest about the rights of a citizen. None came. The gateman merely touched his hat, slid back the gate and the Director of the Greatest Show on Earth, smiling haughtily, passed in, crossed the platform and stepped into a *wagon-lit* standing on the next track to me labelled "Paris 312," and left me behind. The gateman had had free tickets, of course, or would have, for himself and family whenever the troupe should be in Cologne. There was no doubt of it—I saw it in the smile that permeated his face and the bow that bent his back as the man passed him. This kind of petty bribery is, of course, abominable, and should never be countenanced.

Some members of the troupe came next. The gentleman in chocolate with my five francs in his pocket did not mention the name of any other member of the troupe except the Director, but it was impossible for me to be mistaken about these people —I have seen too many of them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She was rather an imposing-looking woman—not young, not old—dressed in a long travelling cloak trimmed with fur (how well we know these night cloaks of the professional !) and was holding by a short leash an enormous Danish hound; one of those great hulking hounds whose shoulders shake when he walks, with white, blinky eyes, smooth skin and mottled spots —brown and gray, spattered along his back and ribs. Trick dog, evidently, one of those dogs who springs at the throat of the assassin (the assassin has a thin slice of sausage tucked inside his collar button) pulls him to the earth and sucks his life's blood or chews his throat. She, too, went through with a sweep—the dog beside her, followed by a maid carrying two band-boxes, a fur boa, and a bunch of parasols closely furled and tied with a ribbon. I braced up, threw out my shoulders and walked boldly up to the wicket. The be-buttoned and be-capped man looked at me coldly, waved me away with his hand and said "Nein."

Now when a man of intelligence, speaking the language of the country, backed by the police, the gendarmerie, and the Imperial Army says "Nein" to me, if I am away from home I generally bow to the will of the people.

So I waited.

Then I heard the low rumble of a train and a short high-keyed shriek—we used to make just such shrieking sounds by blowing into keys when we were boys. The St. Petersburg express was approaching end foremost—the train with the special sleeping car holding the balance of the circus troupe. The next moment it bumped gently into Car No. 312, holding the Director (I wondered whether he had my berth), the woman with the dog, and her maid.

The gateman paused until the train came to a dead standstill, waited until the last arriving passenger had passed through an exit lower down along the fence, slid back the gate and I walked through—alone ! Not another passenger either before or behind me ! And the chocolate gentleman told me the car was full ! The fraud !

When I reached the steps of Car No. 312 I found a second gentleman in chocolate and poker-chip buttons. He was scrutinizing a list of sold and unsold compartments by the aid of a conductor's lantern braceleted on his elbow. He turned the glare of his lantern on my ticket, entered the car and preceded me down its narrow aisle and slid back the door of Number Four. I stepped in and discovered, to my relief, my small luggage, hat-box, shawl, and umbrella, safely deposited in the upper berth. My night's rest, at all events, was assured.

I found also a bald-headed passenger who was standing with his back to me stowing his small luggage into the lower berth. He looked at me over his shoulder for a moment, moved his bag so that I could pass, and went on with his work. My sharing his compartment had evidently produced an unpleasant impression.

I slipped off my overcoat, found my travelling cap, and was about to light a fresh cigarette, when there came a tap at the door. Outside in the aisle stood a man with a silk hat in his hand.

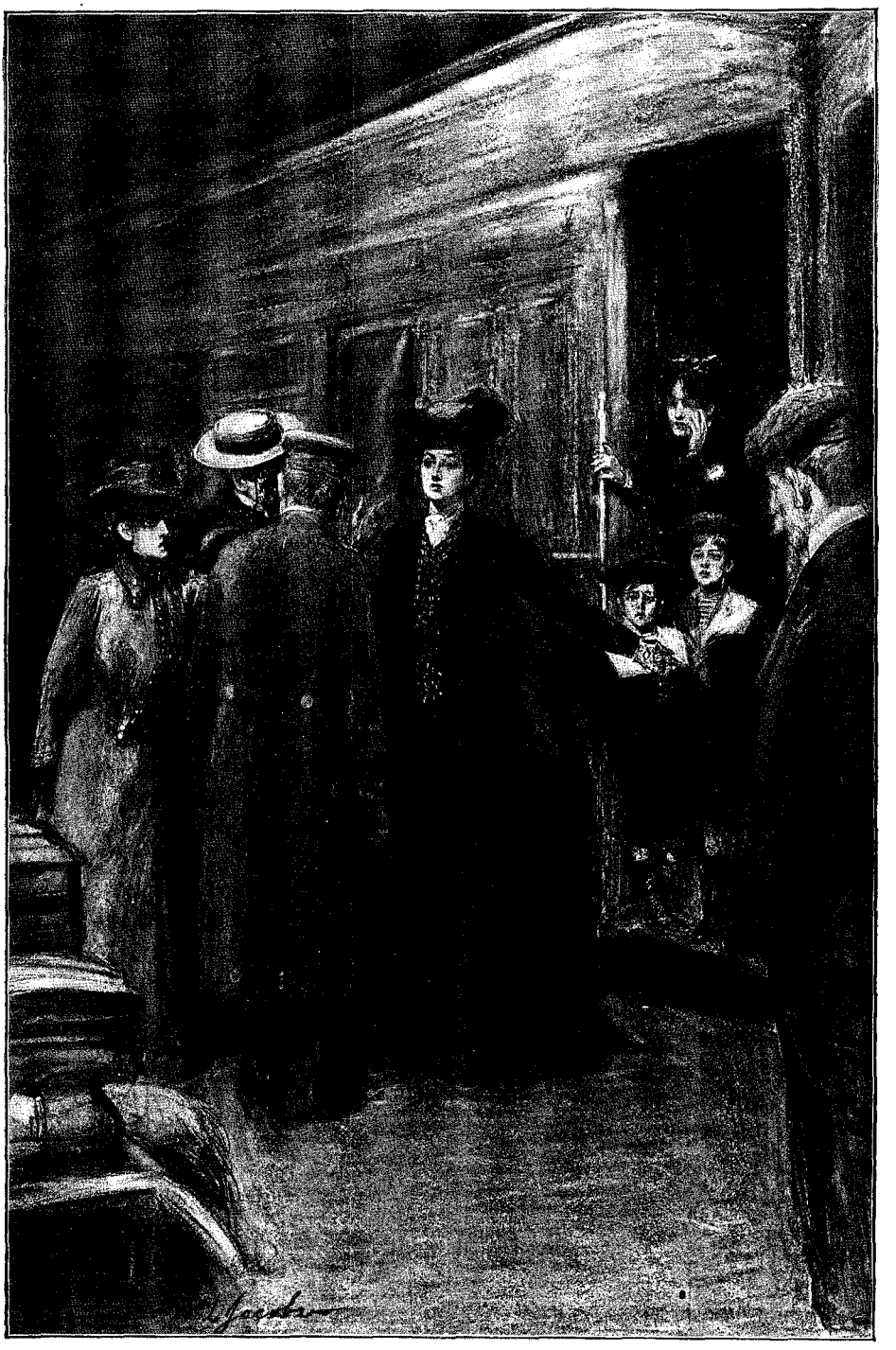
"Monsieur, I am the Manager of the Compagnie Internationale. It is my pleasure to ask whether you have everything for your comfort. I am going on to Paris with this same train, so I shall be quite within your reach."

I thanked him for his courtesy, assured him that now that all my traps were in my berth and the conductor had shown me to my compartment, my wants were supplied, and watched him knock at the next door. Then I stepped out into the aisle.

It was an ordinary European Pullman, some ten staterooms in a row, a lavatory at one end and a three-foot sofa at the other. When you are unwilling to take your early morning coffee on the gritty, dust-covered, one-foot-square, propped-up-with-a-leg-table in your stuffy compartment, you drink it sitting on this sofa. Three of these compartment doors were open. The woman with the dog was in Number One. The big dog and the maid in Number Two, and the ring-master in Number Three (his original number, no doubt; the clerk had only lied)—I, of course, came next in Number Four.

Soon I became conscious that a discussion was going on in the newly arrived circus car whose platform touched ours. I could hear the voice of a woman and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs.

Everybody was excited and everybody was mad.—Page 698.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then the gruff tones of a man. Then a babel of sounds came sifting down the aisle. I stepped over the dog, who had now stretched himself at full length in the aisle and out on to the platform.

A third gentleman in chocolate—the porter of the circus car and a duplicate of our own—was being besieged by a group of people all talking at once and all in different tongues. A mild-eyed, pink-cheeked young man in spectacles was speaking German; a richly dressed woman of thirty-five, very stately and very beautiful, was interpolating in Russian, and a plump, rosy-cheeked, energetic little Englishwoman was hurling English in a way as pointed as it was forcible. Everybody was excited and everybody was mad. Standing in the car-door listening intently was a French maid and two round-faced, wide-collared boys, of say ten and twelve. The dispute was evidently over these two boys, as every attack contained some direct allusion to "mes enfants" or "these children" or "die Kinder," ending in the forefinger of each speaker being thrust bayonet fashion toward the boys.

While I was making up my mind as to the particular rôles which these several members of the Greatest Show on Earth played, I heard the English girl say—in French, of course—English-French—with an accent—

"It is a shame to be treated in this way. We have paid for every one of these compartments and you know it. The young masters will not go in those vile-smelling state-rooms for the night. It's no place for them. I will go to the office and complain."

The third chocolate attendant in reply merely lifted his shoulders. It was the same old lift—a tired feeling seems to permeate these gentlemen, as if they were bored to death. A hotel clerk on the Riviera sometimes has this lift when he tells you he has not a bed in the house and you tell him he—prevaricates—I knew something of the lift—it had already cost me five francs. I knew too what kind of medicine that sort of tired feeling needed, and that until the bribe was paid the young woman and her party would be bedless.

My own anger was now aroused—here was a woman, rather a pretty woman—an Anglo-Saxon—my own race—in a strange city and under the power of a minion whose only object was plunder. That she jumped through hoops or rode bareback in absurdly short clothes, or sold pink lemonade in spangles, made no difference. She was in trouble and needed assistance. I advanced with my best bow.

"Madame, can I do anything for you?"

She turned, and with a grateful smile said:

"Oh, you speak English?"

I again inclined my head.

"Well, sir—we have come from St. Petersburg by way of Berlin. We had five compartments through to Paris for our party when we started, all paid for and this man has the tickets. He says we must get out here and buy new tickets or we must all go in two state-rooms, which is impossible—" and she swept her hand over the balance of the troupe.

The chocolate gentleman again lifted his shoulders. He had been abused in that way by passengers since the day of his birth.

The richly dressed woman, another Leading Lady doubtless, now joined in the conversation—she probably was the trained rabbit-woman or the girl with the pigeons—pigeons most likely, for these stars are always selected by the management for their beauty, and she certainly was beautiful.

"And Monsieur—" this in French—again I spare the reader—"I have given him—" pointing to the chocolate gentleman—"pour boire all the time. One hundred francs yesterday and two gold pieces this morning. My maid is quite right—it is abominable, such treatment——"

The personalities now seemed to weary the attendant. His elbows widened, his shoulders nearly touched his ears and his fingers opened; then he went into his closet and shut the door. So far as he was concerned the debate was closed.

The memory of my own five francs now loomed up and with them the recollection of the trick by which they had been stolen from me.

"Madame," I said gravely—"I will bring the Manager. He is here and will see that justice is done you."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I found the Pigeon Charmer occupying the sofa.—Page 701.

It was marvellous to watch what followed. The Manager listened patiently to the Pigeon Charmer's explanation of the outrage, started suddenly when she mentioned some details which I did not hear, bowed as low to her reply as if she had been a Duchess—his hat to the floor—slid back the closet door, beckoned me to step in, closed it again upon the three of us and in less than five minutes he had the third chocolate gentleman out of his chocolate uniform and stripped to his underwear, with every pocket turned inside out, bringing to light the one-hundred-franc note, the gold pieces and all five of the circus parties' tickets.

Then he flung the astonished and humiliated man his trousers, waited until he had pulled them on, grabbed him by his shirt collar and marched him out of the car across the platform through the wicket gate, every passenger on the train looking on in wonder. Five minutes later the whole party—the stately Pigeon-Charmer,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her English maid, the spectacled German (performing sword-swallower or lightning calculator probably) and the two boys (tumblers unquestionably), with all their belongings, were transferred to my care, the Pigeon Charmer graciously accepting my escort—the passengers, including the bald-headed man—my room-mate—standing on one side to let us pass: all except the big dog who had shifted his quarters and was now stretched out at the sofa end of the car.

Then another extraordinary thing happened—or rather a series of extraordinary things.

When I had deposited the Pigeon Charmer in her own compartment (Number Five, next door), and had entered my own, I found my bald-headed room-mate again inside. This time he was seated by the foot-square, dust-covered table assorting cigarettes. He had transferred my small luggage—bag, coat, etc., to the *lower* berth, and had arranged his own belongings in the upper one.

He sprang to his feet the instant he saw me.

The bow of the Sleeping-car Manager to the Pigeon Charmer was but a bend in a telegraph-pole to the sweep the bald-headed man now made me. I thought his scalp would touch the car-floor.

"No, your Highness," he cried—"I insist"—this to my protest that I had come last—that he had prior right—besides he was an older man, etc., etc.—"I could not sleep if I thought you were not most comfortable—nothing can move me. Pardon me—will not your Highness accept one of my poor cigarettes? They, of course, are not like the ones you use, but I always do my best. I have now a new cigarette-girl, and she rolled them for me herself, and brought them to me just as I was leaving St. Petersburg. Permit me"—and he handed me a little leather box filled with Russian cigarettes.

Now, figuratively speaking, when you have been buncoed out of five francs by a menial in a ticket-office, jumped upon and trampled under foot by a gate-keeper who has kept you cooling your heels outside his wicket while your inferiors have passed in ahead of you—to have even a bald-headed man kotow to you, give you the choice berth in the compartment, move your traps himself, and then apologize for offering you the best cigarette you ever smoked in your life—Well! that is to have myrrh, and frankincense, and oil of balsam, and balm of Gilead poured on your tenderest wound.

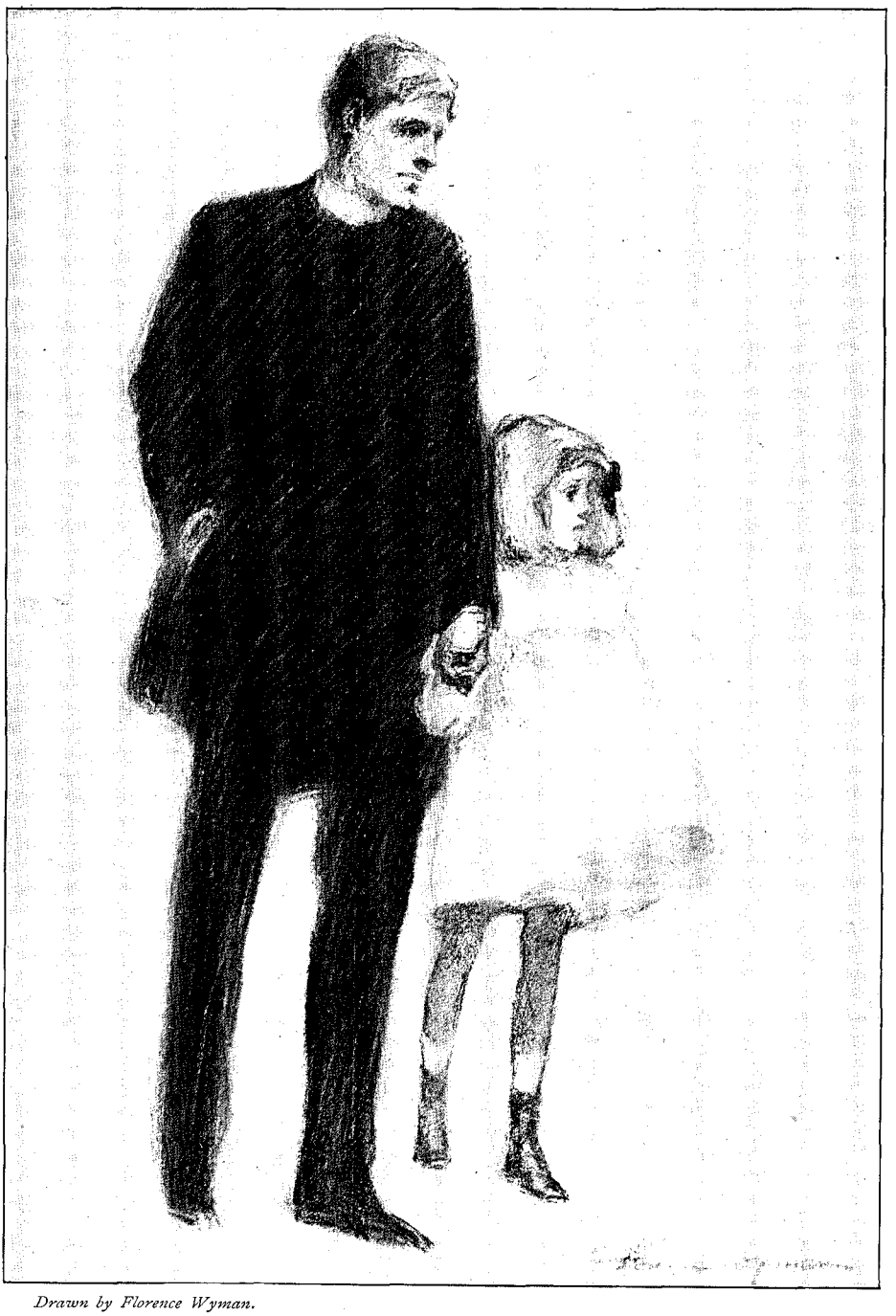
I accepted the cigarette.

Not haughtily—not even condescendingly—just as a matter of course. He had evidently found out who and what I was. He had seen me address the Pigeon Charmer, and had recognized instantly, from my speech and bearing—both perhaps—that dominating vital force, that breezy independence which envelopes most Americans, and which makes them so popular the world over. In thus kotowing he was only getting in line with the citizens of most of the other effete monarchies of Europe. Every traveller is conscious of it. His bow showed it—so did the soft purring quality of his speech. Recollections of Manila, Santiago, and the voyage of the Oregon around Cape Horn were in the bow, and Kansas wheat, Georgia cotton, and the Steel Trust in the dulcet tones of his voice. That he should have mistaken me for a great financial magnate controlling some one of these colossal industries, instead of locating me instantly as a staid, gray-haired and rather impecunious landscape painter, was quite natural. Others before him have made that same mistake. Why then undeceive him?—Let it go—he would leave in the morning and go his way, and I should never see him more. So I smoked on, chatting pleasantly and summing him up.

He was perhaps seventy—smooth-shaven—black—coal-black eyes. Dressed simply in black clothes—not a jewel—no watch-chain even—no rings on his hands but a plain gold one like a wedding-ring. His dressing-case showed the gentleman. Bottles with silver tops—brushes backed with initials—soap in a silver cup. Red morocco Turkish slippers with pointed toes; embroidered smoking-cap—all appointments of a man of refinement and of means. Tucked beside his razor-case were some books richly bound, and some bundles tied with red tape. Like most educated Russians, he spoke English with barely an accent.

I was not long in arriving at a conclusion. No one would have been—no one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Florence Wyman.

He did not need to look down at the bright head to know it was Eleanor.—Page 713.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It's the very thing it's your business to do, Dick," said the Bishop, quietly. "'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you'—what do you think that means? It's your very case. It may be the hardest thing in the world, but it's the simplest, most obvious." He drew a long puff at his cigar, and looked over the flowers to the ocean.

"Simple! Obvious!" Fielding's voice was full of bitterness. "That's the way with you churchmen! You live outside passions and temptations, and then preach against them, with no faintest notion of their force. It sounds easy, doesn't it? Simple and obvious, as you say. You never loved Eleanor Gray, Jim; you never had to give her up to a man you knew beneath her; you never had to shut murder out of your heart when you heard that he'd given her a hard life and a glad death. Eleanor Gray! Do you remember how lovely she was, how high-spirited and full of the joy of life?" The Bishop's great figure was still as if the breath in it had stopped, but Fielding, carried on the flood of his own rushing feeling, did not notice. "Do you remember, Jim?" he repeated.

"I remember," the Bishop said, and his voice sounded very quiet.

"Gad! How calm you are!" exploded the other. "You're a churchman; you live behind a wall, you hear voices through it, but you can't be in the fight—it's easy for you."

"Life isn't easy for anyone, Dick," said the Bishop, slowly. "You know that. I'm fighting the current as well as you. You are a churchman as well as I. If it's my *métier* to preach against human passion, it's yours to resist it. You're letting this man you hate mould your character; you're letting him burn the kindness out of your soul. He's making you bitter and hard and unjust—and you're letting him. I thought you had more will—more poise. It isn't your affair what he is, even what he does, Dick—it's your affair to keep your own judgment unwarped, your own heart gentle, your own soul untainted by the poison of hatred. We are both churchmen, as you put it—loyalty is for us both. You live your sermon—I say mine. I have said it. Now live yours. Put this wormwood away from you. Forgive Preston, as you need forgiveness at higher hands. Don't break the girl's heart, and spoil your boy's life—it may spoil it—the leaven of bitterness works long. You're at a parting of the ways—take the right turn. Do good and not evil with your strength; all the rest is nothing. After all the years there is just one thing that counts, and that our mothers told us when we were little chaps together—be good, Dick."

The low, magnetic voice, that had swayed thousands, the indescribable trick of inflection that caught the heart-strings, the pure, high personality that shone through look and tone, had never, in all his brilliant career, been more full of power than for this audience of one. Fielding got up, trembling, and stood before him.

"Jim," he said, "whatever else is so, you are that—you are a good man. The trouble is you want me to be as good as you are; and I can't. If you had had temptations like mine, trials like mine, I might try to follow you—I would try. But you haven't—you're an impossible model for me. You want me to be an angel of light, and I'm only—a man." He turned and went into the house.

The oldest inhabitant had not seen a devotion like the Bishop's and Eleanor's. There was in it no condescension on one side, no strain on the other. The soul that, through fulness of life and sorrow and happiness and effort had reached at last a child's peace; met as its like the little child's soul, that had known neither life nor sorrow nor conscious happiness, and was without effort as a lily of the field. It may be that the wisdom of babyhood and the wisdom of age will look very alike to us when we have the wisdom of eternity. And as all the colors of the spectrum make sunlight, so all his splendid powers that patient years had made perfect shone through the Bishop's character in the sunlight of simplicity. No one knew what they talked about, the child and the man, on the long walks that they took together almost every day, except from Eleanor's conversation after. Transmigration, done into the vernacular, and applied with startling directness, was evidently a fascinating subject from the first. She brought back as well a vivid and epi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Florence Wyman.

Madge.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Florence Wyman.

"Many waters shall not wash out love," said Eleanor.—Page 717.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of my experience. He was either a despatch-agent connected with the Government, or some lawyer of prominence, who was on his way to Paris to look after the interests of some client of his in Russia. The latter, probably. The only man on the car he seemed to know, besides myself, was the Sleeping-car Manager, who lifted his hat to him as he passed, and the Ring Master, with whom he stood talking at the door of his compartment. This, however, was before I had brought the Pigeon Charmer into the car.

The cigarette smoked, I was again in the corridor, the bald-headed man holding the door for me to pass out first.

It was now nine o'clock and we had been under way an hour. I found the Pigeon Charmer occupying the sofa. The two young Acrobats and the Lightning Calculator were evidently in bed, and the maid, no doubt, busy preparing her mistress's couch for the night. She smiled quite frankly when I approached, and motioned me to a seat beside her. All these professional people the world over have unconventional manners, and an acquaintance is often easily made—at least, that has been my experience.

She began by thanking me in French for my share in getting her such comfortable quarters—dropped into German for a sentence or two, as if trying to find out my nationality—and finally into English, saying, parenthetically :

"You are English, are you not ? "

No financial magnate this time—rather queer, I thought—that she missed that part of my personality. My room-mate had recognized it, even to the extent of calling me "Your Highness."

"No, an American."

"Oh, an American ! Yes, I should have known—. No, you are not English. You are too kind to be English. An Englishman would not have taken even a little bit of trouble to help us." I noticed the race prejudice in her tone, but I did not comment on it.

Then followed the customary conversation, I doing most of the talking. I began by telling her how big our country was ; how many people we had ; how rich the land ; how wealthy the citizens ; how great the opportunities for artists seeking distinction, etc. We all do that with foreigners. Then I tried to lead the conversation so as to find out something about herself — particularly where she could be seen in Paris. She was charming in her travelling costume—she would be superb in low neck and bare arms, her pets snuggling under her chin, or alighting on her upraised, shapely hands. But either she did not understand, or she would not let me see she did—the last probably, for most professional people dislike all reference to their trade by non-professionals—they object to be even mentally classed by themselves.

While we talked on the Dog Woman opened the door of her compartment, knocked at the Dog's door—his Dog-ship and the maid were inside—patted the brute on his head, and re-entered her compartment and shut the door for the night.

I looked for some recognition between the two members of the same troupe, but my companion gave not the slightest sign that the Dog Woman existed. Jealous, of course, I said to myself. That's another professional trait.

The Ring Master now passed, raised his hat and entered his compartment. No sign of recognition ; rather a cold, frigid stare, I thought.

The Sleeping Car Manager next stepped through the car, lifted his hat when he caught sight of my companion, tiptoed deferentially until he reached the door, and went on to the next car. She acknowledged his homage with a slight bend of her beautiful head, rose from her seat, gave an order in Russian to her English maid who was standing in the door of her compartment, held out her hand to me with a frank good-night, and closed the door behind her.

I looked in on the bald-headed man. He was tucked away in the upper berth sound asleep.

. . . . . .

When the next morning I moved up the long platform of the Gare du Nord in search of a cab, I stepped immediately behind the big Danish hound. He was hulking along, his shoulders shaking as he walked, his tongue hanging from his mouth. The Woman had him by a leash, her maid following with the band-boxes, the feather boa, and the parasols. In the crowd behind me walked the bald-headed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man, his arm, to my astonishment through that of the Ring Master's. They both kotowed as they switched off to the baggage-room, the Ring Master bowing even lower than my room-mate.

Then I became sensible of a line of lackeys in livery fringing the edge of the platform, and at their head a most important-looking individual with a decoration on the lapel of his coat. He was surrounded by half a dozen young men, some in brilliant uniforms. They were greeting with great formality my fair companion of the night before! The two Acrobats, the German Calculator, and the English bareback rider maid, stood on one side.

My thought was that it was all an advertising trick of the Circus people, arranged for spectacular effect to help the night's receipts.

While I looked on in wonder, the Manager of the Sleeping-Car Company joined me.

"I must thank you, sir," he said, "for making known to me the outrage committed by one of our porters on the Princess. She is travelling incognito, and I did not know she was on the train until she told me last night who she was. We get the best men we can, but we are constantly having trouble of that kind with our porters. The trick is to give every passenger a whole compartment, and then keep packing them together unless they pay something handsome to be let alone. I shall make an example of that fellow. He is a new one and didn't know me"—and he laughed.

"Do they call her the *Princess?*" I asked. They were certainly receiving her like one, I thought.

"Why, certainly—I thought you knew her"—and he looked at me curiously—"the Princess Dolgorouki Sliniski. Her husband, the Prince, is attached to the Emperor's household. She is travelling with her two boys and their German tutor. The old gentleman with the white mustache now talking to her is the Russian Ambassador. And you only met her on the train? Old Azarian told me you knew her intimately."

"Azarian!" I was groping round in the fog now.

"Yes—your room-mate. He is an Armenian and one of the richest bankers in Russia. He lends money to the Czar. His brother got on with you at Cologne. There they go together to look after their luggage—they have an agency here, although their main bank is in St. Petersburg. The brother had the compartment next to that woman with the big dog. She is the wife of a rich brewer in Cologne and just think—we must always give that brute a compartment when she travels. Is it not outrageous? It is against the rules, but the orders come from up above"—and he jerked his finger meaningly over his shoulder.

The fog was so thick now I could cut it with a knife.

"One moment, please," I said—and I laid my hand on his elbow and looked him searchingly in the eye. I intended now to clear things up. "Was there a circus troupe on the train last night?"

"No." The answer came quite simply, and I could see it was the truth.

"Nor one expected?"

"No. There *was* a circus, but it went through last week."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BISHOP'S SILENCE

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FLORENCE WYMAN

THE Bishop was walking across the fields to afternoon service. It was a hot July day, and he walked slowly—for there was plenty of time—with his eyes fixed on the far-off, shimmering sea. That minstrel of heat, the locust, hidden somewhere in the shade of burning herbage, pulled a long, clear, vibrating bow across his violin, and the sound fell lazily on the still air—the only sound on earth except a soft crackle under the Bishop's feet. Suddenly the fine, erect, iron-gray head plunged madly forward, and then, with a frantic effort and a parabola or two, recovered itself, while from the tall grass by the side of the path gurgled up a high, soft, ecstatic squeal. The Bishop, his face flushed with the stumble and the heat and a touch of indignation besides, straightened himself with dignity, and felt for his hat while his eyes followed a wriggling cord that lay on the ground, up to a small brown fist. A burnished head, gleaming in the hot sunshine like the gilded ball on a church steeple, rose suddenly out of the waves of dry grass, and a pink-ginghamed figure, radiant with joy and good-will, confronted him. The Bishop's temper, roughly waked up by the unwilling and unepiscopal war-dance just executed, fell back into its chains.

"Did you tie that string across the path?"

"Yes." The shining head nodded. "Too bad you didn't fell way down. I'm sorry. But you kicked awf'ly."

"Oh! I did, did I?" asked the Bishop. "You're an unrepentant young sinner. Suppose I'd broken my leg?"

The head nodded again. "Oh, we'd have patzed you up," she said cheerfully. "Don't worry. Trust in God."

The Bishop jumped. "My child," he said, "who says that to you?"

"Aunt Basha." The innocent eyes faced him without a sign of embarrassment. "Aunt Basha's my old black mammy. Do you know her? All her name's longer'n that. I can say it." Then with careful, slow enunciation, "Bathsheba Salina Mosina Angelica Preston."

"Is that your little bit of name too?" the Bishop asked. "Are you a Preston?"

"Why of course." The child opened her gray eyes wide. "Don't you know my name? I'm Eleanor. Eleanor Gray Preston."

For a moment again the locust had it all to himself. High and insistent, his steady note sounded across the hot, still world. The Bishop looked down at the gray eyes gazing upward wonderingly, and through a mist of years other eyes smiled at him. Eleanor Gray—the world is small, the life of it persistent; generations repeat themselves, and each is young but once. He put his hand under the child's chin and turned up the baby face.

"Ah!" said he—if that may stand for the sound that stood for the Bishop's revery. "Ah! Whom were you named for, Eleanor Gray?"

"For my own muvver." Eleanor wriggled her chin from the big hand and looked at him with dignity. She did not like to be touched by strangers. Again the voices stopped, and the locust sang two notes and stopped also, as if suddenly awed.

"Your mother," repeated the Bishop, "your mother! I hope you are worthy of the name."

"Yes, I am," said Eleanor, heartily. "Bug's on your shoulder, Bishop! For de Lawd's sake!" she squealed excitedly, in delicious high notes that a prima donna might envy; then caught the fat grasshopper from the black clerical coat, and stood holding it, lips compressed and the joy of adventure dancing in her eyes. The Bishop took out his watch and looked at it, as Eleanor, her soul on the grasshopper, opened her fist and flung its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

squirming contents, with delicious horror, yards away. Half an hour yet to service and only five minutes' walk to the little church of Saint Peter's-by-the-Sea.

"Will you sit down and talk to me, Eleanor Gray?" he asked, gravely.

"Oh, yes, if there's time," assented Eleanor, "but you mustn't be late to church, Bishop. That's naughty."

"I think there's time. How do you know who I am, Eleanor?"

"Dick told me."

The Bishop had walked away from the throbbing sunshine into the green black shadows of a tree, and seated himself with a boyish lightness in piquant contrast with his gray-haired dignity—a lightness that meant athletic years. Eleanor bent down the branch of a great bush that faced him and sat on it as if a bird had poised there. She smiled as their eyes met, and began to hum an air softly. The startled Bishop slowly made out a likeness to the words of the old hymn that begins

> Am I a soldier of the Cross,
> A follower of the Lamb?

Sweetly and reverently she sang it, over and over, with a difference.

> Am I shoulder of a hoss,
> A quarter of a lamb?

sang Eleanor.

The Bishop exploded into a great laugh that drowned the music.

"Aunt Basha taught you that, too, didn't she?" he asked, and off he went into another deep-toned peal.

"I thought you'd like that, 'cause it's a hymn and you're a Bishop," said Eleanor, approvingly. Her effort was evidently meeting with appreciation. "You can talk to me now. I'm here." She settled herself like a Brownie, elbows on knees, her chin in the hollows of small, lean hands, and gazed at him unflinchingly.

"Thank you," said the Bishop, sobering at once, but laughter still in his eyes. "Will you be kind enough to tell me then, Eleanor, who is Dick?"

Eleanor looked astonished at such ignorance. "You don't know anybody much, do you?" and there was gentle pity in her voice. "Why, Dick, he's—why he's—why, you see, he's my friend. I don't know his uvver names, but Mr. Fielding, he's Dick's favver."

"Oh!" said the Bishop with comprehension. "Dick Fielding. Then Dick is my friend too. And people that are friends to the same people should be friends to each other—that's geometry, Eleanor, though its possibly not life."

"Huh?" Eleanor stared, puzzled.

"Will you be friends with me, Eleanor Gray? I knew your mother a long time ago, when she was Eleanor Gray." Eleanor yawned frankly. That might be true, but it did not appear to her remarkable or interesting. The deep voice went on, with a moment's interval. "Where is your mother? Is she here?"

Eleanor laughed. "Oh, no," she said. "Don't you know? What a funny man you are—you know such a few things. My muvver's up in heaven. She went when I was a baby, long, *long* ago. I reckon she must have flewed," she added, reflectively, raising clear eyes to the pale, heat-worn sky that gleamed through the branches.

The Bishop's big hands went up to his face suddenly, and the strong fingers clasped tensely above his forehead. Between his wrists one could see that his mouth was set in a hard line. "Dead!" he said. "And I never knew it."

Eleanor dug a small russet heel unconcernedly into the ground. "Naughty, naughty, naughty little grasshopper," she began to chant, addressing an unconscious insect near the heel. "Don't you go and crawl up on the Bishop. No, just don't you. 'Cause if you do, oh, naughty grasshopper, I'll scrunch you!" with a vicious snap on the "scrunch."

The Bishop lowered his hands and looked at her. "I'm not being very interesting, Eleanor, am I?"

"Not very," Eleanor admitted. "Couldn't you be some more int'rstin'?"

"I'll try," said the Bishop. "But be careful not to hurt the poor grasshopper. Because, you know, some people say that if he is a good grasshopper for long time, then when he dies his little soul will go into a better body—perhaps a butterfly's body next time."

Eleanor caught the thought instantly. "And if he's a good butterfly, then what'll he be? A hummin'-bird? Let's kill

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him quick, and see him turn into a butterfly."

"Oh, no, Eleanor, you can't force the situation. He has to live out his little grasshopper life the best that he can, before he's good enough to be a butterfly. If you kill him now you might send him backward. He might turn into what he was before—a poor little blind worm perhaps."

"Oh, my Lawd!" said Eleanor.

The Bishop was still a moment, and then repeated, quietly:

> Slay not the meanest creature, lest thou slay
> Some humble soul upon its upward way.

"Oughtn't to talk to yourself." Eleanor shook her head disapprovingly. "Tisn't so very polite. Is that true about the grasshopper, Bishop, or is it a fairy story?"

The Bishop thought for a moment. "I don't know, Eleanor," he answered, gently.

"You don't know so very much, do you?" inquired Eleanor, not as despising but as wondering, sympathizing with ignorance.

"Very little," the Bishop agreed. "And I've tried to learn, all my life"—his gaze wandered off reflectively.

"Too bad," said Eleanor. "Maybe you'll learn some time."

"Maybe," said the Bishop and smiled, and suddenly she sprang to her feet, and shook her finger at him.

"I'm afraid," she said, "I'm very much afraid you're a naughty boy."

The Bishop looked up at the small, motherly face, bewildered. "Wh—why?" he stammered.

"Do you know what you're bein'? You're bein' late to church!"

The Bishop sprang up too, at that, and looked at his watch quickly. "Not late yet, but I'll walk along. Where are you going, waif? Aren't you in charge of anybody?"

"Huh?" inquired Eleanor, her head cocked sideways.

"Whom did you come out with?"

"Madge and Dick, but they're off there," nodding toward the wood behind them. "Madge is cryin'. She wouldn't let me pound Dick for makin' her, so I went away."

"Who is Madge?'

Eleanor, drifting beside him through the sunshine like a rose-leaf on the wind, stopped short. "Why, Bishop, don't you know even Madge? Funny Bish p! Madge is my sister—she's grown up. Dick made her cry, but I think he wasn't much naughty, 'cause she would *not* let me pound him. She put her arms right around him."

"Oh!" said the Bishop, and there was silence for a moment. "You mustn't tell me any more about Madge and Dick, I think Eleanor."

"All right, my lamb!" Eleanor assented, cheerfully, and conversation flagged.

"How old are you, Eleanor Gray?"

"Six, praise de Lawd!"

The Bishop considered deeply for a moment, then his face cleared.

"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father," and he smiled sunnily. "I say it too, praise the Lord that she is six."

"Madge is lots more'n that," the soft little voice, with it's gay, courageous inflection, went on. "She's twenty. Isn't that old? You aren't much different of that, are you?" and the heavy, cropped, straight gold mass of her hair swung sideways as she turned her face up to scrutinize the tall Bishop.

He smiled down at her. "Only thirty years different. I'm fifty, Eleanor."

"Oh!" said Eleanor, trying to grasp the problem. Then with a sigh she gave it up, and threw herself on the strength of maturity. "Is fifty older'n twenty?" she asked.

More than once as they went side by side on the narrow foot-path across the fields the Bishop put out his hand to hold the little brown one near it, but each time the child floated from his touch, and he smiled at the unconscious dignity, the womanly reserve of the frank and friendly little lady. "Thus far and no farther," he thought, with the quick perception of character that was part of his power. But the Bishop was as unconscious as the child of his own charm, of the magnetism in him that drew hearts his way. Only once had it ever failed, and that was the only time he had cared. But this time it was working fast as they walked and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talked together quietly, and when they reached the open door that led from the fields into the little robing-room of Saint Peter's, Eleanor had met her Waterloo. Being six, it was easy to say so, and she did it with directness, yet without at all losing the dignity that was breeding, that had come to her from generations, and that she knew of as little as she knew the names of her bones. Three steps led to the robing-room, and Eleanor flew to the top and turned, the childish figure in its worn pink cotton dress facing the tall powerful one in sober black broadcloth.

"I love you," she said. "I'll kiss you," and the long, strong little arms were around his neck, and it seemed to the Bishop as if a kiss that had never been given came to him now from the lips of the child of the woman he had loved. As he put her down gently, from the belfry above tolled suddenly a sweet, rolling note for service.

When the Bishop came out from church the "peace that passeth understanding" was over him. The beautiful old words that to churchmen are dear as their mothers' faces, haunting as the voices that make home, held him yet in the last echo of their music. Peace seemed, too, to lie across the world, worn with the day's heat, where the shadows were stretching in lengthening, cooling lines. And there at the vestry step, where Eleanor had stood an hour before, was Dick Fielding, waiting for him, with as unhappy a face as an eldest scion, the heir to millions, well loved, and well brought up, and wonderfully unspoiled, ever carried about a country-side. The Bishop was staying at the Fieldings'. He nodded and swung past Dick, with a look from the tail of his eye that said: "Come along." Dick came, and silently the two turned into the path of the fields. The scowl on Dick's dark face deepened as they walked, and that was all there was by way of conversation for some time. Finally:

"You don't know about it, do you Bishop?" he asked.

"A very little, my boy," the Bishop answered.

Dick was on the defensive in a moment. "My father told you—you agree with him?"

"Your father has told me nothing. I only came last night, remember. I know that you made Madge cry, and that Eleanor wasn't allowed to punish you."

The boyish face cleared a little, and he laughed. "That little rat! Has she been talking? It's all right if it's only to you, but Madge will have to cork her up." Then anxiety and unhappiness seized Dick's buoyant soul again. "Bishop, let me talk to you, will you please? I'm knocked up about this, for there's never been trouble between my father and me before, and I can't give in. I know I'm right—I'd be a cad to give in, and I wouldn't if I could. If you would only see your way to talking to the governor, Bishop! He'll listen to you when he'd throw any other chap out of the house."

"Tell me the whole story if you can, Dick. I don't understand, you see."

"I suppose it will sound rather commonplace to you," said Dick, humbly, "but it means everything to me. I—I'm engaged to Madge Preston. I've known her for a year, and been engaged half of it, and I ought to know my own mind by now. But father has simply set his forefeet and won't hear of it. Won't even let me talk to him about it."

Dick's hands went into his pockets and his head drooped, and his big figure lagged pathetically. The Bishop put his hand on the young man's shoulder, and left it there as they walked slowly on, but he said nothing.

"It's her father, you know," Dick went on. "Such rot, to hold a girl responsible for her ancestors! Isn't it rot, now? Father says they're a bad stock, dissipated and arrogant and spendthrift and shiftless and weak—oh, and a lot more! He's not stingy with his adjectives, bless you! Picture to yourself Madge being dissipated and arrogant and—have you seen Madge?" he interrupted himself.

The Bishop shook his head. "Eleanor made an attempt on my life with a string across the path, to-day. We were friends over that."

"She's a winning little rat," said Dick, smiling absent-mindedly, "but nothing to Madge. You'll understand when you see Madge how I couldn't give her up. And it isn't so much that—my feeling for her—though that's enough in all conscience, but picture to yourself, if you please, a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man going to a girl and saying: 'I'm obliged to give you up, because my father threatens to disinherit me and kick me out of the business. He objects because your father's a poor lot.' That's a nice line of conduct to map out for your only son. Yet that's practically what my father wishes me to do. But he's brought me up a gentleman, by George," said Dick straightening himself, "and it's too late to ask me to be a beastly cad. Besides that," and voice and figure drooped to despondency again, "I just can't give her up."

The Bishop's keen eyes were on the troubled face, and in their depths lurked a kindly shade of amusement. He could see stubborn old Dick Fielding in stubborn young Dick Fielding so plainly. Dick the elder had been his friend for forty years. But he said nothing. It was better to let the boy talk himself out a bit. In a moment Dick began again.

"Can't see why the governor's so keen against Colonel Preston, anyway. He's lost his money and made a mess of his life, and I rather fancy he drinks too much. But he's the sort of man you can't help being proud of—bad clothes and vices and all—handsome and charming and thoroughbred—and father must know it. His children love him — he can't be such a brute as the governor says. Anyway, I don't want to marry the Colonel—what's the use of rowing about the Colonel?" inquired Dick, desperately.

The Bishop asked a question now: "How many children are there?"

"Only Madge and Eleanor. They're here with their cousins, the Vails, summers. Two or three died between those two, I believe. Lucky, perhaps, for the family has been awfully hard up. Lived on in their big old place, in Maryland, with no money at all. I've an idea Madge's mother wasn't so sorry to die — had a hard life of it with the fascinating Colonel." The Bishop's hand dropped from the boy's shoulder, and shut tightly. "But that has nothing to do with my marrying Madge," Dick went on.

"No," said the Bishop, shortly.

"And you see," said Dick, slipping to another tangent, "it's not the money I'm keenest about, though of course I want that too, but it's father. You believe I think more of my father than of his money, don't you? We've been good friends all my life, and he's such a cracker-jack old fellow. I'd hate to get along without him." Dick sighed, from his boots up—almost six feet. "Couldn't you give him a dressing down, Bishop? Make him see reason?" He looked anxiously up the three inches that the Bishop towered above him.

At ten o'clock the next morning Richard Fielding, owner of the great Fielding Found, strolled out on his wide piazza, which, luxurious in deep wicker chairs and Japanese rugs and light, cool furniture, looked under scarlet and white awnings, across long boxes of geraniums and vines, out to the sparkling Atlantic. The Bishop, a friendly light coming into his thoughtful eyes, took his cigar from his lips and looked up at his friend. Mr. Fielding kicked a hassock aside, moved a table between them, and settled himself in another chair, and with the scratch of a match, but without a word spoken, they entered into the companionship which had been a life-long joy to both.

"Father and the Bishop are having a song and dance without words," Dick was pleased sometimes to say, and felt that he hit it off. The breeze carried the scent of the tobacco in soft, intermittent waves of fragrance, and on the air floated delicately that subtle message of peace, prosperity, and leisure which is part of the mission of a good cigar. The pleasantness of the wide, cool piazza, with its flowers and vines and gay awnings, the charm of the summer morning, not yet dulled by wear and tear of the day, the steady, deliberate dash of the waves on the beach below, the play and shimmer of the big, quiet water, stretching out to the edge of the world, all this filled their minds, rested their souls. There was no need for words. The Bishop sighed comfortably as he pushed his great shoulders back against the cool wicker of the chair and swung one long leg across the other. Fielding, chin up and lips rounded to let out a cloud of smoke, rested his hand, cigar between the fingers, on the table, and gazed at him satisfied. This was the man, after Dick, dearest to him in the world. Into which peaceful Eden stole

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at this point the serpent, and, as is usual, in the shape of woman. Little Eleanor, long-legged, slim, fresh as a flower in her crisp, faded pink dress, came around the corner. In one hot hand she carried, by their heads, a bunch of lilac and pink and white and deep red sweet peas. It cost her no trouble at all, and about half a minute of time, to charge the atmosphere, so full of sweet peace and rest, with a saturated solution of bitterness and disquiet. Her presence alone was a bomb-shell, and with a sentence or two in her clear, innocent voice, the fell deed was done. Fielding stopped smoking, his cigar in mid-air, and stared with a scowl at the child; but Eleanor, delighted to have found the Bishop, saw only him. A shower of crushed but exquisite blossoms fell over his knees.

"I ran away from Aunt Basha. I brought you a posy for 'Good-mornin'," she said. The Bishop, collecting the plunder, expressed his gratitude. "Dick picked a whole lot for Madge, and then they went walkin' and forgot 'em. Isn't Dick funny?" She went on.

Mr. Fielding looked as if Dick's drollness did not appeal to him, but the Bishop laughed, and put his arm around her.

"Will you give me a kiss, too, for 'Good-morning,'" he said; and then, "That's better than the flowers. You had better run back to Aunt Basha now, Eleanor—she'll be frightened."

Eleanor looked disappointed. "I wanted to ask you 'bout what dead chickens gets to be, if they're good. Pups? Do you reckon it's pups?"

The theory of transmigration of souls had taken strong hold. Mr. Fielding lost his scowl in a look of bewilderment, and the Bishop frankly shouted out a big laugh.

"Listen, Eleanor. This afternoon I'll come for you to walk, and we'll talk that all over. Go home now, my lamb." And Eleanor, like a pale-pink over-sized butterfly, went.

"Do you know that child, Jim?" Mr. Fielding asked, grimly.

"Yes," answered the Bishop, with a serene pull at his cigar.

"Do you know she's the child of that good-for-nothing Fairfax Preston, who married Eleanor Gray against her people's will and took her South to—to—starve, practically?"

The Bishop drew a long breath, and then he turned and looked at his old friend with a clear, wide gaze "She's Eleanor Gray's child, too, Dick," he said.

Mr. Fielding was silent a moment. "Has the boy talked to you?" he asked. The Bishop nodded. "It's the worst trouble I've ever had. It would kill me to see him marry that man's daughter. I can't and won't resign myself to it. Why should I? Why should Dick choose, out of all the world, the one girl in it who would be insufferable to me. I can't give in about this. Much as Dick is to me I'll let him go sooner. I hope you'll see I'm right, Jim, but right or wrong, I've made up my mind."

The Bishop stretched a large, bony hand across the little table that stood between them. Fielding's fell on it. Both men smoked silently for a minute.

"Have you anything against the girl, Dick?" asked the Bishop, presently.

"That she's her father's daughter—it's enough. The bad and proud blood of generations is in her. I don't like the South—I don't like Southerners. And I detest beyond words Fairfax Preston. But the girl is certainly beautiful, and they say she is a good girl, too," he acknowledged, gloomily.

"Then I think you're wrong," said the Bishop.

"You don't understand, Jim," Fielding took it up passionately. "That man has been the *bête noir* of my life. He has gotten in my way half-a-dozen times deliberately, in business affairs, little as he amounts to himself. Only two years ago—but that isn't the point after all." He stopped gloomily. "You'll wonder at me, but it's an older feud than that. I've never told anyone, but I want you to understand, Jim, how impossible this affair is." He bit off the end of a fresh cigar, lighted it and then threw it across the geraniums into the grass. "I wanted to marry her mother," he said, brusquely. "That man got her. Of course, I could have forgiven that, but it was the way he did it. He lied to her—he threw it in my teeth that I had failed. Can't you see how I shall never forgive him—never, while I live!" The intensity of a life long, silent hatred trembled in his voice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grammatic version of the nebular hypothesis.

"Did you hear 'bout what the world did?" she demanded, casually, at the lunch-table. "We were all hot, nasty steam, just like a tea-kettle, and we cooled off into water, sailin' around so much, and then we got crusts on us, bless de Lawd, and then, sir, we kept on gettin' solid, and circus animals grewed all over us, and then they died, and thank God for that, and Adam and Evenin' camed, and Madge *can't* I have some more gingerbread? I'd just as soon be a little sick if you'll let me have it."

The "fairy land of science and the long results of time," passing from the Bishop's hands into the child's, were turned into such graphic tales, for Eleanor, with all her airy charm, struck straight from the shoulder. Never was there a sense of superiority on the Bishop's side, or of being lectured on Eleanor's.

"Why do you like to walk with the Bishop?" Mrs. Vail asked, curiously.

"Because he hasn't any morals," said the little girl, fresh from a Sunday-school lesson.

Saturday night Mr. Fielding stayed late in the city, and Dick was with his lady-love at the Vails; so the Bishop, after dining alone, went down on the wide beach below the house and walked, as he smoked his cigar. Through the week he had been restless under the constant prick of a duty undone, that he could not make up his mind to do. Over and over he heard his friend's agitated voice. "If you had had temptations like mine, trials like mine, I would try to follow you," it said. He knew that the man would be good as his word. He could perhaps win Dick's happiness for him if he would pick up the gauntlet of that speech. If he could bring himself to tell Fielding the whole story that he had shut so long ago into silence —that he, too, had cared for Eleanor Gray, and had given her up in a harder way than the other, for the Bishop had made it possible that the Southerner should marry her. But it was like tearing his soul to do it. No one but his mother, who was dead, had known this one secret of a life like crystal. The Bishop's reticence was the intense sort, that often goes with a frank exterior, and he had never cared for another woman. Some men's hearts are open pleasure-grounds, where all the world may come and go, and the earth is dusty with many feet; and some are like theatres, shut perhaps to the world in general, but which a passport of beauty or charm may always open; and with many, of finer clay, there are but two or three ways into the guarded temple, and only the touchstone of quality may let pass the lightest foot upon the carefully tended sod. But now and then a heart is Holy of Holies. Long ago the Bishop, lifting a young face from the books that absorbed him, had seen a girl's figure filling the narrow doorway, and dazzled by the radiance of it, had placed that image on the lonely altar, where the flame waited, before unconsecrated. Then the girl had gone, and he had quietly shut the door and lived his life outside. But the sealed place was there, and the fire burned before the old picture. Why should he, for Dick Fielding, for anyone, let the light of day upon that stillness? The one thing in life that was his own, and all these years he had kept it sacred —why should he? Fiercely, with the old animal jealousy of ownership, he guarded for himself that memory—what was there on earth that could make him share it? And in answer there rose before him the vision of Madge Preston, with a haunting air of her mother about her; of young Dick Fielding, almost his own child from babyhood, his honest soul torn between two duties; of old Dick Fielding, loyal and kind and obstinate, his stubborn feet, the feet that had walked near his for forty years, needing only a touch to turn them into the right path.

Back and forth the thoughts buffeted each other, and the Bishop sighed, and threw away his cigar, and then stopped and stared out at the darkening, great ocean. The steady rush and pause and low wash of retreat did not calm him to-night.

"I'd like to turn it off for five minutes. It's so eternally right," he said aloud and began to walk restlessly again.

Behind him came light steps, but he did not hear them on the soft sand, in the noise of a breaking wave. A small, firm hand slipped into his was the first that he knew of another presence, and he did not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

need to look down at the bright head to know it was Eleanor, and the touch thrilled him in his loneliness. Neither spoke, but swung on across the sand, side by side, the child springing easily to keep pace with his great step. Beside the gift of English, Eleanor had its comrade gift of excellent silence. Those who are born to know rightly the charm and the power and the value of words, know as well the value of the rests in the music. Little Eleanor, her nervous fingers clutched around the Bishop's big thumb, was pouring strength and comfort into him, and such an instinct kept her quiet.

So they walked for a long half-hour, the Bishop fighting out his battle, sometimes stopping, sometimes talking aloud to himself, but Eleanor, through it all, not speaking. Once or twice he felt her face laid against his hand, and her hair that brushed his wrist, and the savage selfishness of reserve slowly dissolved in the warmth of that light touch and the steady current of gentleness it diffused through him. Clearly and more clearly he saw his way and, as always happens, as he came near to the mountain, the mountain grew lower. "Over the Alps lies Italy." Why should he count the height when the Italy of Dick's happiness and Fielding's duty done lay beyond? The clean-handed, light-hearted disregard of self that had been his habit of mind always came flooding back like sunshine as he felt his decision made. After all, doing a duty lies almost entirely in deciding to do it. He stooped and picked Eleanor up in his arms.

"Isn't the baby sleepy? We've settled it together—it's all right now, Eleanor. I'll carry you back to Aunt Basha."

"Is it all right now?" asked Eleanor, drowsily. "No, I'll walk," kicking herself downward. "But you come wiv me." And the Bishop escorted his lady-love to her castle, where the warden, Aunt Basha, was for this half hour making night vocal with lamentations for the runaway.

"Po' lil lamb!" said Aunt Basha, with an undisguised scowl at the Bishop. "Seems like some folks dunno nuff to know a baby's bedtime. Seems like de Lawd's anointed wuz in po' business, ti'in' out chillens!"

"I'm sorry, Aunt Basha," said the Bishop, humbly. "I'll bring her back earlier again. I forgot all about the time."

"Huh!" was all the response that Aunt Basha vouchsafed, and the Bishop, feeling himself hopelessly in the wrong, withdrew in discreet silence.

Luncheon was over the next day and the two men were quietly smoking together in the hot, drowsy quiet of the July mid-afternoon before the Bishop found a chance to speak to Fielding alone. There was an hour and a half before service, and this was the time to say his say, and he gathered himself for it. When suddenly the tongue of the ready speaker, the *savoir faire* of the finished man of the world, the mastery of situations which had always come as easily as his breath, all failed him at once.

"Dick," he stammered, "there is something I want to tell you," and he turned on his friend a face which astounded him.

"What on earth is it? You look as if you'd been caught stealing a hat," he responded, encouragingly.

The Bishop felt his heart thumping as that healthy organ had not thumped for years. "I feel a bit that way," he gasped. "You remember what we were talking of the other day?"

"The other day—talking—" Fielding looked bewildered. Then his face darkened. "You mean Dick—the affair with that girl." His voice was at once hard and unresponsive. "What about it?"

"Not at all," said the Bishop, complainingly. "Don't misunderstand like that, Dick—it's so much harder."

"Oh!" and Fielding's look cleared. "Well, what is it then, old man? Out with it—want a check for a mission? Surely you don't hesitate to tell me that! Whatever I have is yours, too—you know it."

The Bishop looked deeply disgusted. "Muddlehead!" was his unexpected answer, and Fielding, serene in the consciousness of generosity and good feeling, looked as if a hose had been turned on him.

"What the devil!" he said. "Excuse me, Jim, but just tell me what you're after. I can't make you out."

"It's most difficult." The Bishop seemed to articulate with trouble. "It was so long ago, and I've never spoken

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of it." Fielding, mouth and eyes wide, watched him as he stumbled on. "There were three of us, you see—though, of course, you didn't know. Nobody knew. She told my mother, that was all.—Oh, I'd no idea how difficult this would be," and the Bishop pushed back his damp hair and gasped again. Suddenly a wave of color rushed over his clear-cut, beautiful Greek face.

"No one could help it, Dick," he said. "She was so lovely, so exquisite, so—— "

Fielding rose quickly and put his hand on his friend's forehead. "Jim, my dear boy," he said gravely, "this heat has been too much for you. Sit there quietly, while I get some ice. Here, let me loosen your collar," and he put his fingers on the white clerical tie.

Then the Bishop rose up in his wrath and shook him off, and his deep blue eyes flashed fire.

"Let me alone," he said. "It is inexplicable to me how a man can be so dense. Haven't I explained to you in the plainest way what I have never told another soul? Is this the reward I am to have for making the greatest effort I have made for years?" And after a moment's steady, indignant glare at the speechless Fielding he turned and strode in angry majesty through the wide hall doorway.

When he walked out of the same doorway an hour later, on his way to service, Fielding sat back in a shadowy corner and let him pass without a word. He watched critically the broad shoulders and fine, athletic figure as his friend moved down the narrow walk—a body carefully trained to hold well and easily the trained mind within. But the careless energy that was used to radiate from the great elastic muscles seemed lacking to-day, and the erect head drooped. Fielding shook his own head as the Bishop turned the corner and went out of his view.

"'*Mens sana in corpore sano*,'" he said aloud, and sighed. "He has worked too hard this summer. I never saw him like that. If he should—" and he stopped, then he rose, and looked at his watch and slowly followed the Bishop's steps.

The little church of Saint Peter's-by-the-Sea was filled even on this hot July afternoon, to hear the famous Bishop, and in the half-light that fell through painted windows and lay like a dim violet veil against the gray walls, the congregation with summer gowns and flowery hats, had a billowy effect as of a wave tipped everywhere with foam. Fielding, sitting far back, saw only the white-robed Bishop, and hardly heard the words he said, through listening for the modulations of his voice. He was anxious for the man who was dear to him, and the service and its minister were secondary to-day. But gradually the calm, reverent, well-known tones reassured him, and he yielded to the pleasure of letting his thoughts be led, by the voice that stood to him for goodness, into the spirit of the words that are filled with the beauty of holiness. At last it was time for the sermon, and the Bishop towered in the low stone pulpit and turned half away from them all as he raised one arm high with a quick, sweeping gesture.

"In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen!" he said, and was still.

A shaft of yellow light fell through a memorial window and struck a golden bar against the white lawn of his surplice, and Fielding, staring at him with eyes of almost passionate devotion, thought suddenly of Sir Galahad, and of that "long beam" down which had "slid the Holy Grail." Surely the flame of that old vigorous Christianity had never burned higher or steadier. A marvellous life for this day, kept, like the flower of Knighthood, strong and beautiful and "unspotted from the world." Fielding sighed as he thought of his own life, full of good impulses, but crowded with mistakes, with worldliness, with lowered ideals, with yieldings to temptation. Then, with a pang, he thought about Dick, about the crisis for him that the next weeks must bring, and he heard again the Bishop's steady, uncompromising words as they talked on the piazza. And on a wave of selfish feeling rushed back the old excuses. "It is different. It is easy for him to be good. Dick is not his son. He has never been tempted like other men. He never hated Fairfax Preston—he never loved Eleanor Gray." And back somewhere in the dark places of his consciousness began to work a dim thought of his friend's puzzling words that day: "No one could help loving her—she was so lovely—so exquisite!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The congregation rustled softly everywhere as the people settled themselves to listen—they listened always to him. And across the hush that followed came the Bishop's voice again, tranquilly breaking, not jarring, the silence. "Not disobedient to the heavenly vision," were the words he was saying, and Fielding dropped at once the thread of his own thought to listen.

He spoke quickly, clearly, in short Anglo-Saxon words—the words that carry their message straightest to hearts red with Saxon blood—of the complex nature of every man—how the angel and the demon live in each and vary through all the shades of good and bad. How yet in each there is always the possibility of a highest and best that can be true for that personality only—a dream to be realized of the lovely life, blooming into its own flower of beauty, that God means each life to be. In his own rushing words he clothed the simple thought of the charge that each one has to keep his angel strong, the white wings free for higher flights that come with growth.

"The vision," he said, "is born with each of us, and though we lose it again and again, yet again and again it comes back and beckons, calls, and the voice thrills us always. And we must follow, or lose the way. Through ice and flame we must follow. And no one may look across where another soul moves on a quick, straight path and think that the way is easier for the other. No one can see if the rocks are not cutting his friend's feet; no one can know what burning lands he has crossed to follow, to be so close to his angel, his messenger. Believe always that every other life has been more tempted, more tried than your own; believe that the lives higher and better than your own are so not through more ease, but more effort; that the lives lower than yours are so through less opportunity, more trial. Believe that your friend with peace in his heart has won it, not happened on it—that he has fought your very fight. So the mist will melt from your eyes and you will see clearer the vision of your life and the way it leads you; selfishness will fall from your shoulders and you will follow lightly. And at the end, and along the way, you will have the glory of effort, the joy of fighting and winning, the beauty of the heights where only an ideal can take you."

What more he said Fielding did not hear—for him one sentence had been the final word. The unlaid ghost of the Bishop's puzzling talk an hour before rose up and from its lips came, as if in full explanation, "He has fought your very fight." He sat in his shadowy, dark corner of the cool, little stone church, and while the congregation rose and knelt and sang and prayed, he was still. Piece by piece he fitted the mosaic of past and present, and each bit slipped faultlessly into place. There was no question in his mind now as to the fact, and his manliness and honor rushed to meet the situation. He had said that where his friend had gone he would go. If it was across the road of renunciation of a life-long enmity, he would not break his word. Complex problems resolve themselves at the point of action into such simple axioms. Dick should have a blessing and his sweetheart; he would do his best for Fairfax Preston; with his might he would keep his word. A great sigh and a wrench at his heart as if a physical growth of years were tearing away, and the decision was made. Then, in a mist of pain and effort, and a surprised new freedom from the accustomed pang of hatred, he heard the rustle and movement of a kneeling congregation, and, as he looked, the Bishop raised his arms. Fielding bent his gray head quickly in his hands, and over it, laden with "peace" and "the blessing of God Almighty," as if the general commended his soldier on the field of battle, swept the solemn words of the benediction.

Peace touched the earth on the blue and white September day when Madge and Dick were married. Pearly piled-up clouds, white "herded elephants," lay still against a sparkling sky, and the air was alive like cool wine, and breathing warm breaths of sunlight. No wedding was ever gayer or prettier, from the moment when the smiling holiday crowd in little Saint Peter's caught their breath at the first notes of "Lohengrin" and turned to see Eleanor, white-clad and solemn, and impressed with responsibility, lead the procession slowly up the aisle, her eyes raised to the Bishop's calm face in the chancel, to the moment

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when, in showers of rice and laughter and slippers, the Fielding carriage dashed down the driveway, and Dick, leaning out, caught for a last picture of his wedding-day, standing apart from the bright colors grouped on the lawn, the black and white of the Bishop and Eleanor, gazing after them, hand in hand.

Bit by bit the brilliant kaleidoscopic effect fell apart and resolved itself into light groups against the dark foliage or flashing masses of carriages and people and horses, and then even the blurs on the distance were gone, and the place was still and the wedding was over. The long afternoon was before them, with its restless emptiness, as if the bride and groom had taken all the reason for life with them.

There were bridesmaids and ushers staying at the Fieldings. The graceful girl who poured out the Bishop's tea on the piazza, some hours later, and brought it to him with her own hands, stared a little at his face for a moment.

"You look tired, Bishop. Is it hard work marrying people? But you must be used to it after all these years," and her blue eyes fell gently on his gray hair. "So many love-stories you have finished —so many, many!" she went on, and then quite softly, "and yet never to have a love-story of your own!"

At this instant Eleanor, lolling on the arm of his chair, slipped over on his knee and burrowed against his coat a big pink bow that tied her hair. The Bishop's arm tightened around the warm, live lump of white muslin, and he lifted his face, where lines showed plainly to-day, with a smile like sunshine.

"You are wrong, my daughter. They never finish—they only begin here. And my love-story"—he hesitated and his big fingers spread over the child's head. "It is all written in Eleanor's eyes."

"I hope when mine comes I shall have the luck to hear anything half as pretty as that. I envy Eleanor," said the graceful bridesmaid as she took the tea-cup again, but the Bishop did not hear her.

He had turned toward the sea and his eyes wandered out across the geraniums where the shadow of a sun-filled cloud lay over uncounted acres of unhurried waves. His face was against the little girl's bright head, and he said something softly to himself, and the child turned her face quickly and smiled at him and repeated the words:

"Many waters shall not wash out love," said Eleanor.

VERSES WRITTEN IN 1872 BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THOUGH he that ever kind and true,
Kept stoutly step by step with you
Your whole long gusty lifetime through
Be gone awhile before,
Be now a moment gone before,
Yet, doubt not, soon the seasons shall restore
Your friend to you.

He has but turned a corner—still
He pushes on with right good will,
Thro' mire and marsh, by heugh and hill
That self-same arduous way,—
That self-same upland hopeful way,
That you and he through many a doubtful day
Attempted still.

He is not dead, this friend—not dead
But in the path we mortals tread,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Got some few, trifling steps ahead,
And nearer to the end,
So that you, too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face this friend
You fancy dead.

Push gayly on, strong heart! The while
You travel forward mile by mile,
He loiters with a backward smile
Till you can overtake,
And strains his eyes, to search his wake
Or, whistling, as he sees you through the brake,
Waits on a stile.

THE RIGHT OF THE STRONGEST

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. L. JACOBS

THE Marquise was tired, and she was glad to find a "lift" at the Settlement House. Nevertheless, she glanced about her with an eager and friendly interest which (in partnership with a quarter) won the elevator-boy completely. He told Lizzie, who was guarding the office, that she was "the best ever" and "pretty as they make 'em." Hence, Lizzie gave the Marquise more attention than went commonly to "swells mousing 'round Mrs. Cary." Lizzie was tall, dark, awkwardly thin, and of a sullen demeanor. Her black eyes were deep-set under strong black eyebrows; there was a neat white parting in her thick black hair. Her pink shirtwaist was newly come from the ironing-board, and it was plain that she had cleaned her black woollen skirt with gasolene. She looked the Marquise over, not rudely, but with a candid effort to ascertain the cardinal facts of her age, her social position, and her object in coming. Lizzie's normal habit of mind was suspicion, yet she found herself sharing Billy's approval. She recognized a certain distinction in the Marquise's beauty. "She's 'way up!" pronounced Lizzie; "different, too." The difference did not pertain to her elegant mourning—visitors to the Settlement were more often in elegant mourning than not. "Cayn't go to the theayter, so they come here," was Lizzie's ungracious explanation—but Lizzie had never seen such a fresh and youthfully tinted face, with such beautiful black eyebrows and lashes, framed by such abundant, soft, silvery-gray hair. "She don't dye her hair, that's one sure thing," says Lizzie; "and she's so young it makes her look like a pictchur; wonder if it turned white in a single night, like Marry Antonnet's!" The visitor was a small creature, not very tall, and very slight; she had swift, graceful motions that suited the changing expressions of her mobile face; and her eyes changed in the same way, darkening almost to black, lightening almost to gray; indeed, their color was rather the hue of water darkly shining under midsummer trees than any less subtle tint. They were as busy now as Lizzie's eyes, but not with Lizzie; they dealt with the office furniture, plain and durable, and clean as Lizzie's loving scrubbing could keep it; they searched the halls and the large rooms beyond, handsomely furnished in Flemish oak, where a fire

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was blazing in the great brick fireplace, its flickering glow playing on the dull-red walls, the white bass-reliefs of Luca della Robbia, and the mellow, brown prints of famous pictures. There was no fireplace in the office, nor any bass-reliefs, and the only pictures were the photograph of a stately old-fashioned house, with terraces stepping down to a wide sheet of water, and two miniatures in a worn leather case, which stood on the office desk. One of the miniatures was the portrait of a man of forty, with refined but determined features, the other that of a charming, dark-haired girl, whose delicate beauty was of the same quality and type—one could divine at a glance that the originals were brother and sister. As the Marquise's eyes fell on the case they grew suddenly dim. She sat down by the desk. "Ten years since she came here," thought the Marquise; "has she kept it here all the time? I felt she was cruel to leave us and come here; but how much she has accomplished! How many, many lives she has helped! I wonder was she right, and am I cruel now to disturb her peace?" Absently she listened to Lizzie explaining that Mrs. Cary was expected every minute. She smiled and studied the pictures, and Lizzie studied her. Not a ripple of intelligence on the girl's stolid features betrayed that she guessed that the Marquise was gazing so pensively at her own young face.

"Wasn't she to be at some strikers' meeting?" asked the Marquise, rousing herself.

"That's jest where she is," said Lizzie, "and they wouldn't need to have it, or be licked neither, if they'd minded *her!*"

"She has a great deal of influence with them, hasn't she?"

"Well, I *guess!* Ought to have, too. They'll never get anybody else to be so good to 'em." You know how she gives all the money for this place, bought it and run it. I guess it pays now, with the restaurant and all, the cabinet shop and the bakery and that; but it didn't at first. And she's always helping folks. Say, look outer the window—see them men?"

The desk was close to the window; the Marquise's eyes followed the slant of Lizzie's finger; they found a mean street, grimy from soft-coal smoke, paved with rotting wooden blocks, undulated like a stage sea, lined with meagre shops and dingy brick dwellings which had not always fluttered such soiled and coarse Nottingham lace in their windows. Nearly every sixth shop was a saloon. The saloons swarmed with shaggy-bearded men and the sidewalks with dirty children, and an odor of stale beer saturated the air. At one corner, an Italian crone, her gray head bundled up in a red handkerchief, was gesticulating over her apples and oranges, declaiming to the heedless crowd how excellent were her wares and how undeserved and heartrending her misfortunes. Some men in their working clothes, going by, talking excitedly among themselves, jostled her stand in their passage and rolled a heap of oranges off in the street. Instantly a mob of boys was scrambling after them. A man who seemed to be with the others, but was not in working clothes like them, drove the marauders away and rescued the oranges. When this man reached the Settlement House, he paused under the office-windows to look up; but he did not lift his hat. He nodded in answer to Lizzie's frowning inclination of the head; and his eyes met the Marquise's gaze full. Indeed, he might be said to have stared at her. At first his glance was simply intent and earnest; then his face changed as if with a sudden recognition, but it seemed to the Marquise there was something almost hostile in his bending brows and the flash of his brilliant eyes. She noticed that the narrow oval of his face was pointed by a Vandyke beard, and that he wore a new suit of clothes and glossy white linen. She noticed also that he stooped a little when he walked away.

One of his companions was thundering unintelligible threats at some absent oppressor of labor, and he called back: "Oh, let him alone, boys, you don't know all that's made him so mean!"

The voice had the carrying quality and the tingling, rich vibrations of the true orator's voice. He said more, but in a lower tone; and as if in response the other voices grew muffled, while the men trooped down the street, he of the beautiful voice last.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"*That's* Henzel," said Lizzie.

The Marquise repeated the name with a rising inflection. "I am only just come back West after ten years' absence," she added in polite excuse of her ignorance.

"Well, Henzel can tell you more'n anybody, I guess—'cept me—'bout what Mrs. Cary's done here. And he's got 's much to thank her for 's any, too! For his wife, she drank, and his little girl's a cripple, and his boy was going bad jest like his mother, and I guess, good cabinet-maker 's he was, and he's a dandy at it, it was 'bout all he could do hustling, to keep agoing and have money 'nuff to lend folks, like he was forever. I never seen such a looking place as his was the day Mrs. Cary and I went there when his little girl come down with the fever; she'd be dead this minnit if we hadn't, too. But t'at house—Mrs. Cary and I, we scrubbed three mortal hours; and we know how to scrub, too! I hate to see *her* scrub with her pretty hands." The Marquise's brow puckered involuntarily. "You hate it, too, don't you?" cried Lizzie, and her sullen eyes flashed. "Well, we got them cleaned up; and some way Mrs. Cary straightened the family out. She's a terror for reforming folks and never letting on she's trying to reform 'em. Why, she got that boy so he come to our entertainments, in the first place, and then he took lessons in the manual training. He'd a turn that way, you know, and he got real decent and was killed by an emery-wheel bursting on him; and the family got $500 and his funeral paid, big, beautiful funeral, 'stid of him being killed in a saloon row, like he would 'a' been if he'd kep' on his old ways. And the mother of him—well, you know, ma'am, women that go on whiskey and dope jags, too, only God Almighty can reform *them;* and He never *does;* so Mrs. Cary couldn't, but she kep' her half way decent and got her to make the beds before dinner; and sent her to the hospital if she'd git too bad; and, of course, she lent Henzel money; and now, he's vice-president of the union and his wife's dead, all right; and he makes speeches in a black coat. I tell you he can make the speeches! But——"

For no reason apparent, Lizzie's speech trailed into silence and a scowl.

"How much good she does!" murmured the Marquise, sadly. She thought: "She will never leave them; perhaps I have no right to ask her."

"That's right," agreed Lizzie, "never gits out of patience, never gives 'em up. Say! I wish she would."

"But why?"

"Oh, they're all on the make here, out for the dough, every last one trying to skin rich folks."

"But they love her?"

"Love her all right. Love her too much. That ain't it. Say! This ain't no fit place for a real lady like her to be grubbing in! She—what, you coming in without ary knocking? Can't Mrs. Cary have no place to herself?"

She shot the question like a missile at a mild, red, Swedish face, which was edging through the door in advance of a stout, blue-calico-clad Swedish body.

"Miz Gary, sie did not been in?" the Swede adventured, her accents deprecating as her features, which she wiped with her clean white apron before she bobbed her courtesy to the Marquise.

"No," said Lizzie, curtly, "what's up now?"

A warm odor of vegetables and butter exhaled from the Swedish presence, and the Marquise was aware that she beheld the cook.

"Miz Yonson—" began the Swede.

"You mean Lyddy Johnson, the pastry cook?"

"Yaz. Miz Yonson. Sie try for kill Hilda——"

"Did she hurt her?"

"No, but Miz Yonson, sie is dead, I t'inks," said the Swede, without emotion. "I hitted sie, dat yop knife for die meat——"

"You mean the cleaver?" says Lizzie.

"Good Heaven! did you hit her with the cleaver?" cries the Marquise.

"I hitted sie,"—the Swede woman smiled amiably, with the air of one seeking to be exact at any cost— "but maype I don't kill sie for I yoomp it oop, qvick, so maype I don't git it py die sarp side; so *maype* I don't kill sie. Sie falled down."

"Well, she ain't killed, all right," remarked Lizzie, from the window, "for I can see her this minnit, rollin' down the street, hollerin' bloody murder. There's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Cary coming. Look, lady, there she is!"

"Miz Gary make sie all right," said the Swede, nodding her head; "but I tink sie yoomp her yob; but Miz Gary, sie make it all right."

"Oh, yes, unload on Mrs. Cary; she ain't got nothing better to do than fix up your scraps," grumbled Lizzie.

The Marquise was looking down on the street and the little crowd swaying about the negress. The Marquise had turned very pale. Beside the black woman stood a lady; beyond the question of an eye-blink a lady, although she was clad as simply as a shop-girl. The first sensation of which the Marquise was conscious, was a throb of relief; Katherine was not less lovely than she remembered; indeed, for a moment she seemed to be looking again on the idol of her youth, and the years were as nothing. When they were girls together she had called Katherine her beautiful Rosetti. "You are the Blessed Damozel stepped out of the poem," she said. It was the Blessed Damozel still, with the same dusky, loosened hair, the same low brow and short upper lip, the same long black lashes to fall on the pale, soft cheek, and the same proud yet pleading brown eyes when they lifted quickly. She was no less tall and slender, no less graceful; and the gesture of the slim white hand was so familiar, the Marquise caught her breath in a thrill of happiness as keen as pain.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," she thought, tenderly, "how can I bear to leave you here—and how can I get you away! Look at her touching that horrid object—Oh, mercy! she has a razor!"

The Marquise gave a gasp of fright; she was minded to rush to her friend's side and share the peril; but she heard Lizzie's chuckle: "Now watch Mrs. Cary! Get on to the way she'll smooth that coon down!" So she stayed and set her lips. The negress, truly, was a formidable figure, coal black of skin and huge in every dimension of shape, dishevelled of garb, with her white turban pushed over one ear, and her rolling eyeballs and contorted features and the great arm brandishing a razor adding to the ferocious wildness of her state. At intervals, in an excess of fury, partly liquor, partly rage, and partly her race's love for noise, she would emit a Berserker whoop. In the middle distance a policeman could be discerned, ambling down the street—a portly policeman who could not run. But Mrs. Cary's touch on the black woman's shoulder was like the waving of the magician's wand. The razor sank, and, directly, Mrs. Cary was shutting it into harmless seclusion with the ease of a person repeating a familiar action, while the enraged African fell to tidying her disordered dress. What Mrs. Cary was saying the Marquise's straining ears could not catch; but a mellow African voice penetrated the din of traffic: "I 'clares to Gawd, honey, I didn't aim to hu't dat ar plumb ijjit of er w'ite woman; I jes done flo'ish de razzah fo' t' be mo' emphatical lak! Yo' is 'bleeged t' be emphatical wid dese yeah po' w'ite trash fuhinahs dat kaint speak no decint langwidge, else dey doan got nare respect fo' yo'!"

Again Mrs. Cary's response was inaudible, and again the negress was heard, this time apologizing in a tone of velvet: "But she done call me turrible names dat I cudn't unnerstan'—Oh, ya'as 'm, dey did ben names, kase she holler dem, loud!"

By this time a general laugh (led by the policeman) greeted Mrs. Cary's next comment, and the black woman, who had been wiping her penitent eyes, joined the chorus and laughed more loudly than any. The incident closed in humorous peace, the guardian of the law going off, grinning, and the negro woman returning with Mrs. Cary to the house. "Can't she work 'em!" said Lizzie, with a reluctant smile, "she can do anything she likes with 'em!"

The Marquise laughed a sweet, bell-like little laugh. "She could always make anybody do anything," said she. With the words her face changed tenderly. It was only that a forlorn little scrap of a girl, standing in the doorway as Mrs. Cary passed, had kissed her skirts, with adoring eyes.

The Marquise remembered what scenes had once framed that stately figure; and an obscure pain twitched her nerves. "She will never leave them for me," she sighed. There fell on her a touch of the tender awe which she had felt many

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

times before in Katherine Cary's presence; a sense of lofty spiritual enthusiasm, of stainless unselfishness, of a seer's vision fused into a woman's compassion; with a rush of memories the old reverence for that brave and pure soul hushed her heart. She could only think, in Kipling's words:

> Enough for me in dreams to see
> And touch Thy garments' hem:
> Thy feet have trod so near to God
> I may not follow them.

She was so sunk in reverie, so busy with her own emotions, that she neither noticed the Swede's departure nor that Lizzie was studying her face, visibly agitated.

Not until Lizzie nervously cleared her throat did she turn. "Say!" demanded Lizzie, "are you related to her?"

"I am her sister-in-law," replied the Marquise, with a shade of haughtiness; but it vanished when she looked full in the girl's face; the girl was neither impertinent nor curious; she was only desperately in earnest.

"You're her, ain't you?" — Lizzie jerked her thumb at the miniature — "you're a kind of high up foreign lady, a *marquyse* or something, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"And he's Mr. Cary, ain't he?"

"Yes."

"I seen her kissing them pictchurs when she didn't know I was looking. Say, she come here when he died, didn't she, 'cause she felt so awful bad?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Her parents were dead; and her brothers were married, she thought she had no one of her own who needed her, and she wanted to help other people who suffered; she was always so *good*."

"She's awful fond of you, ain't she?"

Somehow the Marquise did not resent this frankness. "I hope so," said she.

"And ain't you come to try git her away?"

"I want to—but it seems hard——"

"It ain't. There's nobody needs her more'n I do. Why, I'll be fit to kill myself for loneliness; yet I want her to go! I tell you, it ain't no fit place for a lady. These folks don't understand. It's all right for her to come once in a while, but not to live here! No, ma'am. Say, I don't suppose you could git her away this afternoon? You got a carriage with you?"

"But will she come? I should be only too rejoiced, but——"

"H-ss-h!" besought Lizzie under her breath, "she's coming. Do it this afternoon!" and instantly she was back in her chair, clicking vehemently on the typewriter.

The Marquise glided to the door. Her heart was like water, her throat choked with memories. In another second she was clasping her childhood's idol in her arms and kissing her shoulder—that being the only accessible portion of her tall friend's shape within reach. And she was trying very hard not to cry.

The click of the typewriter ceased; Lizzie stole away, but the fiery earnestness of her eyes compelled a glance from the Marquise, and her lips moved in the words: "This afternoon! This afternoon! Now!"

Then she was gone, and Katherine was holding the Marquise off at arms' length the better to view her. "Oh, how I have longed for you," she breathed, "and I had no hope of seeing you until we heard you would come, last week. How is André?"

"Oh, very well; and so anxious to see you. He is here with me, you know. At the hotel; I thought we should be freer there. You will come back with me, Kathie, and dine with us and see my boy —our boy?"

"Of course I will—only—I go out so seldom, never, in fact, I haven't anything to wear."

The Marquise gave a gasp of mingled emotion, relief that anything so earthly as dress, could still have power to win Kathie's attention, and a curious pain, which only women can comprehend, that she whom the Marquise remembered with almost as much admiration for her beautiful toilets as her beauty, that she could be shabby!

"We shall dine in our own parlor, dearest."

"Then, perhaps, later; but now, sit down—Oh, isn't it horrid! I haven't even a lounge here where we can sit together." She spoke in a gust of irritation which delighted the listener; it was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another sign of worldly survival. And it was like old days to have Katherine push the chairs close together in order to throw her arm about the Marquise's neck; and it was Katherine's same tender voice murmuring: "Oh, how lovely, lovely, *lovely* it is to see you again! And how long can you stay in America?"

"For always, Kathie. I am come home. I want André to be an American as well as a Frenchman. Certainly I don't want him to forget what is due his father's name and his father's country; but we can make visits; and Martin is so faithful, the steward, you know; and now the old Marquise is dead there is no really binding reason why we must live there. I was content to live in France, in the country, while she lived, for I grew to love her very much, Kathie; she had a noble nature; it was almost like losing my mother over again when she died, and—I could only think of *you!*"

Katherine' arm about her neck tightened. She looked down on the dainty little figure, and the tears rose in her eyes.

"It is ten years," said the Marquise, dreamily; "do you remember?"

"Yes."

"I drove by the house to-day; it looked so natural, I cried."

"I rented it to good friends; they take good care of it."

"They would better! You were awfully generous in your terms," answered the Marquise, rather dryly.

"Generosity does not insure fidelity," said Katherine; "I have thought sometimes it almost does the contrary." The Marquise opened her dark eyes; this speech was distinctly not like the old Katherine. "But tell me," Katherine continued, "ten years ago you begged me to go with you to France. You had decided that you ought to live with your husband's mother and bring up André in France; tell me, did you never repent your sacrifice? It must have been a sacrifice to leave your country and your friends——"

"And you, Kathie, why not say it? There wasn't anything harder than leaving you. Yes, it was—cruel! But when André died—Kathie, how did we ever live through that awful time, when they both went, so suddenly, my husband and brother, your husband and your brother; for André was like your brother, wasn't he? and Oscar loved him. Do you remember how Oscar used to say André was as decent as an American, and much better mannered?" She laughed the sad little laugh which we give when the one whom we loved, who made us laugh, will never wake our laughter again.

"André was *fine*, dear. I loved André; we all loved him."

"He was his mother's last son to die, her youngest, her dearest. French sons are lovely to their mothers, Kathie, and I never saw a French son so lovely as André, and little André is his image. I couldn't take him away from the poor, lonely grandmother. I was as afraid as death of her, too, and dreaded living with her beyond words," laughed the Marquise, "but you see I *had* to go! But I did get awfully homesick, at times; then I would sneak up to Paris, just to hear my countrymen talking about home and never be able to call it *that*, either. But the old Marquise was fine, Kathie, too; and we learned to love each other. Wanting you all the time was the worst!"

"God knows I have longed for *you*, dear, the only sister I ever had!"

The Marquise flung her beautiful hat recklessly on the desk that she might nestle her head on the other's shoulder, drawing a long breath of content. "Oh, it is so beautiful to be home again!" She did not speak again for a moment; she was afraid to disturb this silence thrilling with exquisite memories. She was feeling her mother's caress, her father's proud smile; she heard her brother Oscar's voice; her heart melted over childish joys and childish sorrows almost as sweet to remember. And Katherine was part of it all. They were all gone now save Katherine; and how could she importune Katherine to go with her a second time? Now, too, that the first refusal had been justified by time and all these poor creatures' clinging affection. Before, the Marquise had sacrificed her own intense desire, which was to remain in her own country as near Katherine as would be safe for the little André; now, ought she not to sacrifice it again, and cease to try to win her saint away? "I can't ask her," she thought, heavily; "anyhow, I can't ask her now!" Then, suddenly, Lizzie's face came, the lips moving in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dumb entreaty, the burning, imploring eyes. The Marquise was a woman of the world, who had dipped into life deeply; she had plenty of acumen under her pretty, kittenish ways. "That girl *meant* something," she thought; and pondered. "Kathie," she said—her voice was graver than she knew—"Kathie, you would not come with me; you said your duty was here. Kathie, have *you* never repented?"

She was astonished, instead of the confident reply which she expected, to feel a shiver run through the shoulder beneath her cheek. She sat up, the better to get Katherine's face, and the misery of it frightened her. Katherine jumped up and walked up and down in a fashion that the Marquise knew well. Once she laughed, a quick, contemptuous laugh, and the Marquise remembered a saying of her brother about his wife, "Kathie's like a man; she laughs when she's hurt, instead of crying." So the Marquise was silent; she waited.

"Do you remember," said Katherine, slowly, "how, when we were children, and you lived in the dear old house, how, sometimes, I would run across the street, slip away from my nurse, and tell you, solemnly, 'I got to be bad to-day'; and you would say, 'Why, Kathie?' and I would say, 'O, *'cause!* I just *have* to!' Do you remember?"

"Of course. And I would feel solemn and impressed. Sometimes I would feel sorry; but I would always say, 'Then I'll be bad, too.' And—oh, how funny we were, we bad little tots!"

"Well, I am going to be bad to-day. I *have* to! I ought to bear what my own rashness, presumption, unutterable folly have brought on me, without whimpering; I have no business to hurt you, either; but I am going to." She stood still, erect and splendid in the sunshine, but her eyes were dark with pain.

"I am afraid, Kathie, dear," said the Marquise, "that I always loved you best when you were naughty; you were such a saint that I was thankful for some redeeming wickedness. I'm sure I am, now."

"Do you think I have succeeded here?" said Katherine, not answering her.

"Why, surely. Even your brothers, who were so set against your going, admit you have done wonders. Tom thinks especially with the manua. training; and Joe with the restaurant."

Katherine's lip curled. "That's because I have made the restaurant pay, and because the magazines have articles about me. See what they will say and what their wives will say when they learn what I propose doing! No, I know better. I have *failed*. Do you remember that disagreeable old party who was run over in front of our house and in consequence became a regular pensioner of the family, and how your mother, who was always so sweet, excusing everybody, apologized for her to mother, saying at least she was 'so tidy'; and mother said, 'Oh, no, she isn't tidy, she's only *slicked up!*' Well, I tried to clean these poor people's morals; I haven't, I have only slicked them up! I have no real influence over them——"

"But they adore you!"

Katherine's lip curled in a deeper scorn. "A few; that's the worst of it. And some have that facile admiration and affection, the easiest thing in the world to win——"

"For you——"

"For you, too; how many men——"

"That's entirely different. You have a strong, abiding influence."

"Not really. But you have; do you suppose I don't know how you have transformed your Breton estates?"

"But that is so unimportant, and all done from the outside; I didn't go and live with them like you and Tolstoi. You are so complete. I hate Tolstoi. I think he is all wrong in his faith; but he is sincere; he doesn't run away from his own conclusions; nor do you. I may not agree with you, but I have to admire you——"

"Don't," cried Katherine. "I haven't even sincerity left for you to admire. I am not even sure of my faith. I used to be an honest socialist, and I was convinced that the only real help we, any of us, get comes from our comrades. I was sure if I could once live with my poor brothers and sisters, I should grow to love them, I should learn how to touch them——"

"You have."

"I have *not*. I have spent ten years trying to really get into their souls—to become one of them enough to understand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them and really help them. And I have failed. I don't say this living among them is not the right way. I have tried to look at the question dispassionately, and I think it is—on the whole it is. I only say *I am not the one.* And I am convinced that why I have failed is because, notwithstanding all my pity, all my torture of yearning to help them, I could not love them! When I was well and strong and roused by the very obstacles to conquer them, I kept hoping I should come to love them. I would root out my —my infernal squeamishness! Oh, my dear, it is so hard to keep clean when you are poor——"

"It is so hard to keep clean when you are *rich*, in Chicago," interrupted the Marquise.

"Infinitely harder when you are poor," she shivered, making a little face of disgust. "One ought to consider that the poor creatures so often come from countries where they were never expected to bathe, and they hate water as much as Ippolita of the Hills, in that book you sent me."

"*Mon Dieu!*" burst forth the Marquise, unconscious of a lapse into a tongue that was become like her own, "if you could have seen some of *my old* women! But to be sure I wasn't trying to love them, only to make them a little more comfortable."

"I asked too much. I always ask too much——"

"Not of other people, Kathie, but, yes, too much of yourself. Now, Kathie, *dear*, you have no end of horse sense about business and other people; use some for yourself, a minute. The trouble with you is, you've worked too hard; your brother Joe said you had done the work of three men."

A weary smile flitted over Katherine's face. "I wish I could help being pleased by what the boys say, but I can't, although I know how when they know—and I know I sha'n't be able to keep from being horribly pained by what they will think then."

"And Joe says," the Marquise continued, hastily, marshalling the arguments that she had so elaborately drilled on her journey across the city to the Settlement House, "Joe says you have things now in a shape where you can pull out by degrees, and leave the detail work to others; he says your health is breaking down; and you know in your family there is a weak heart——"

"Yes. Thank God!"

"Kathie!"

"Ah, you don't understand. I am so tired. I am sick of it all, my work, myself, my—everything! All this year it has been coming on, a hideous, unconquerable weariness. I am sick to the heart of poverty and squalor, of revolt and discontent and lying, fawning greed. I want to be clean! I want to see white paint again! I want to live where I don't have to have Flemish oak or weathered oak or dark green paint because they don't show dirt! I want paint that *will* show dirt, and not have any dirt on it to show. I want to be clean, not slicked up. I want lovely things about me, and luxuries, real luxuries, and not imitations in good taste; I want to wear pretty gowns again—I believed I ought to simplify myself and be like these people with whom I have thrown in my lot; and I tried to show them how dainty a cheap gown might be made; but I want my own kind of things again; and—oh, I want my own people! Maybe their hearts aren't any better, but their manners and their surroundings are, and they are so lovely, lovely clean! I suppose all this sounds dreadful to you?"

The Marquise was watching her, neither speaking nor moving; she was no longer Katherine's childish lover and comrade; she was the subtle woman of the world.

"No," she answered, slowly; "but—I am wondering what has happened to you lately."

"One thing that has happened to me lately," said Katherine, looking her in the eyes, "is that my most promising young artist, a man not merely of talent, of genius, killed himself, three weeks ago, because I wouldn't marry him."

"Impertinent little beast! Kathie, I wish you would stop walking; it gets on my nerves; do sit down by me!"

"Not yet, dear, not until—oh, I know very well I was to blame. Understand me, I don't reproach myself for refusing him, it was the way I resented his loving me, and approaching me that way. The idea was so new—fancy how stupid and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dense and worn out I must be not to have seen; but I didn't see, and I hadn't time to prepare myself, and I was angry. And then, poor lad, when he wasn't abjectly despairing he was vain, and how could he have any niceties of decorum with his birth and rearing, the son of a ragpicker, cradled in the gutter. Oh, I was brutal; that's the truth. Well, he has punished me. He left a letter. In it he told me I was playing with them all. I came to them simply to drown my grief. He said that at heart I was still a fine lady, and I always should be." Katherine looked at the desk with a shudder. "He did it here, in my office. He said I must forgive the place he chose, but he had just been turned out of his room, and he had nowhere else. *I* found him —it was so horrible!"

The Marquise was sitting up very straight, looking like her New England ancestors. "What a disgusting cad!" said she. "Kathie, hadn't you petted him and coddled him and got the little beast a market for his pictures?"

"But what use——"

"Plenty of use if he had had any sense. And then to turn on you that way and come here. I haven't any patience with him. No doubt he had other reasons, and more unpresentable ones, for killing himself. Anyhow, I am sure he was an anarchist, and it was a good thing he got out of the world. Has anything else happened to make you feel queer?"

"One thing. It isn't so wicked, but it will seem far worse to you and all my old friends." She was standing now by the window, and, as she spoke, she turned her head, looking down on the noisy, unclean, tawdry thoroughfare. "It is not easy to tell you, and I know it is unfair to him to tell you in this way, but I can't bear that you should quite misunderstand me, let the others feel as they will. I am bad to-day, and I will be unfair to anybody to make *you* understand!"

Her eyes were fixed on the swarming street, or she would have seen the Marquise grow pale.

"There was—there was one man who helped me at the time when poor Ivan shot himself. He was very—considerate—and delicate—and useful. He always had seemed to understand, and he always had helped me. No one has such influence all over the city as he, and he always exerted it in the best way. I had seen him in dreadful troubles of his own, bearing them with such fortitude and—and sweetness of nature; and I have seen him in public catastrophes and difficulties displaying so much unselfish wisdom and bravery. I was in a miserable condition when it happened—ill and tired and wretched. Ivan's letter was awful. It was as if a searchlight blazed on my naked soul. I had been thinking for a year past almost the self-same things he said to me. I didn't know how to justify myself to my own heart. Then this man, who had always been my good friend, came, and he did comfort me. I knew, oh, I had known for a long while, that he cared for me. And so—I suppose you cannot understand how I sought to deaden my remorse and my disgust by shutting every door of escape—to punish myself, to prove to that dead boy that I was not a mere fine lady; to show that I could appreciate a great soul for itself, not for the petty surroundings of it; to bind myself irrevocably to the service of these friendless beings whom I have struggled in vain to love, and whom I would serve to atone—I—I promised to marry a man of them."

There was a heavy silence. The Marquise looked more than ever like her New England ancestors. When she spoke it was in a small, fine voice, which came to Katherine Cary like the voice in a telephone.

"And Oscar?" said she; "or didn't you think of him?"

"I think that in all the universe, living or dead, Oscar is the only one who will understand," said Katherine.

"Is the man's name Henzel?"

"Yes."

"I knew it," cried the Marquise. "Oh, this is too atrocious! And you haven't even the excuse of an infatuation!"

"You know better," said Katherine, wearily. "I told you why I am doing it. I respect him, I honor him, I am grateful, I hoped—he was away and he wrote me and I consented. I have been wondering whether I was crazy for a little while, ever since. He comes back to-day and —I am afraid to meet him."

"Of course you are, you ought to be," returned the Marquise, curtly. "Kathe-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rine, you loathe the thought of marrying him."

"I told myself he was a hero and a saint," said Katherine, in a dull voice. "Maybe he is. I don't know; I only know he is not a gentleman."

"Let him go on being hero and saint, *si c'est son métier*, on his own account," said the Marquise, cheerfully. "Come, Kathie, darling, you don't know what's the matter; but I do. You have worked yourself into nervous prostration; you need rest. Let me explain to Mr. Henzel. Come with me, now. I have a cab waiting——"

"Not now, dear. I must wait—and see him. I promised. Do you remember how, when we were children, after I had been so naughty, there was a reaction and I would be good for days. Well, dear, the reaction has set in. All these abominable feelings were pent up in my heart; now they have escaped into words, and the very hearing my own words has made me ashamed. You don't know——"

"I know all I want. My darling, don't blush so and look so unhappy! Don't you remember how I always followed you into your scrapes, quite docile until we got in deep, and generally docile then, because you had so much livelier an invention than I; but sometimes you would begin to be good too soon and want to go back and be punished; then I always insisted on my rights as a partner. I would not be betrayed—don't you remember? Kathie, I insist on them now. You have no right to steal yourself away from André and me! You have not; and *I won't let you!*"

The Marquise caught her breath; she felt strangled between indignation, earnestness, and a hysterical impulse to laugh, the cause being a glimpse through the crack of the door of Lizzie on the other side jumping up and down in her excitement, and cheering the Marquise inaudibly on to the fray. Apparently Lizzie gave her ears to harking without a lisp from her conscience, considering the Marquise and herself bound in a firm alliance and the stakes too great to permit over-nice morals.

Katherine neither saw Lizzie nor her friend's confusion; she was submerged in a terrible and humiliating moment; none of the rehearsals which she had made for it, in imagination, seemed to have prepared her. Katherine never went into anything by halves, even self-contempt.

"I deserve whatever you choose to say to me," she said, "but I cannot break my word to him. I have done enough mischief; I will not ruin his life. I shall stay and meet him; if he asks me to marry him to-day, I will—I would do it though I knew I should kill myself to-morrow!"

The marquise turned white, but her eyes flashed; she crossed over to Katherine and laid a firm hand on her arm. "That is precisely what you would do," she said, "or if you didn't, you would be sorry. And a pleasing prospect it is for him, isn't it? You were always physically unable to lie, Kathie, and you can't begin at this late day. You can't pretend to like that man when you don't; you needn't think it. And you needn't pretend to yourself that you will learn to love him, for you can't! Your nerves aren't strong enough; you've worn them to the quick. Oh, I know how divinely patient you have been, here. I know I am not fit to kiss the hem of your dress; but I know, too, how you are patient because you understand people, and make excuses for them and pity them and will not *let* yourself be cross with them; but that doesn't prevent your feeling cross. It's just like the time I found you in the nursery in the old house with your mouth tied in a handkerchief and you wrote on your slate, 'Please tie up my hands too, so I sha'n't write wicked things about nursey, mean old hateful, cruel thing, but I won't say so 'cause I'm going to be a Christian!' Your patience is just your principles, not your temperament; and no patience but temperament can stand an unequal marriage. For, Kathie, dear, it is so much harder to be patient with bad manners than bad morals; I suppose because only God sees the worst of our morals and *we* see all the bad manners. Manner? manners make but a part of it; he will have a different point of view in a hundred directions. Class feeling, tastes, education, the instincts inherited from generations of those who have had taste and education, they *must*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

count! They are harder to kill than conscience, itself: and they will forever prevent you loving him, even if you could escape from Oscar's memory; the memory of a man who is everything that he is—and everything that he *isn't!* Oh, Kathie, listen to the instincts which you have struggled so hard to crush and could not; they are right——"

"They are *not* right," said Katherine.

"They have the right of the strongest," said the marquise. "You can't get away from them: and why should you try? I don't ask you to give up this work; but come back and help us, too. If we aren't poor and dirty, we have souls that need to be saved. Come back to us whom you *can* love. Oh, I don't ask you to desert these poor creatures. I'll help you all I can, in my blundering, frivolous way; but, now, for a little, oh, darling sister, come back to your *own!*" She flung her arms about Katherine's neck, clinging to her, whispering incoherent pleading and affection; she did not care that Lizzie should be standing outside grimly triumphant or that a man's set face was at the girl's elbow.

"They shall not be the strongest!" said Katherine, faintly. A blue shadow stole about her mouth; she breathed in little gasps; but she would not let her hand steal toward her laboring heart. The Marquise felt its beating; and pushed her into a chair, crying: "You are not fit to stand! Lizzie! Get some water——"

"No, Lizzie," said Katherine, imperiously; "I don't need any; nothing is the matter. Come in, Mr. Henzel, please!"

Henzel came in. He bowed to Katherine and to the Marquise. He was extremely pale. "He has heard a *lot*," thought the Marquise. "I'm glad of it!"

"If you are really not ill," said she, aloud, "I will go, then; and be back. Perhaps Mr. Henzel will kindly see me to my cab?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Henzel, without a smile. He turned to Katherine; and something in his face, or—such things are women—it may have been something in his careful dress, and her knowledge how useless was its care, gave the Marquise a queer moving of the heart, although it could not alter her purpose. "I'm sorry you're sick," said he. "Good-bye. I won't come again to-day," and as, involuntarily, Katherine's tense features relaxed and the color crept back to her lips, his melancholy eyes deepened. But there was scarcely a break between his words, the next sentence coming with a kind of smile, while his bent shoulders straightened. "You'll hear from me. But I would like to say, right here and now, that I am grateful and thankful I've known you. I always will be. You are the noblest, most generous, highest-minded woman in the world." Katherine's eyes went to his, appealing, and dropped beneath his direct and solemn gaze. Even Lizzie, who had been scowling defiance from the second of her entrance, divined that she was witnessing a parting and a renunciation, and her fierce, faithful heart knew a tinge of comradeship. As for the Marquise, she felt again the penetrating pathos of his voice, and followed him into the hall, nor was conscious that he preceded her. A little space from the elevator he halted. "You called me here to say something," said he—she liked him the better that his tone was so cold. "What is it?"

"I see you know what it is already," she replied, gently; "and you have given her up. You know that she respects and admires you, and she tried to love you, but——"

"She couldn't. I ain't surprised. I guess I knew it all the time; only I hoped I could help her here more than anybody else. But I am not sure she wants to stay here——" He questioned the Marquise with his eyes, read her answer, and stopped it on her lips with a gesture.

"I understand," said he. "I'd rather not hear you say it. While I've been away I've had letters from her. She is so truthful she can't dissemble even out of kindness. I knew more with every letter. If I hadn't known from them, there was—that picture—just the same, on her desk; the day she knew I was coming it was, and I saw her face when I told her I wasn't coming back to-day. I didn't need what I heard you say." He stopped, he frowned slightly, his clenched fingers tightened on their palms. "That isn't what I meant to say to you. You're the lady in the picture!"

"Yes, I'm her sister-in-law."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She smiled and studied the pictures, and Lizzie studied her.—Page 719.

"Do you love her as much as she does you?"

"God knows I do; why, I have adored Katherine all my life!"

"I'm glad of that," said he. "Well, I want you to make her understand she hasn't hurt me; she's—she's made me happier. Say that word to her. I'm not a whimpering cur like that fool Slav. I'm a man with a man's work to do; and I'll do it the best I know; and a whole lot better for knowing her and being her friend. You tell her that. And there's another thing"—his mouth quivered but his voice remained steady—"I've got a little daughter whom Mrs. Cary has been like an angel to, and she thinks the world of Mrs. Cary; the child don't know anything about all this; and won't you ask Mrs. Cary to write her sometimes when she goes away?"

"Indeed she will, and go see her, too; she is not going away altogether, surely not."

"Thank you. Well, that's all. You only came out here to talk to me. You best go back. I don't ask you to take good care of her. You'll make her happy if anyone can. Mind you make her understand I'm all right."

"Oh, you *are* a gallant gentleman!" cried the Marquise, and she held out both her hands.

The blood rushed to Henzel's brow;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then he smiled, oddly. "You can tell her that also," said he, "and that she's made me one!"

The Marquise watched him as he jammed his soft hat on his head and walked to the elevator, holding himself as erect as a soldier; then, conqueror though she was, she brushed the tears from her eyes. She returned to the office. Lizzie, elation in the very poise of her head and the swing of her elbows, was pounding the typewriter keys; Katherine sat by the window with averted face; the Marquise, heedless of Lizzie and her joyous fellow-conspirator smile, went to her in a tender rush. She would not look at her. She hid her own eyes on her friend's shoulder, while she whispered: "Darling, he is gone; he will not come back. I am thankful, thankful; but—I understand now how you could be willing to marry him."

Her eyes were fixed on the swarming street.—Page 726.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DESERT

By Arthur Cosslett Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

I

FAR down in the Desert of Sahara is the little oasis of El Merb. It is so small that our crude atlases miss it. It has but one well, and the fertile land is not more than forty rods in diameter. It has a mosque, a bazaar, a slave-market, and a café. It is called by the traders of Biskra "The Key of the Desert." It is called by the Mohammedan priests of Biskra "The Treasury of the Desert." It is called by the French commandant at Biskra "A place to be watched." The only communication between El Merb and Biskra is by camels, and Abdullah was once the chief caravan-master.

. . . . . .

Abdullah, having felt the humps of his camels, turned to his driver.

"We start to-morrow, Ali," he said; "the beasts are fit."

Ali bowed and showed his white teeth.

"To-morrow," continued Abdullah, "since it is Friday; and immediately after the middle prayer. I hear in the bazaar that the well at Okba is choked. Can we make thirty-six miles in one day, so as to cut Okba out?"

"We can," said Ali, "during the first three days, when the beasts do not drink; after that—no."

"Good," said Abdullah, "I will make a route."

Someone plucked at his sleeve and he turned.

"Sir," said a man with a white beard and eager eyes, "I learn that you start for Biskra to-morrow."

"If Allah wills," said Abdullah.

"In crossing the desert," said the old man, "I am told there are many dangers."

"Friend," said Abdullah, "in sitting at home there are many dangers."

"True," said the old man; and, after an interval, he added, "I think I may trust you."

Abdullah shrugged his shoulders and rolled a cigarette.

"Would it please you," said the old man, "to take a passenger for Biskra?"

"At a price," replied Abdullah, striking a match.

"What is the price?" asked the old man.

"Do you pay in dates, hides, ivory, or gold-dust?"

"In dust," replied the old man.

Abdullah threw away his cigarette. "I will carry you to Biskra," said he, "for eight ounces, and will furnish you with dates. If you desire other food, you must provide it. You shall have water, if I do."

"It is not for myself that I seek passage," said the old man, "but for my daughter."

"In that event," said Abdullah, "the price will be nine ounces. Women cast responsibility upon one."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"And her maid-servant?" asked the old man.

"Eight ounces," replied Abdullah.

"It is all I have," said the old man, "but I will give it."

"If you have no more," said Abdullah, "Allah forbid that I should strip you. I will carry the two for sixteen ounces."

"Allah will make it up to you," said the old man. "If you will deign to accompany me to the bazaar, I will pay you immediately."

They went to the arcades about the square and entered the shop of Hassan, the money-changer.

The old man pulled at his girdle and produced, after many contortions, a purse of gazelle skin.

"Friend Hassan," he said, "I wish to pay to this, my son, sixteen ounces. Kindly weigh them for me."

Hassan produced his scales. They consisted of two metal disks, suspended by silk threads from the ends of a fern stem. He balanced this stem upon the edge of a knife, fixed above his table. In one of the pans he placed a weight, stamped with Arabic characters. The pan fell to the table. Hassan produced a horn spoon, which he blew upon and then carefully wiped with the hem of his burnoose. He handed the spoon to the old man, who felt of the bowl.

"It is dry," he said; "nothing will stick to it."

Hassan plunged the spoon into the bag and brought it out, filled with gold-dust, which he poured into the empty pan. The scales rose, fell, trembled, and then settled even.

"I nearly always can judge an ounce," said Hassan; "a grain is another matter."

He weighed out sixteen ounces. The last ounce he left in the pan. Then he turned and, with a sweep of his arm, caught a fly from off the wall. He handled it with the greatest care until he held it in the tips of his fingers; then he put it into his mouth and closed his lips. In a moment he took it out. The fly was moist and dejected. He placed it upon the gold-dust in the pan. The fly began to beat its wings and work its legs. In a moment its color changed from blue-black to yellow. It was coated with gold-dust. Hassan lifted it with a pair of tweezers, and popped it into an inlaid box.

"My commission," he said. "Good-by. Allah be with you."

The old man tied up his bag, which seemed to be as heavy as ever.

"I thought," said Abdullah, glancing at the purse, "that seventeen ounces was all you had."

"What remains," said the old man, and there was a twinkle in his eye, "belongs to Allah's poor, of whom I am one."

"I regret," said Abdullah, with some heat, "that I did not treble my usual price. I merely doubled it for you."

The old man's face clouded, but only for an instant.

"My son," he said, "I am glad that I have entrusted my daughter to you. You will bring her to Biskra in safety. At what hour do you start?"

"Immediately after the noon prayer," answered Abdullah, "and I wait for no one."

"Good," said the old man, "we shall be there; *slama*."

"*Slama*," said Abdullah, and they parted.

Abdullah went back to his camels. He found Ali asleep between the black racer and the dun leader. He kicked him gently, as though he were a dog, and Ali sat up smiling and pleased to be kicked, when he saw his master.

"We take two women with us," said Abdullah.

"Allah help us," said Ali.

"He has already," said Abdullah; "I have sixteen ounces in my girdle."

"It seems, then," said Ali, grinning, "that not only Allah has helped you, but you have helped yourself."

"Peace," said Abdullah, "you know nothing of commerce."

"I know, however," said Ali, "that the Englishwoman whom we carried two years ago, and who made us stop two days at the wells of Okba, because her dog was ailing, gave me a piece of silver that I could not spend in Biskra. 'Twas she of the prominent teeth and the big feet. I used to see her feet when she mounted her camel, and I used to see her teeth when I saw nothing else."

"Peace," said Abdullah. "Allah who made us made also the English."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Perhaps," said Ali, "but one cannot help wondering why He did it."

"If we carry these two women," said Abdullah, "we must leave the cargo of two beasts behind. Leave four bales of hides; I took them conditioned upon no better freight offering; and put the women on the two lame camels. In this way we profit most, since we sacrifice least merchandise. The porters will be here at sunrise to help you load. See that they are careful. You remember what happened last time, when our cargoes kept shifting. All seems well to-night, except you have loaded that red camel yonder too high on the right side. How can a camel rest if, when he kneels, his load does not touch the ground? He must support the weight himself."

"I intended to alter that in the morning," said Ali.

"The morning may never dawn," said Abdullah, "and meanwhile you rob the beast of one night's rest. Attend to it at once. The speed of a caravan is the speed of its slowest camel."

"Who should know that better than I?" exclaimed Ali. "Have I not crossed the desert nine times with you? Oh, master, bear with me, I am growing old."

"What is your age?" asked Abdullah.

"One and thirty," replied Ali.

"My friend," said Abdullah, "you are good for another voyage; and know this, when you fail me, I quit the desert, and turn householder, with a wife or two, and children, if Allah wills it. I, myself, am six and twenty. I have earned a rest. *Slama.*" And he turned on his heel to go, but he turned again.

"Ali," he said, "who lives in the first house beyond the mosque, on the left, the house with the green lattices?"

"I do not know, my master," replied Ali, "but I shall tell you in the morning."

"Good," said Abdullah; "and there is a damsel who sits behind the lattice, and always wears a flower in her hair, a red flower, a flower like this," and he put his hand into the folds of his burnoose and brought out a faded, crumpled, red oleander. "Who is she?"

"To-morrow," said Ali.

"Good," said Abdullah, and he went away.

"*Slama,*" said Ali, and then he added, to himself, "there goes a masterful man, and a just one, but love has caught him."

And he hurriedly eased the red camel of her load.

II

THE next morning the departing caravan had many visitors. The merchants from the arcades came to see that their ventures were properly loaded. They passed comments upon the camels as Englishmen and Americans do upon horses in the paddock or the show-ring. Some they criticised, some they praised, but they were of one mind as to their condition.

"Their humps are fat," they all agreed; and, as a camel draws upon his hump for food as he draws upon the sacs surrounding his stomach for water, the condition of the caravan was declared to be *mleh*, which is the Arabic equivalent for "fit."

Abdullah was a busy man. He signed manifests, received money, receipted for it, felt of surcingles, tightened them, swore at the boys who were teasing the camels, kicked Ali whenever he came within reach, and in every way played the *rôle* of the business man of the desert.

Suddenly, from the minaret of the mosque came the cry of the mueddin. The clamor of the market ceased and the Mussulmans fell upon their knees, facing the east and Mecca. The camels were already kneeling, but they were facing the north and Biskra.

While the faithful were praying, the unbelievers from the Soudan fell back and stood silent. A cry to God, no matter what god, silences the patter of the market-place. Abdullah prayed as a child beseeches his father.

"Give me, Allah, a safe and quick journey. Unchoke the wells at Okba. Strengthen the yellow camel. Make high the price of dates and low the price of hides; 'tis thus I have ventured. And bring me to the damsel who sits behind the green lattice. Bring us in safety to Biskra. These things I pray—thy sinful son, Abdullah."

He rose, and the old man stood at his elbow. Abdullah had forgotten his passengers.

"This," said the old man, turning to a woman veiled to her eyes, "is my daugh-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ter, and this," he added, "is her maid," and a negress, comely and smiling, made salaam. "I pray thee," he continued, "to deliver this invoice," and he handed Abdullah a paper.

Abdullah was too busy to notice his passengers. "Let them mount at once," he said, slipping the paper under his girdle, and he left them to Ali, who came up showing his white teeth.

There were the last words, instructions, cautions, adieus, and then Abdullah held up his hand. Ali gave the cry of the camel-driver and the uncouth beasts, twisting and snarling under their loads, struggled to their feet.

Another cry, and they began their voyage. They traversed the square, passed the mosque, turned down a narrow street, and in five minutes crossed the line that bounded the oasis, and entered upon the desert.

Immediately the dun leader took his place at the left and slightly in advance. The fourth on the right of the dun was the black racer. He carried two water-skins and Abdullah's saddle. Then came, in ranks, fifteen camels, Ali riding in the centre. On the right flank rode the two women, with enormous red and white cotton sun-shades stretched behind them. Then, at an interval of six rods, came fifteen camels unattended. They simply followed the squad in front. The dun leader and the black racer had lanyards about their necks. The other camels had no harness save the surcingles that held their loads.

In a panic, a sand-storm, a fusillade from Bedouins, a mirage, and a race for water, if Abdullah and Ali could grasp these lanyards, the caravan was saved, since the other camels followed the dun leader and the black racer as sheep follow the bell-wether.

Abdullah walked at the left, abreast of the dun. At intervals he rode the black racer.

The pace of a caravan is two miles an hour, but Abdullah's, the two cripples included, could make two miles and a quarter. The black racer could make sixty miles a day for five days, without drinking, but at the end of such a journey his hump would be no larger than a pin-cushion, and his temper——?

For centuries it has been the custom of Sahara caravans to travel not more than five miles the first day. Abdullah, the iconoclast, made thirty-three. Ali came to him at two o'clock.

"Shall we camp, master?" he asked.

"When I give the word," replied Abdullah. "You forget that the wells at Okba are choked. We shall camp at El Zarb."

"El Zarb," exclaimed Ali. "We should camp there to-morrow."

"Must I continually remind you," said Abdullah, "that to-morrow may never dawn? We camp at El Zarb to-night."

At nine o'clock they marched under the palms of El Zarb. Abdullah held up his hands; Ali ran to the head of the dun leader; the caravan halted, groaned, and knelt. The first day's journey was over.

III

THE moment that the halt was accomplished, Abdullah went about, loosing the surcingles of his camels. Then he began to pitch his tent. It was of camel-skins, stretched over eight sticks, and fastened at the edges with spikes of locust wood. It was entirely open at the front, and when he had the flaps pinned, he gathered a little pile of camels' dung, struck a match, and began to make his tea. He had no thought for his passengers. His thoughts were with his heart, and that was back at the house beyond the bazaar—the house with the green lattices. Before the water boiled, Ali came up, eager, breathless.

"Master," he said, "the passengers are cared for, and the mistress wears a flower like—like *that;* the one you showed me;" and he pointed to Abdullah's bosom.

"You are either a faithful servant," said Abdullah, "or you are a great liar. The morrow will tell." And he started toward the passengers' tent. He found it closed. Being a woman's tent, it had front flaps, and they were laced. He walked back and forth before it. He was master of the caravan, more autocratic than the master of a ship. He might have cut the laces, entered, and no one could have questioned. That is the law of the desert. He could more easily

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have cut his own throat than that slender cord.

He wandered back and forth before the tent. The twilight faded. The shadows turned from saffron to violet, to purple, to cobalt. Out of the secret cavern of the winds came the cool night-breeze of the Sahara.

Still he paced up and down, before the little tent. And as he measured the sands, he measured his life. Born of a camel-driver by a slave; working his way across the desert a score of times before his wages made enough to buy one bale of hides; venturing the earnings of a lifetime on one voyage—making a profit, when a loss would have put him back to the beginning—venturing again, winning again—buying three camels—leasing them—buying three more—starting an express from the Soudan to Biskra one day short of all others;—carrying only dates and gold-dust—insuring his gold-dust, something he learned from the French in Biskra;—buying thirty camels at a plunge—at once the master camel-driver of the Sahara—and here he was, pacing up and down before a laced tent which held behind it—*a woman*.

The night of the desert settled down, and still he paced. The stars came up—the stars by which he laid his course; and, finally, pacing he came for the hundredth time to the tent's front and stopped.

"Mistress?" he whispered. There was no answer. "Mistress?" he called, and then, after an interval, the flies of the tent parted—a white hand, and a whiter wrist, appeared, and a red oleander fell on the sands of the desert.

Abdullah was on his knees. He pressed the flower to his lips, to his heart. Kneeling he watched the flaps of the tent. They fluttered; the laces raced through the eyelets; the flaps parted, and a girl, unveiled, stepped out into the firelight. They stood, silent, gazing one at the other.

"You have been long in coming," she said, at length.

There is no love-making in the desert. Thanks to its fervent heat, love there comes ready-made.

"Yes," said Abdullah, "I have tarried, but now that I have come, I stay forever;" and he took her in his arms.

"When did you love me first?" she whispered, half-released.

"When first I saw you, behind the green lattice," gasped Abdullah.

"Ah, that green lattice," whispered the girl; "how small its openings were. And still, my heart flew through them when first you passed. How proudly you walked. Walk for me now—here, in the firelight, where I may see you—not so slowly with your eyes turned toward me, but swiftly, smoothly, proudly, your head held high—that's it—that is the way you passed my lattice, and as you passed my heart cried out, 'There goes my king.' Did you not hear it?"

"No," said Abdullah; "my own heart cried so loudly I heard naught else."

"What did it cry? What cries it now?" she said; and she placed her cheek against his bosom, her ear above his heart. "I hear it," she whispered, "but it beats so fast I cannot understand."

"Then," said Abdullah, "I must tell thee with my lips."

"O, beloved," she whispered, "the camels will see us."

"What matters," he said; "they belong to me."

"Then they are my brethen," she said, "since I, also, belong to thee," and with arms entwined they passed out of the firelight into the purple of the desert.

. . . . . .

When they came back, the hobbled camels were snoring, and the unfed fires were smouldering.

"Allah keep thee," said Abdullah, at the door of her tent.

"And thee, my master," said the girl, and the flaps fell.

Abdullah went slowly toward his own tent. He stopped a moment by one of the lame camels. "Thou broughtest her to me," he said, and he eased the beast's surcingle by a dozen holes.

He reached his tent, paused, faced the western horizon, lifted his arms, breathed in the sweet, cool air of the desert, and entered.

Ali had spread a camel's hide, had covered a water-skin with a burnoose for a pillow, and had left, near it, a coiled wax-taper and a box of matches. Abdullah untwined his turban, loosened his sash, felt something escape him, fell on his knees,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

groped, felt a paper, rose, went to the tent's door, recognized the invoice which the old man had given him, went out, kicked up the embers of the fire, knelt, saw that the paper was unsealed, was fastened merely with a thread, played with the thread, saw it part beneath his fingers, saw the page unfold, stirred up the embers, and read :

"To Mirza, Mother of the Dancers at Biskra, by the hand of Abdullah. I send thee, as I said, the most beautiful woman in the world. She has been carefully reared. She has no thought of commercialism. Two and two are five to her as well as four. She is unspoiled. She never has had a coin in her fingers, and she never has had a wish ungratified. She knows a little French ; the French of courtship merely. Her Arabic is that of Medina. You, doubtless, will exploit her in Biskra. You may have her for two years. By that time she may toss her own handkerchief. Then she reverts to me. I shall take her to Cairo, where second-rate Englishmen and first-rate Americans abound.

"This is thy receipt for the thirty ounces you sent me.

"ILDERHIM."

When Abdullan had read this invoice of his love, he sat long before the little fire as one dead. Then he rose, felt in his bosom, and drew out two flowers, one withered, the other fresh. He dropped these among the embers, straightened himself ; lifted his arms toward heaven, and slowly entered his tent.

The little fires smouldered and died, and the great desert was silent, save for the sighing of the camels and the singing of the shifting sands.

THE MAN WHO KEEPS GOATS

I

THE next morning broke as all mornings break in the desert, first yellow, then white, and always silent. The air bore the scent of sage. The hobbled camels had broken every shrub within their reach, and stunted herbage is, almost always, aromatic.

Abdullah gave no heed to the sun. He who for ten years had been the most energetic man of the desert had over night become the most nonchalant. Like Achilles, he sulked in his tent.

At five o'clock Ali ventured to bring his master's coffee. He found Abdullah fully dressed and reading a paper, which he hurriedly thrust into his burnoose when he was interrupted.

"Your coffee, master," said Ali. "We have twelve leagues to make to-day."

"Ali," said Abdullah, "the night before we started I asked you who lived in the house with the green lattices—the next house beyond the mosque—and you promised to tell me in the morning."

"Yes, master," said Ali, "but in the morning you did not ask me."

"I ask you now," said Abdullah.

Ali bowed. "Master," he answered, "the house is occupied by Ilderhim, chief of the tribe of Oulied Nail. He hires it for five years, and he occupies it for the three months, Chaban, Ramadan, and Chaoual, of each year. He has also the gardens and four water-rights. He deals in ivory, gold-dust, and dancing-girls. He formerly lived in Biskra, but the French banished him. They have also banished him from Algiers, and he has been warned from Cairo and Medina. He has a divorced wife in each of those cities. They are the mothers of the dancing-girls. The one in Biskra is Mirza. Everyone in Biskra knows Mirza. Doubtless you, master——"

"Yes," said Abdullah, "but the damsel. Who is she ? "

"His daughter," replied Ali.

"How know you this ? " demanded Abdullah, fiercely.

"Master," said Abdullah, "last night, when you were looking at the stars with the mistress, I had a word with the maid. She came to me, while I was asleep by the dun leader, and shook me as if I had been an old friend.

"'Save her,' she whispered, as I rubbed my eyes.

"'Willingly,' I replied. 'Who is she?'

"'My mistress,' said the maid. 'They are taking her to Biskra. She has been sold to Mirza. She will dance in the cafés. This sweet flower will be cast into the mire of the market-place. Save her.'

"'How know you this ? ' I asked.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"'Ah,' she answered, 'this is not the first time I have crossed the desert with one of Ilderhim's daughters. Save her.'

"'Does the damsel know nothing of this—does she not go with her eyes open?' I asked.

"'She thinks,' said the maid, 'that she goes to Biskra to be taught the manners and the learning of the French women—to read, to sing, to know the world. Her heart is even fairer than her face. She knows no evil. Save her.'"

Abdullah groaned and hung his head.

"Forgive me, Allah," he said, "for that I doubted her. Forgive me for that I burned the flowers she gave to me," and he went out.

"Your coffee, master," cried Ali, but Abdullah paid no heed. He went swiftly to the little tent, and there was the damsel, veiled, and already mounted on the lame camel, ready to march.

"Beloved," said Abdullah, "you must dismount," and he lifted her from the back of the kneeling beast.

"Ali," he cried, "place the damsel's saddle on the black racer, and put mine on the dun. We two start on at once for the oasis of Zama. We can make it in thirteen hours. Give us a small water-skin and some dates. I leave everything else with you. Load, and follow us. We will wait for you at Zama. I go to counsel with the Man who Keeps Goats."

In five minutes the black racer and the dun leader were saddled.

"Come, beloved," said Abdullah, and without a word she followed him. She had asked no question, exhibited no curiosity. It was enough for her that Abdullah said, "Come."

They rode in silence for some minutes. Then Abdullah said: "Beloved, I do not know your name."

She dropped her veil, and his heart fell to fluttering.

"The one who loves me calls me 'beloved,'" she said, "and I like that name."

"But your real name?" said Abdullah.

"I was baptized 'Fathma,'" she said, smiling.

"Doubtless," said Abdullah; "since all women are named for the mother of the Prophet; but what is your other name, your house name?"

"Nicha," she answered; "do you like it?"

"Yes," he said, "I like it."

"I like 'beloved' better," said the girl.

"You shall hear it to your heart's content," said Abdullah.

They went on again, in silence, which was broken by the girl.

"Master," she said, "if you do not care to speak to me further, I will put up my veil."

"Do not," exclaimed Abdullah, "unless," he added, "you fear for your complexion."

"I do not fear for my complexion," said the girl, "but for my reputation;" and she smiled again.

"That," said Abdullah, "is henceforth in my keeping. Pay no heed to it."

"I am not yet your wife," said the girl.

"True," said Abdullah, "and we are making this forced march to learn how I may make you such. Who is your father, beloved?"

"Ilderhim," she answered; "but why do you ask? You saw him when we started from El Merb."

"Do you love him?" asked Abdullah.

"I scarcely know," answered the girl, after a pause. "I have not seen him often. He is constantly from home. He buys me pretty clothes and permits me to go to the cemetery each Friday with my maid. I suppose I love him—not as I love you, or as I love the camel who brought me to you, or the sandal on your foot, or the sand it presses—still, I think I must love him—but I never thought about it before."

"And your mother?" asked Abdullah.

"I have no mother," said the girl. "She died before I can remember."

"And why do you go to Biskra?" asked Abdullah.

"My father sends me," said the girl, "to a great lady who lives there. Her name is Mirza. Do you not know her, since you lived in Biskra?"

Abdullah did not answer. Something suddenly went wrong with his saddle, and he busied himself with it.

"I am to be taught the languages and the ways of Europe," continued the girl, "music and dancing, and many things

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the desert cannot teach. I am to remain two years, and then my father fetches me. Now that I consider the trouble and expense he is put to on my account, surely I should love him, should I not?"

Abdullah's saddle again required attention.

They rode for hours, sometimes speaking, sometimes silent. Twice Abdullah passed dates and water to the girl, and always they pressed on. A camel does not trot, he paces. He moves the feet of his right side forward at once, and follows them with the feet of his left side. This motion heaves the rider wofully. The girl stood it bravely for six hours, then she began to droop. Abdullah watched her as her head sank toward the camel's neck; conversation had long ceased. It had become a trial of endurance. Abdullah kept his eye upon the girl. He saw her head bending, bending toward her camel's neck; he gave the cry of halt, leaped from the dun, while yet at speed, raced to the black, held up his arms and caught his mistress as she fell.

There was naught about them save the two panting camels, the brown sands, the blue sky, and the God of Love. Abdullah lifted her to the earth as tenderly, as modestly, as though she had been his sister. It is a fine thing to be a gentleman, and the God of Love is a great God.

It proved that the girl's faintness came from the camel's motion and the cruel sun. Abdullah made the racer and the dun kneel close together. He spread his burnoose over them and picketed it with his riding-stick. This made shade. Then he brought water from the little skin; touched the girl's lips with it, bathed her brow, sat by her, silent, saw her sleep; knelt in the sand and kissed the little hand that rested on it, and prayed to him that some call God, and more call Allah.

In an hour the girl whispered, "Abdullah?"

He was at her lips.

"Why are we waiting?" she asked.

"Because I was tired," he answered.

"Are you rested?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"Then let us go on," she said.

They rode on, hope sustaining Abdullah, and love sustaining Nicha, for she knew nothing but love.

Then, after eight hours, on the edge of the desert appeared a little cloud, no larger than a man's hand.

Abdullah roused himself with effort. He watched the cloud resolve itself into a mass of green, into waving palms—then he knew that Zama was before him, and that the march was ended.

He turned and spoke to the girl. They had not spoken for hours. "Beloved," he said, "a half-hour, and we reach rest."

She did not answer. She was asleep upon her saddle.

"Thank Allah," said Abdullah, and they rode on.

Suddenly the trees of the oasis were blotted out. A yellow cloud of dust rolled in between them and the travellers, and Abdullah said to himself, "It is he whom I seek—it is He who Keeps Goats."

II

They met. In the midst of three score goats whose feet had made the yellow cloud of dust was a man, tall, gaunt, dressed in the garb of the desert, and burned by the sun as black as a Soudanese.

"Ah, my son," he cried, in French, when he was within distance, "you travel light this time. Whom have you with you, another mistress, or, at last, a wife?"

"Hush," said Abdullah, "she is a little damsel who has ridden twelve leagues and is cruel tired."

"God help her," said the man of the goats; "shall I give her some warm milk—there is plenty?"

"No," said Abdullah, "let us go to thy house," and the goats, at the whistle of their master, turned, and followed the camels under the palms of the oasis of Zama.

They halted before a little hut, and Abdullah held up his hand. The camels stopped and kneeled. The girl did not move. Abdullah ran to her, took her in his arms, lifted her, turned, entered the hut, passed to the inner room, laid her upon a low couch, beneath the window, put away her veil, kissed her hand, not her lips, and came out.

In the outer room he found his host.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Upon the table were some small cheeses, a loaf of bread, a gourd of milk. Abdullah fell upon the food.

"Well, my son," said his host, after Abdullah began to pick and choose, "what brings you to me?"

"This," said Abdullah, and he felt in his bosom, and drew out the invoice of his passenger.

His host took from a book upon the table a pair of steel-bowed spectacles—the only pair in the Sahara. He placed the bow upon his nose, the curves behind his ears, snuffed the taper with his fingers, took the invoice from Abdullah, and read. He read it once, looked up, and said nothing. He read it a second time, looked up, and said: "Well, what of it?"

"Is it legal?" asked Abdullah.

"Doubtless," said his host, "since it is a hiring, merely, not a sale; and it is to be executed in Biskra, which is under the French rule."

"The French rule is beneficent, doubtless?" asked Abdullah.

His host did not answer for some minutes; then he said: "It is a compromise; and certain souls deem compromises to be justice. The real men of this age, as of all others, do not compromise; they fight out right and wrong to a decision. The French came into Algeria to avenge a wrong. They fought, they conquered, and then they compromised. Having compromised, they must fight and conquer all over again."

"You are a Frenchman, are you not?" asked Abdullah.

"No," replied his host, "I am a Parisian."

"Ah," exclaimed Abdullah, "I thought they were the same thing."

"Far from it," replied his host. "In Brittany, Frenchmen wear black to this day for the king whom Parisians guillotined."

"Pardon," said Abdullah, "I have been taught that Paris is French."

"Not so, my son," rejoined his host; "Paris is universal. If you will go to the Museum of the Louvre, and take a seat before the Venus of Milo, and will remain long enough, everybody in this world, worth knowing, will pass by you; crowned heads, diplomats, financiers, the demi-monde; you may meet them all. They tell me that the same thing happens to the occupant of the corner table of the Café de la Paix—the table next to the Avenue de l'Opera; if he waits long enough, he will see everyone——"

"Pardon me, Monsieur," said Abdullah, "but I care to see no one save the little maid sleeping within."

"Ah," said his host, "it is love, is it? I thought it was commercialism."

"No," said Abdullah, "it is a question of how I can keep the woman I love, and still keep my commercial integrity. She is consigned to me by her father, to be delivered to Mirza, the mother of the dancers, in Biskra. I am the trusted caravan owner between El Merb and Biskra. In the last ten years I have killed many men who tried to rob my freight of dates, and hides, and gold-dust. Now I long to rob my own freight of the most precious thing I have ever carried. May I do it, and still be a man; or must I deliver the damsel, re-cross the desert, return the passage money to her father, come once more to Biskra, and find my love the sport of the cafés?"

The Man who Keeps Goats rose and paced the floor.

"My son," he said, finally, "when the French occupied Algeria, they made this bargain—'Mussulmans shall be judged by their civil law.' It was a compromise and, therefore, a weakness. The civil law of the Mohammedans is, virtually, the Koran. The law of France is, virtually, the Code Napoleon. The parties to the present contract being Mohammedans, it will be construed by their law, and it is not repugnant to it. If, on the contrary, the damsel were a Christian, the French commandant at Biskra would tear the contract to pieces, since it is against morals. Better yet, if *you* were a Christian, and the damsel your wife, you might hold her in Biskra against the world."

Abdullah sat silent, his eyes half closed.

"Monsieur," he said at length, "is it very difficult to become a Christian?"

The Man who Keeps Goats sat silent—in his turn.

"My son," he said, finally, "I myself am a priest of the Church. I have lived in the desert for twenty years, but I have never been unfrocked. I cannot answer you, but I can tell you what a wiser than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I declared to a desert traveller who put this same question nineteen hundred years ago."

He took up the book upon the table, turned a few pages, and read—"'And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert. And he arose and went: and, behold, a man of Ethiopia, a eunuch of great authority under Candace queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for to worship, was returning, and sitting in his chariot read Esaias the prophet. . . . And Philip ran thither to *him*, and heard him read the prophet Esaias, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest? And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him. . . . Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus. And as they went on *their* way, they came unto a certain water: and the eunuch said, See, *here is* water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?

"'And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.

"'And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.'"

Scarcely had the reader ceased when Abdullah sprang to his feet. "Father," he cried, "see, *here* is water. What doth hinder *me* to be baptized?"

"My son," said the old man, "how canst thou believe with all thine heart? No Philip has preached Jesus unto thee."

"What need?" exclaimed Abdullah. "Can a man's belief need preaching to in such a case as this? How long must I believe a religion that saves her I love? A month, a year, until it avails nothing, and she is gone? This eunuch was a blacker man than I; like me, he was a man of the desert. He did not ride with Philip long. I have not only heard what Philip said to him, but I have also heard what you have said to me. Both of you have preached unto me Jesus. What right have you to doubt my belief in a God who will save my love to me? Again, I ask you, what doth hinder me to be baptized?"

"Nothing," said the old man, and they went out both to the well, sparkling beneath the palms, both Abdullah and the Man who Keeps Goats; and he baptized him.

When Abdullah rose from his knees, his forehead dripping, he drew his hand across his face and asked, "Am I a Christian?"

"Yes," said the priest, "so far as I can make you one."

"Thank you," said Abdullah; "you have done much, and in the morning you shall do more, for then you shall baptize the damsel and shall marry us according to your—pardon me—our religion."

They entered the hut, and the priest, pointing toward the chamber-door, asked: "Does she believe?"

"She believes what I believe," said Abdullah.

The priest shook his head. "You speak," he said, "not as a Christian, but as a Moslem. You were brought up to look upon woman as a mere adjunct, a necessary evil, necessary because men must be born into the world. A female child, with you, was a reproach; she was scarcely seen by her parents until she was brought out to be sold in marriage. With Christians it is different. A woman has a soul——"

"Hush," said Abdullah, "or you will awaken the camels with that strange doctrine. A woman has a soul, has she? You read me no such proposition from your prophets, a half-hour ago. Woman was not mentioned by Philip or by the Ethiopian in what you read to me. Is there aught in your book that argues that woman has a soul?"

"Doubtless," said the priest, "but I do not recall it."

He caught up his Bible. He opened it unluckily, for the first words that met his eye were these, and he read them: "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" and he paused, embarrassed.

"Whose words were those?" asked Abdullah.

The priest hesitated, crossed himself, and answered: "They were the words of Jesus."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"To whom were they spoken?" asked Abdullah.

The answer lagged. Finally, the priest said, "To His mother."

"Master," said Abdullah, "the more I learn of my new religion, the more I am enamoured of it;" and he went to the chamber-door and knocked.

"Beloved," he said, and waited.

He knocked again, and again he said, "Beloved."

"Who art thou?" came a voice.

"'Tis I, Abdullah," he said.

"Enter," said the voice.

"Not so," said Abdullah, "but come you out."

"Art thou alone?" asked the voice.

"No," replied Abdullah, "the man who keeps goats is here."

"I have no light," said the voice.

Abdullah took the taper from the table, opened the door six inches, felt a warm soft hand meet his own, pressed it, left the taper in it, closed the door, and groped in darkness to his seat.

"Father," he said, after some moments of silence, "*have* women souls?"

"Doubtless," answered the priest.

"God help them," said Abdullah, "have they not trouble enough, without souls to save?"

The two men sat silent in the darkness.

The door creaked, a line of light appeared; the door swung wide out, and on the threshold stood Nicha, the taper in her hand.

The two men sat silent, gazing.

She had put off her outer costume of white linen and stood dressed for the house, the seraglio. Upon her head was a *chachia*, a little velvet cap, embroidered with seed pearls. Her bust was clothed with a *rlila*, or bolero of brocaded silk, beneath which was a vest of muslin, heavy with gold buttons. About her slim waist was a *fonta*, or scarf of striped silk. Below came the *serroual*, wide trousers of white silk that ended mid-leg. Upon her feet were blue velvet slippers, pointed, turned up at the toes and embroidered with gold. About her ankles were *redeefs*, or bangles of emeralds, pierced, and strung on common string. At her wrists hung a multitude of bangles, and on her bare left arm, near the shoulder, was a gold wire that pinched the flesh, and from it hung a filigree medallion that covered her crest, tattooed beneath the skin. It is always so with the tribe of Ouled Nail.

This was the costume of the woman, but the woman herself, as she stood in the doorway, the taper in her hand, who may describe her? Tall, lithe, laughing—her black hair, braided, tied behind her neck, and still reaching the ground; her eyebrows straight as though pencilled; her ears small and closely set; her nose straight and thin, with fluttering nostrils; her shoulders sloping; her bust firm and pulsating beneath her linen vest; her slender waist; her little feet, in the blue velvet slippers; the charm of breeding and of youth; the added charm of jewels and of soft textures; what wonder that the two men sat silent and gazing?

Abdullah spoke first. "Beloved," he said, "I have broken your night's rest that you may have eternal rest."

The girl laughed. "That is a long way off," she said. "The cemetery, with the cypress-trees, is beautiful, but this hut, with thee, is better. Why did you wake me?"

"Because, since you slept," said Abdullah, "I have changed my religion."

"Good," exclaimed the girl; "then I change mine. I am tired of a religion that makes me plait my hair for eight hours of the day and sends no man to see it."

"What religion do you choose?" asked Abdullah.

"Yours," said the girl, seating herself and dropping her hands, interlaced, and covered with turquoise rings, about her knees, "why should a woman question anything when her husband has passed upon it?"

"Did I not tell thee?" said Abdullah.

"Yes," said the priest, "but I waited for her own words."

"You have them now," said Abdullah, and they went out to the spring.

"I name thee Marie," said the priest, "since it is the name borne by the Mother of our Lord."

"Ah," said the girl, "I was baptized Fathma, after the Mother of the Prophet. There seems to be not so much difference thus far."

When the sacrament had been admin-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

istered and they had returned to the hut, the priest addressed his converts. "My children," he said, "in order to do a great right I have done a little wrong. I have baptized you into a religion that you know nothing of. How should you? You, Abdullah — I beg your pardon, Philip—that was the name I gave you, was it not?"

Abdullah bowed.

"You, Philip," resumed the priest, "have changed your religion to win a woman whom you love; and you, Marie, have changed yours because the man you love bade you. Neither of you knows anything of the faith you have adopted. I have had no chance to instruct you; but one thing I declare to you, the Christian religion tolerates but one husband and one wife."

Nicha rose, pale, hesitating. She stepped slowly into the light. Her beauty added to the light.

"Beloved," she said, "knew you this?"

"No," he said, "but I know it now, and welcome it."

"O, my beloved," she cried, "to think that you are all my own, that I do not have to share you," and she flung her arms about him.

"Hush," said the priest, "or, as Philip says, you will wake the camels."

"Father," asked Abdullah, "will you now marry us, since we are Christians?"

"I would," answered the priest, "but it is necessary to have two witnesses."

Abdullah's face fell, but in an instant it brightened again. He went to the door of the hut and stood, listening. In a moment he turned and said, "Allah is good, or, rather, God is good. This new religion works well. Here are our witnesses."

And, even as he spoke, there came out of the darkness the halt-cry of the camel-driver.

"It is Ali," said Abdullah, "and Nicha's maid is with him. They have caught us up."

He ran out and found the camels kneeling and Ali easing the surcingles.

"Ali," he cried, "you must change your religion."

"Willingly," said Ali; "what shall the new one be? The old one has done little for me."

"Christian," said Abdullah.

"That suits me," said Ali; "under it one may drink wine, and one may curse. It is a useful religion for a trader."

"And the maid?" asked Abdullah.

"We have travelled a day and a part of a night together," said Ali, "and she will believe what I tell her to believe."

"The old religion is good in some respects," said Abdullah. "Call the maid;" and they went to the hut.

"Here are the witnesses," said Abdullah, "ready to be Christians."

"It is not necessary," said the priest, "if they can make their mark; that is all that is required."

So, in the little hut, before an improvised altar, they were married — the camel-driver and the daughter of the Chief of Ouled Nail.

The next morning the caravan took up the march for Biskra.

THE MOTHER OF THE ALMEES

It was the great fast of Rhamadan, and the square of Biskra was crowded with white-robed men waiting for the sun to set that they might eat.

The rough pavement was dotted with fires over which simmered pots filled with what only a very jealous God indeed would have called food. About them were huddled the traders from the bazaars, the camel-drivers from the desert, the water-carriers from Bab el Derb. Each man held a cigarette in his left hand and a match in his right. He would smoke before he ate.

In the long arcades the camels, in from the Soudan, knelt, fasting. An Arab led a tame lion into the square and the beast held back on his chain as he passed the flesh-pots, for he, too, was fasting. Crowds of little children stood about the circle of the fires, fasting. A God was being placated by the sufferings of His creatures.

There is little twilight in the latitude of Biskra. There is the hard, white light of the daytime, five minutes of lavender and running shadows, and then the purple blackness of the night.

The mueddin took his place on the minaret of the mosque. His shadow ran

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the centre of the square and stopped. He cried his admonition, each white-robed figure bowed to the earth in supplication, a cannon-shot at the citadel split the hot air, and in an instant the square was dotted with sparks. Each worshipper had struck his match. The fast was over until sunrise.

The silence became a Babel. All fell to eating and to talking. A marabout, graceful as a Greek statue, came out of the mosque and made his way among the fires. As he passed, the squatting Mussulmans caught at his robe and kissed it. Mirza, the mother of the Almee girls, her golden necklaces glinting in the firelight, came walking by. As she passed the marabout he drew back and held his white burnoose across his face. She bent her knee and then went on, but as she passed she laughed and whispered, "Which trade pays best, yours or mine?" and she shook her necklaces.

"Daughter," said the marabout, "there is but one God."

"Yes," she replied, "but he has many prophets and, of them all, you are the most beautiful," and she went on.

An officer of *spahi* rode in and, stopping his horse before the arched door of the commandant, stood motionless. The square was filled with color, with life, with foreignness, with the dancing flames, the leaping shadows, the fumes of the cook-pots, the odor of Arabian tobacco, the clamor of all the dialects of North Africa.

A bugle sounded. Out of a side street trotted a cavalcade. The iron shoes of the horses rang on the pavement, and the steel chains of the curbs tinkled. The commandant dismounted and gave his bridle to his orderly.

The commandant walked through the square. He wore a fatigue cap, a sky-blue blouse, with white loopings, white breeches, tight at the knee, and patent-leather boots, with box spurs. He walked through the square slowly, smoking cigarette after cigarette. He was not only the commandant but he was the commissioner of police. With seventy men he ruled ten thousand, and he knew his weakness. The knowledge of his weakness was his strength.

As he walked through the square he met Mirza. He passed her without a sign of recognition and she, on her part, was looking at the minaret of the mosque.

In their official capacities they were strangers. On certain occasions, when the commandant was in *mufti*, they had, at least, passed the time of day. The commandant walked through the long rows of fires, speaking to a merchant here, nodding to a date-grower there, casting quick glances and saying nothing to the spies who, mingling with the people, sat about the kouss-kouss pots, and reported to the commandant, each morning, the date set for his throat-cutting. This was many years ago, before there was a railroad to Biskra.

The commandant, having made the round of the fires, crossed over to his house under the arcades. He dismissed the sergeant and the guard, and they rode away to the barracks, the hoof-beats dying in the distance. The *spahi* remained, silent, motionless. The commandant was about to enter his door, when a man sprang from behind one of the pillars of the arcade and held out to him a paper. The commandant put his hands behind his back. The *spahi* edged his horse up closely.

"Who are you?" asked the commandant, in French.

The man shook his head, but still held out the paper.

"Who are you?" asked the commandant again, but now in Arabic.

"I am Ali, the slave of Abdullah," answered the man, "and he sends you this letter."

The commandant remained motionless. "Will your horse stand, corporal?" he asked of the *spahi*.

"Perfectly, my colonel."

"Leave him, then," said the commandant, "and bring one of your pistols."

The *spahi* gathered his long blue cloak off the quarters of his horse, took a revolver from its holster, swung his right leg over his horse's head, so that he might not for an instant turn his back, threw the reins over his horse's neck, brought the heels of his red boots together, saluted, and stood silent.

The horse began to play with the pendant reins and to shift his loosened bit.

"Go in," said the commandant, and the *spahi* opened the door. "You next,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Ali followed. The commandant brought up the rear.

They entered at once not a hall but a room. So all Eastern houses are ordered. A lamp was burning, the walls were hung with maps of France and of North Africa, a few shelves held a few books and many tin cases labelled "Forage," "Hospital," "Police." Behind a desk sat a little man, dressed in black, who was dealing cards to himself in a game of solitaire. He rose and bowed when the commandant entered, and then he went on with his game.

"Stand there," said the commandant, pointing to a corner, "and put your hands over your head."

Ali obeyed.

"Search him," said the commandant.

The *spahi* began at Ali's hair and ended with his sandals.

"He has nothing," he reported.

"Now give me the letter," said the commandant.

Ali twisted himself, fumbled at his waist, and drew out a knife. He placed it on the desk, smiling.

"Do not blame the corporal for overlooking this," he said, "I am so thin from the journey that he took it for one of my ribs."

"I will trust you," said the commandant, and he took the letter.

The little man in black kept dealing solitaire.

The commandant read the letter to himself and laughed, and then he read it aloud:

"To Monsieur the Count d'Apremont, Commandant at Biskra.

"Monsieur: Since last I saw you strange things have happened. I have turned Christian, and I have married. I wonder at which of these statements you will laugh most.

"May I bring my wife to your house? She will be the only Christian woman in Biskra. Say 'yes' or 'no' to the bearer. I am halted a mile outside of the town, awaiting your answer.

"Mirza, the mother of the Almees, has a certain claim upon my wife; how valid I do not know. I need counsel, but first of all I need shelter. May I come?

"Abdullah."

"Of course he may come," said the commandant; "what is to prevent?"

"The law, perhaps," said the little man in black, shuffling the cards.

The commandant turned quickly. "Why the law, Monsieur the Chancellor?" he asked.

"Because," answered the little man, still shuffling the cards, "he says that Mirza has a certain claim upon his wife, how valid he does not know; and he needs counsel and he needs shelter. When a man writes like this, he also needs a lawyer;" and he commenced a new deal.

The commandant stood a moment, thinking. Then he raised his head with a jerk, and said to Ali: "Tell your master that I say 'yes.'"

Ali made salaam and glided from the room.

"He has left his knife," said the lawyer.

The commandant turned to the *spahi*. "Corporal," he said, "go to the citadel and bring back twelve men. Place six of them at the entrance of the square, and six of them before my house. When Abdullah's caravan has entered the square, have the further six close in behind. You may take your time. It will be an hour before you are needed."

The *spahi* saluted, and went out.

The commandant turned to the little man in black.

"Why in the world," he asked, "did you object to my harboring Abdullah? He is my friend and yours. He is the best man that crosses the desert. He has eaten our salt many times. If all here were like him, you and I might go home to France, with our medals and our pensions."

"True," said the lawyer, gathering his cards, "and very likely there is no risk in harboring him and his wife." He shuffled the cards mechanically, his eyes fixed on the opposite wall.

"My friend," he said, at length, "whom do you consider the most powerful person in Biskra, the person to be first reckoned with?"

The commandant laughed. "As I am in command," he said, "I should be court-martialled if I denied my own superiority."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"And yet," said the lawyer, "you are only a poor second."

The commandant, who was sitting astride of his chair, his hands upon its back, demi-vaulted as if he were in the saddle of a polo pony.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

The lawyer kept shuffling the cards, but he paid no attention to them.

"Go to the window," he said, "and tell me what you see."

The commandant rose, and went to the window, his spurs jingling. He drew the curtain and looked out.

"What do you see?" asked the counsellor.

"I see the square," answered the commandant, "with five hundred kettle-lights, and three thousand Mussulmans gorging themselves, making up lost time."

"Look over at the left corner," said the lawyer.

"I see the mosque," said the commandant, "with its lamps burning."

"There you have it," cried the lawyer. "This religion that you and I are sent to conquer keeps its lamps burning constantly, while the religion that comes to conquer lights its candles only for the mass. Mankind loves light and warmth. What do you see now?"

"I see Mirza," replied the commandant; "she is walking up the centre line of the fires. Now she stops. She meets a man, draws him hurriedly aside, and is speaking close to his ear."

"Has he a green turban?" asked the lawyer. "Has he been to Mecca?"

"Yes," answered the commandant.

"There you see the most powerful person in Biskra," said the counsellor.

"Who?" asked the commandant. "The man in the green turban?"

"No," said the lawyer, "the woman he is speaking to."

"Mirza?" exclaimed the commandant.

"Yes," said the lawyer. "The centre of affairs, since the world was sent spinning, has always been a woman. Who placed the primal curse of labor on the race? Was it the man, Adam, or the woman, Eve?"

"As I remember," said the commandant, "the serpent was the prime mover in that affair."

"Yes," said the lawyer, "but being 'more subtile than any beast in the field,' he knew that if he caught the woman the man would follow of his own accord. Julius Cæsar and Antony were dwarfed by Cleopatra. Helen of Troy set the world ablaze. Joan of Arc saved France. Catharine I. saved Peter the Great. Catharine II. made Russia. Marie Antoinette ruled Louis XVI. and lost a crown and her head. Fat Anne of England and Sarah Jennings united England and Scotland. Eugénie and the milliners lost Alsace and Lorraine. Victoria made her country the mistress of the world. I have named many women who have played great parts in this drama which we call life. How many of them were good women? By 'good' I do not mean virtuous, but simply 'good.'"

"Out of your list," said the commandant, "I should name Joan of Arc and Victoria."

"A woman," repeated the lawyer, "is the centre of every affair. When you go back to France, what are you looking forward to?"

"My wife's kiss," said the commandant. "And you, since you are a bachelor?"

"The scolding of my housekeeper," said the lawyer, and he shrugged his shoulders.

The commandant laughed. "But what of Mirza?" he asked. "Why is she so powerful?"

"For the same reason that your wife and my landlady are powerful," said the lawyer; "she is a woman."

"A woman here," said the commandant, "is a slave."

"A *good* woman, I grant you," said the lawyer, "but a *bad* woman, if she chance to be beautiful, is an empress. Do you know how many men it takes to officer a mosque of the first class, such a one as we have here? Twelve," and he dropped the cards and began to count his fingers. "Two *muddenin*, the chaps that call to prayer; two *tolbas*, who read the litanies; two *hizzabin*, who read the Koran; a *mufti*, who interprets the law; a *khetib*, who recites the prayer for the chief of the government each Friday, and who is very unpopular; an *iman*, who reads the five daily prayers; a *chaouch*,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who is a secretary to the last of the list, the *oukil*, who collects the funds and pays them out. The *oukil* is the man who governs the mosque. He is the man in the green turban whom you saw talking with Mirza. They are partners. He attends to the world, she to the flesh, and both to the devil. It is a strong partnership. It is what, in America, they call a 'trust.' The *oukil* sends his clients to Mirza, and she sends hers to the *oukil*. Look out of the window again. There are three thousand religionists who have passed through the hands of the *oukil* and Mirza, and she, making the most money, has the last word. Do you ask, now, why she is the most powerful person in Biskra?"

"It seems," said the commandant, "that it is because she is a woman, and is bad."

"And beautiful," added the lawyer.

"Do you think her beautiful?" asked the commandant.

The lawyer thought a moment. "Did you ever see a hunting-leopard?" he asked.

"No," said the commandant.

"I used to see them," said the lawyer, "when I was in Sumatra, looking after the affairs of some Frenchmen who were buying pearls from the oyster-beds of Arippu. They were horribly beautiful. Mirza reminds me of them, especially when she seizes her prey. Most beasts of prey are satisfied when they have killed all that they can devour; but the hunting-leopard kills because she loves to kill. So does Mirza. She destroys because she loves to destroy. A hunting-leopard and Mirza are the only two absolutely cruel creatures I have ever seen. Of course," he added, "I eliminate the English, who deem the day misspent unless they have killed something, and who give infinite pains and tenderness to the raising of pheasants, that they may slaughter a record number of them at a *battue*. Aside from a hunting-leopard and a hunting-Englishman, I know of no being so cruel as Mirza; no being that takes such delight in mere extermination. They used to call our nobility, in the time of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., cruel, but they did not kill, they merely taxed. In the height of the ancient *régime*, it was not good form to kill a peasant, because then the country had one less taxpayer. The height of the art was to take all the peasant had and then to induce him to set to work again. When he had earned another surplus, his lord came and took it. France had an accomplished nobility. England had a brutal one. The latter used to take all the eggs out of the nest and then kill the hen. The French noble took all the eggs but one or two, and spared the hen. He could rob a nest a dozen times and his English contemporary could rob it but once."

"My friend," said the commandant, laughing, "you reassure me. When you begin comparing England with France, I know that you have nothing of importance at hand and that your mind is kicking up its heels in vacation. You have a charming mind, my friend, but it has been prostituted to the law. If you had been bred a soldier——"

He stopped, because the murmur of the square suddenly stopped. The cessation of a familiar clamor is more startling than a sudden cry. The two men ran to the window. The fires under the pots were still burning and the square was light as day. At the opposite side, where the caravan road debouched, three thousand white-robed Mussulmans stood, silent. Above them the commandant and the lawyer could see the heads of the six *spahi*, they and their horses silent. Beyond, were the heads of many camels. The commandant threw up the sash. Across the silent square came a woman's voice, speaking Arabic in the dialect of Ouled Nail.

"That is Mirza," said the lawyer.

Then there came a man's voice, evidently in reply.

"That is Abdullah," said the lawyer.

"How can you distinguish at this distance?" asked the commandant.

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. "While you are drilling your soldiers," he said, "I am drilling myself. If a man yonder sneezes, I can name his tribe. A sneeze, being involuntary, cannot be artificial, and therefore it is the true index of race and character. Take the Oriental Express any night from Paris to Vienna. If you will sit up late enough and walk up and down the aisle, you may tell from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the sneezes and the coughs the nationality of the occupant of each berth. A German sneezes with all his might, and if there is a compatriot within hearing he says, '*Gesundheit.*' An Italian sneezes as if it were a crime, with his hand over his face."

"Hush," said the commandant.

Out from the white-robed crowd came two forms, Mirza and the *oukil.* Mirza held a paper in her hand. They went to the nearest fire and Mirza gave the paper to the man with the green turban. He read it, thought a moment, read it again, and then the two went back to the silent crowd by the mosque. There was conversation, there were vehement exclamations which, if they had been in English, would have been oaths—there was a sudden movement of the horses and the camels; the outskirts of the crowd surged and broke, and then, above their heads, flashed the sabres of the *spahi.*

The commandant went to the door. "Corporal," he said, "take your men to the mosque, join your comrades, and bring to me Abdullah, his wife, Mirza, and the *oukil.*"

The corporal saluted, gave an order, and the little troop trotted across the square. The commandant closed the shutters of the window.

"I do not care to see the row," he said, and he lit a cigarette. But if he did not see the row, he heard it, for presently came the yelp and snarl of an oriental mob.

"It is growing warm," said the commandant. "Hospitality cannot be lightly practised here."

"Nor anywhere," said the lawyer, who had resumed his cards; "because it is a virtue, and the virtues are out of vogue. The only really successful life, as the world looks upon success now, is an absolutely selfish life. It is the day of specialists, of men with one idea, one object, and the successful man is the one who permits nothing to come between him and his object. Wife, children, honor, friendship, ease, all must give place to the grand pursuit; be it the gathering of wealth, the discovery of a disease germ, the culture of orchids, or the breeding of a honey-bee that works night and day. Human life is too short to permit a man to do more than one thing well, and money is becoming so common that its possessors require the best of everything."

"Old friend," said the commandant, "you are a many-sided man, and yet you are one of the best lawyers in France."

"You have said it," exclaimed the lawyer, "*one* of the best; not *the* best. The one thing I have earnestly striven for I have not attained."

"What is that?" asked the commandant. "Do you wish to be Minister of Justice?"

"No," said the lawyer, "but I should like to be known as the best player of Napoleon solitaire."

A sabre-hilt rapped on the door.

"Enter," cried the commandant.

The door opened, and there entered first the sharp cries of the mob, and then the corporal, Abdullah, a woman clothed all in white, the *oukil,* and, last of all, Mirza. The moment she was within the room she dominated it. The other occupants were blotted out by comparison. She entered, breezy, smiling, and, as she crossed the threshold, she flung up her hand in a military salute.

"Hail, my masters," she cried in Arabic. "Would you believe it? but just now I was nearly robbed, before your windows, of merchandise that cost me thirty ounces."

"Be good enough to speak French," said the commandant, "it is the etiquette of the office."

"And to you?" exclaimed Mirza, in the speech of Paris, "to you, who speak such charming Arabic. It was only last week, the evening you did me the honor of supping with me, that Miriam—perhaps you will pay her the compliment of remembering her — the little girl who played and danced for you, and who, when you were going, hooked on your sword for you, and gave you a light from her cigarette?—well, Miriam said, when you were gone, 'It is a pity the gracious commandant speaks any language save Arabic, he speaks that so convincingly.' What could you have whispered to her, Monsieur le Commandant, as you left my poor house?"

The commandant moved nervously in his chair and glanced out of the corner

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his eye at the lawyer, who had resumed his cards. Reassured by the apparent abstraction of his friend, the commandant gathered himself and essayed a pleasantry.

"I told her," he said, "that if she lived to be twice her age, she might be half as beautiful as you."

Mirza made an exaggerated courtesy and threw a mocking kiss from her fingertips. "I thought," she said, "that a woman's age was something that no well-bred Frenchman would speak of." Then she drew herself up and her face, from mocking, became hard and cruel.

"I know," she said, slowly, "that I am old. I am eight and twenty. I was a wife at twelve, and a mother at thirteen. Such matters are ordered differently here, Monsieur. A girl is a woman before she has had any childhood. I married Ilderhim. Of course, I had never seen him until we stood before the cadi. I had the misfortune to bear him a daughter, and he cursed me. When I was fourteen, a Russian Grand Duke came to Biskra and my husband sold me to him. I refused to submit myself. Then Ilderhim beat me and turned me out of his house. You understand, Monsieur le Commandant, that under our blessed religion a man may have as many wives as he chooses and may divorce them when he chooses. Well, there I was, without a husband, without a home, without my child, and I passed the night in the arcades, among the camels. The next morning I went to the hotel and asked for the Grand Duke. 'Monsieur,' I said to him, 'I am Mirza. I would not *sell* myself to you, but if you will take me as a gift, behold, here am I.' He took me to Paris, to Vienna, to St. Petersburg. For a year he did not tire of me. That was a long time for a savage to amuse a Grand Duke, was it not? Then one day he gave me money, bade me keep the jewels he had given me, and sent me back to Biskra. Since then I have been, first a dancing-girl, and then, the mother of them all. I have never given the authorities any trouble. I have observed the laws of France. What will the laws of France do for me?" and she handed to the commandant the invoice which Abdullah had brought with his freight.

The commandant read the paper and his face grew troubled.

"Chancellor," he said, "is this binding?"

The lawyer read the paper twice. "Yes," he said, "it is a mere hiring; it is not a sale. I don't see how we can interfere."

"Mirza," said the commandant, "it seems that you have a good contract, under Moslem law."

"Excellent," cried the *oukil*, rubbing his hands.

"Silence," thundered the commandant. "Speak French, and that only when you are spoken to. Abdullah, have you anything which you wish to say to me?"

Abdullah bent and whispered in the ear of the girl who sat trembling; then he stepped forward.

"Monsieur le Commandant," he said, "will you have the kindness to read this?" and he held out a paper. It was yellow with age and of quarto size and twice folded. The commandant took it, unfolded it, and read aloud, "*The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.*"

"Why, this is the last page of a Bible," he said.

"I do not know," said Abdullah. "He tore it from a book upon his table. It was the only paper that he had. Upon the other side is writing."

The commandant reversed the paper and again read.

"*This is to Certify that on the nineteenth day of September, 187—, in the Oasis of Zama, in the Great Sahara, having first baptized them, I did unite in marriage Philip (formerly Abdullah) and Marie (formerly Nicha), in accordance with the rites of our holy Church.*

"JOSEPH,
"*Who Keeps Goats.*"

Witness,

ALI, *the son of Ali* his X mark

ZINA, *parentage unknown* her X mark

"Ah, ha," exclaimed the lawyer, "this changes the complexion of affairs," and he threw the cards upon the floor. "I could swear to Joseph's handwriting, I have his I O U's, but as I am now sitting as a magistrate, I cannot swear to any-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing. Where are the witnesses, Abdullah?"

"With the camels, across the square," said Abdullah; "if you will permit the corporal to go for them——"

"Pardon," said the *oukil*, "if I am permitted to speak I can save you the trouble. We admit all that the goatherd certifies."

"Then," said the chancellor, "you admit yourselves out of court, since, if one Christian marries another, the law of France maintains, and this contract which Mirza produces is abhorrent to the law of France, being immoral."

"Pardon," said the *oukil*. "In every word you speak I recognize my master, but is it not possible that my master may nod? As one of a conquered people, I have studied the code of my conqueror. It is true that a religious ceremony has been performed here, but how about the civil marriage which, as I read the French code, is absolutely necessary?"

The lawyer sat silent. Then he put out his hand. "My friend," he said, "I have done you a great wrong. I have looked upon you as a mere religionist. It seems that you are a student. You remind me of my duty. I, as the chief legal officer of this colony, should marry these people at once. Thank you many times for reminding me."

"Pardon," said the *oukil*, "but if I have read the laws of France aright, there cannot be a civil marriage without the consent of the parents."

"My friend," said the lawyer, "will you place me doubly in your debt by shaking hands with me a second time? If you were to exchange your green turban for the silk hat of the boulevards, your photograph would soon be in the shops. You know my law much better than I know yours, and I shake hands with you intellectually, not socially. Who is your father, Abdullah?" he asked.

"I do not know his name," answered Abdullah; "he was a camel-driver of the Sahara."

"And your mother?" asked the lawyer.

"How can one, born as I, know his mother?" replied Abdullah.

"And you," said the lawyer, turning to Nicha, "who is your father?"

"Ilderhim of El Merb," she answered.

"And your mother?" asked the lawyer.

"She died before I can remember."

"Her father, Ilderhim," said the *oukil*. "signs the invoice which you have read."

"He is nobody," said the lawyer. "He was banished from Algeria years ago. It is as though he had never existed."

"I had overlooked that," said the *oukil;* and then he added, "as the mistake this time is mine, perhaps you will again shake hands."

"No," said the lawyer, "I pay penance only when I am in the wrong."

The *oukil* bowed low, but when he drew himself up to his full height there was murder in his eye.

"Well," said the commandant, "what is the solution?"

"I advise you," said the lawyer, "that this contract comes under the law of France and is void, because it is immoral and opposed to public policy. It comes under the law of France because the young woman is a Christian and has married a Christian. The religious marriage is complete. The civil marriage is only delayed that the young woman may present proofs of her mother's death. Her father is already civilly dead."

"Mirza," said the commandant, "do you hear?"

"Yes," she said, "I hear, and, being a woman, I am accustomed to such decisions. I pay thirty ounces to Ilderhim for two years' hire of a girl. The girl turns Christian and I lose the thirty ounces."

"Not so," said Abdullah, "they are here," and he placed a bag upon the commandant's table.

"Take it," said Mirza; and she tossed it to the *oukil*.

"To make his contract good," she continued, "Ilderhim, my former husband, pays sixteen or seventeen ounces freight on the girl and her maid. The girl turns Christian. Who loses the freight?"

"I," said Abdullah, and he placed another bag upon the table.

"Take it," said Mirza, and the *oukil* grasped it.

"Let us see this girl who has kept us all up so late," said Mirza, and she strode over to Nicha. Abdullah put out his hand to keep her off.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You've won," she said, "why be disagreeable? Let us see what you have gained and I have lost," and she stripped the veil and the outer garment from the girl, who sat passive. When the veil and the burnoose fell, the beauty of the girl filled the room as would a perfume.

The commandant and the lawyer sat speechless, gazing. The *oukil* wrung his hands and exclaimed: "What have we lost!" Abdullah stood, proud and happy. The corporal at the door shifted his feet and rattled his side-arms, and Mirza laughed. Then she stepped back a pace; the laughter died upon her lips, and her hands flew to her bosom.

"Little one," she said, "the life you would have lived with me would not have been so hard when one remembers what the life of woman is, at best. It is to amuse, to serve, to obey. You are too young to understand. You are, perhaps, fourteen?"

"Yes," said Nicha.

"When I was fourteen," said Mirza, "I too was beautiful; at least my husband and my mirror told me so. There is something in your face that reminds me of the face I used to see in my glass, but when one grows old, and I am eight and twenty, one is sure to see resemblances that do not exist. How prettily they have dressed you? Did Ilderhim, your father, give you these silks and these emeralds?"

"Yes," said Nicha.

"If you are hoping to be a good wife," said Mirza, "you must not think too much of silks and jewels. When I was in Paris, with the Grand Duke, I noticed that the women who had sold themselves had taken their pay in pearls and diamonds. The honest women went more soberly. I see you are of the old tribe—the tribe of Ouled Nail. Let me see your name."

She raised the filigree medallion that hung upon Nicha's upper arm. She looked at the tattooed crest, started, drew her hand across her eyes, looked again, and fell to trembling. She stood a moment, swaying, and then she staggered to the commandant's table. She rested one hand upon it and with the other she began playing with Ali's knife. Her face was gray but her lips were pitifully smiling.

"Monsieur the Chancellor," she said, each word a sob, "you need no longer delay the civil marriage.—I consent to it. —This is my daughter.—It seems," she added, in a whisper, "that Allah has not altogether forgotten me.—He has saved my child." And with an exceeding bitter cry she went out.

IN AUTUMN TWILIGHT

By Joseph Russell Taylor

In autumn twilight crying—Is summer gone?
To find frost-bitten violets closed and chill,
The violets unsouled but purple still,
Sad as the blood of Hyacinth flowering lone,
In autumn twilight weeping—Is summer flown?
To hear the last songsparrow's rusty quill,
The absent-hearted sparrow tinkle and trill
Sweeter than from far sky the dying swan,
In waned October, waning dusk I stand,
Stand up full height once more, and your heart's king,
Though crowned with failure, though robed on with wrong:
I thought to set all heaven in your hand:
Now out of autumn twilight, see, I bring
These faded violets and this phantom song.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CUSTOM OF THE CAPTAIN

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY HUTT

THE Honorable Helen Maltby indicated a tumble-down boathouse ahead.

"This must be the place," she said, to her companion. "Drive down to the beach. There is a man there."

Mr. Reginald Stuyvesant, who was driving the buckboard, pulled in the hard-mouthed cob as quickly as a pair of unathletic arms would permit.

"But there is no road . . ." he began.

"Oh, gammon!" exclaimed the Hon. Helen, impatiently. She thrust out a pair of graceful, but muscular, young arms, grasped the reins in one small, strong hand, and laid the whip across the cob's plump back with the other. Mr. Stuyvesant's patrician head was not set over firmly upon his somewhat narrow shoulders, and the wrench that preceded the cob's sudden breasting of the sand-dune, to the side of the road, came near sending it into their tracks. As it was, his narrow-brimmed, straw hat was the only thing lost in the scramble. This insignificant item was totally disregarded by the Hon. Helen.

They coasted down the other side of the dune, and found themselves on a narrow strip of beach. A little schooner lay at anchor a few rods from the shore, and near the boathouse, that stood a little above high-water mark, a man was hard at work painting a dory. Farther up the stretch of sand there were a few fishermen's houses.

"Whoa!" said the Hon. Helen . . . to the man that was painting the boat.

As he straightened up and swung around to face them, the pair in the buckboard saw that he was very broad, rather young, and, as far as the smears of paint across his face would permit, good to look at. He wore a battered sou'-wester, a sleeveless shirt, which showed a pair of powerful arms, which seemed thewed and sinewed in a manner surprising for one so young, and a pair of oil-skin overalls, that were caught around his small waist in a manner that struck the Hon. Helen as insecure.

"Is your name Perkins?" she asked, pulling in the cob in a way that made him shake his gamy little head viciously.

"No!" answered the man, calmly, and dipped his brush in the paint-pot. The Hon. Helen made a mental note, which she decided to have entered in the Journal with the Art Nouveau cover, that she had bought in London just before sailing for America, that "The natives of the State of Maine were endowed with a spirit of independence not to be found in the better classes of the larger cities of the United States."

"Where can I find Mr. Perkins, my good man?"

"Don't believe you can; *I* couldn't!"

(Note 2. "This spirit of independence occasionally manifests itself in an inclination toward disrespect.")

"See if you can find him for me. Here's a shill . . . a twenty-five cents, for you."

The man, who was about to resume his work, turned, sharply, and stared. Then his features relaxed, and he smiled.

(Note 3—for the Journal: "Some of the males of the coast tribe of Maine have exceedingly handsome—that is, intelligent, faces, keen, gray eyes, and remarkably fine teeth. Their figures are beautiful—that is, well proportioned, and their . . .")

The mental note for the Journal was interrupted by its object. He walked to the side of the buckboard, and looked thoughtfully at the proffered coin.

"Can't possibly do it so cheaply," he answered, with a serious face. "You see he's probably fifty miles at sea. He went up to Eastport yesterday, to bring down a new pinkey."

Mr. Stuyvesant nudged the Hon. Helen respectfully, but an emphatic dig of her rounded elbow in his own meagrely padded, costal arch, was the only reply.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"When do you expect him?" she asked, sharply. She did not quite like this youth's flippant tone.

"I don't expect him at all," was the placid reply. . . . In fact," he went on, with a burst of ingenuousness, . . . "Do you know, I wouldn't much care if he never came back, . . . except that I *would* rather like the chance of wringing his neck for sticking me on that schooner." He nodded to the offing.

The Hon. Helen became interested. Here, possibly, was an opportunity for some valuable notes for the Journal, on the subject of kidnapping, . . . or "Shanghaiing," as she had learned the nautical term to be.

"Did he place you on the schooner without your consent?" she asked, leaning toward him with sparkling eyes. There was much that was combative about the English girl. The young man did not seem to see the fresh, ruddy prettiness of the face that was thrust toward him, nor did he note the dainty curve of the defiant little chin that was pushed out, inquiringly. He was looking at the schooner, and musing on her words.

"No, . . . he didn't put me on the schooner, . . . he put the schooner on me. I bought her; and paid about twice what she was worth to the sku . . . to the scoundrel!"

The girl clapped her hands. "Oh, . . . you *bought* her, . . . so much the better . . ."

"Don't see it. Why, . . . do you want her?"

"Well, . . . *r-a-th*er! . . . that is, I wish to charter her!"

"Oh! . . . so that's the game. Well, I'm sorry, but you see I didn't buy her to hire out. . . . I bought her for a ya . . ."

"You bought her to fish in, of course. I understand. But don't you see that you can do much better by chartering her? Of course, I should want to engage your services also."

"Oh" (thoughtfully), . . . "that alters the question, . . . as sailing-master, I suppose?"

"Yes. . . . Do you live here?"

"I am living on the schooner just now."

"But you are familiar with this part of the coast?"

"Oh, yes. Where did you want to go?"

"We want to sail up to Seal Harbor and stop there for a day or two and then come back. We can do that in a week, I suppose?"

"Easily. How many are there to be in the party?"

"Six: three ladies and three men. Can they be accommodated on the boat?"

"Yes, . . . that is, if two of the men are willing to sleep up forward."

The Hon. Helen flushed, slightly. "I had counted on having them *all* sleep up forward. I understand that a vessel like that has no regular state-rooms, . . . so it would hardly do, . . . that is, we would not care . . ."

The young man grinned, in a manner most impudent.

"Oh, it would be proper enough, if that is the trouble. You see, I have had her remodelled inside, with the idea of taking out parties. There are four state-rooms aft and an extra bunk in the cabin. There are also four bunks in the forecastle, but two of them would be occupied by the cook and a sailor."

The Hon. Helen regarded him coldly.

"In that case, it seems to me that it would be necessary for only one of the men to sleep forward."

"Oh, no. You see, one of the state-rooms aft is occupied by the Captain, . . . myself."

The girl regarded him for a moment in strong disapprobation, for there was a note in his voice which was displeasing to her.

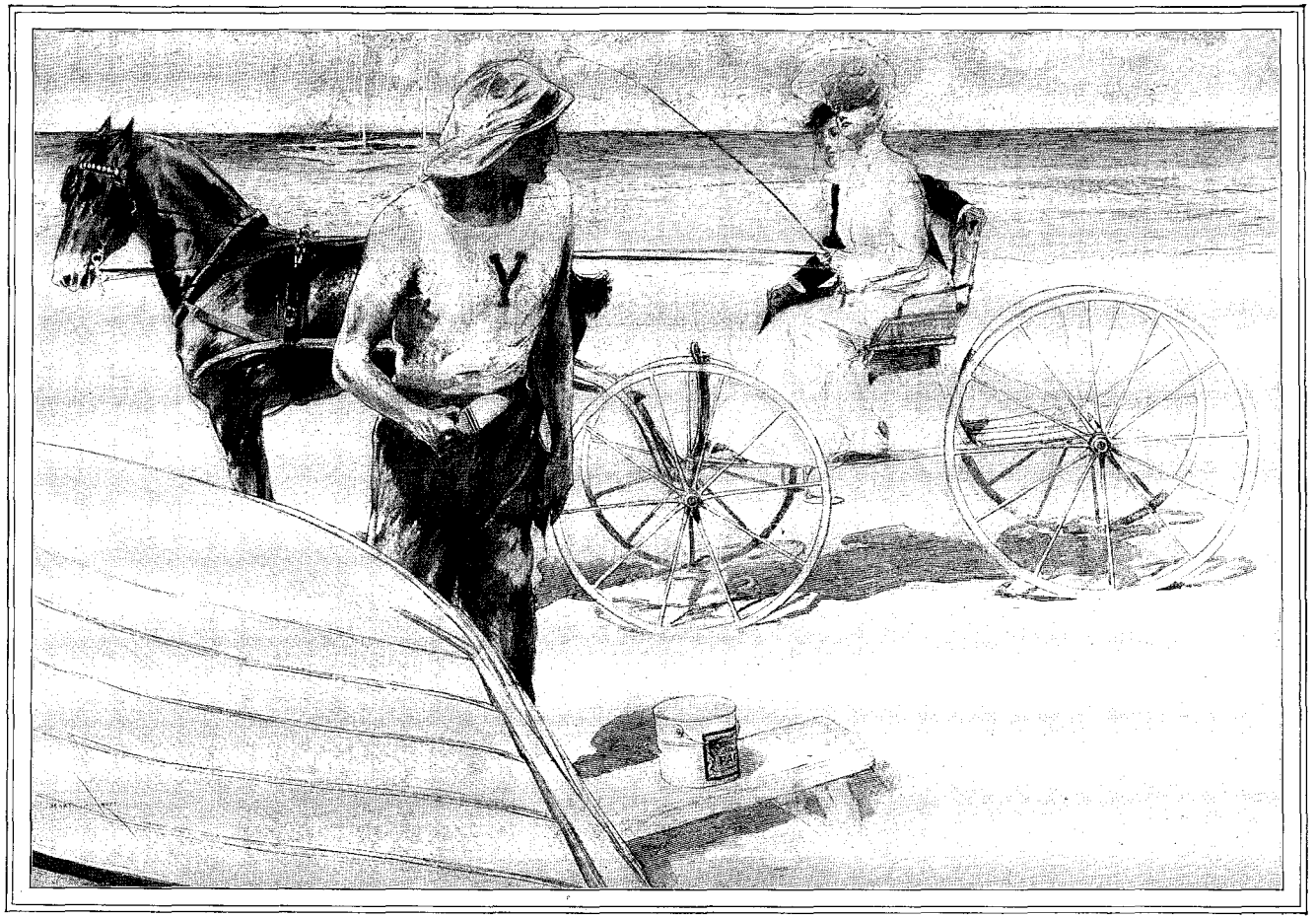
"I have always understood," she began, drawing herself up a trifle, "that aboard a chartered yacht it was the custom for the—er—captain . . ."

"To bunk with the crew? No, indeed. Aboard an American sailing-vessel the dignity of the captain is invi— . . . that is, is equal to that of any of the passengers."

"In that case," remarked the hitherto silent Mr. Stuyvesant, "we do not wish to charter . . ."

"Oh, do be still . . . I am arranging this matter," interrupted the Hon. Helen, impatiently. "I suppose," she resumed, a trifle ironically, "the captain would also expect to sit at the same table with the passengers?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Henry Hutt.

"Is your name Perkins?" she asked.—Page 751.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Why, of course. He presides" (calmly).

Mr. Stuyvesant fidgeted. The Hon. Helen pondered. The young man wiped his dripping paint-brush, reflectively, upon the bottom of the dory.

"If that is the usual custom here," began the girl, "I suppose . . . there . . . would . . . be . . . no objection . . . Now, in regard to the accommodation. Is the boat perfectly clean?"

"Absolutely. As clean as fresh paint can make her. She has not been occupied since she was put in commission this spring, . . . except, of course, by myself."

"We would bring our own bedding," remarked the girl.

"That would be advisable, as all I have is my own. There is crockery enough, . . . and all of that. Would you like to take a look aboard?"

"If you please. Can you get someone to hold the horse?"

"Yes." The Captain put his hands to his face and emitted a musical howl. A frowsy head was immediately thrust up through the fore-hatch of the schooner.

"That is my crew," remarked the Captain. "Come ashore," he bawled.

The man aboard the schooner dropped into a dory, alongside, and in a few strokes reached the beach.

"Come and hold this horse!" ordered the Captain.

The Hon. Helen scrutinized the crew critically, and found him satisfactory. She and Mr. Stuyvesant then entered the dory and were pulled out to the schooner by the Captain.

"You row very well," she remarked, approvingly, after the first dozen strokes. "What does that 'Y' on your guernsey mean, may I ask?"

"That stands for 'Yosemite,'" remarked the Captain, smoothly. "She was a vessel I served on last year."

"I see . . . A large vessel?"

"No, . . . she only carried a crew of eight."

"What was your position on her?"

"I . . . er . . . was partly in charge of, . . . that is, I was captain, of course."

"Was she a yacht?"

"Yes, . . . sort of a yacht." The Captain seemed a trifle embarrassed.

"A racing-yacht?" asked the girl, with interest.

"Precisely. . . . She was the fastest thing on the river, . . . well here we are. Don't step on the gunnel, . . . that's it."

The Hon. Helen was delighted with the schooner. Even Mr. Stuyvesant seemed pleased. As the Captain had said, she was as fresh as paint could make her. The state-rooms were large and comfortable, and there was even a bath-room. When they entered the cabin, the Captain produced sherry and biscuits from a locker, and the girl so far relaxed as to partake.

"This is all very satisfactory," she remarked, at length. "Now" (in a business-like tone), . . . as to terms."

The Captain flushed a trifle beneath his tan.

"Let us say fifty dollars for the week; you to find the rations, and I to supply the schooner and crew."

The girl conferred with Mr. Stuyvesant for a moment. Then she turned to the Captain.

"That seems very reasonable, . . . very! Now, here is my card. Can you have the schooner around at the Shoal River Wharf to-morrow at ten?"

"Yes."

"Very well, . . . we will have everything in readiness. What is your name, Captain?"

"Hopkins. . . . George Washington Hopkins, at your service."

(Note for the Journal. The males of the Eastern United States have a strong predilection for patriotic names.)

They returned to the beach. As they drove away, the Hon. Helen turned to her companion.

"Why don't you say something, Reggie? Don't you know it's ripping? I had no idea we could get such a nice, clean boat. She seems absolutely free from vermin, and don't you think the Captain is awfully good . . . intelligent-looking? He struck me as quite a swell!"

"He did me, too," remarked Reggie. "Too much of a swell for a Maine fisherman. Oh, rot, . . . he's no fisherman . . . he's a gentleman, Helen.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Henry Hutt.

Another picture was framed against the wall of dark-green sea astern : the tall, graceful figure of a Viking maid.—
Page 760.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And I'm positive I've seen him somewhere."

"Oh, fudge. . . . You Americans are *all* gentlemen! Show me an American who is not a gentleman, and I'll show you a freak of nature."

"There's one, now!" remarked Reggie, dryly.

"Where?" She looked around, with interest.

"That pretty girl carrying the pail of milk."

"Oh, . . . pshaw! You silly . . . !"

Reggie collapsed with a gasp as the butt of the whip was dug viciously into his side.

. . . . . .

When Helen went down to the steamboat-wharf the following morning, she found the Merry Maid moored alongside, but no one in sight. She hailed once or twice, but getting no reply, picked up the loose end of a plank that was lying near, and threw it down upon the deck, ... or intended to throw it on the deck, but, with a woman's usual accuracy of aim, managed to send it down the main companion-way, the hatch of which was slid back. She had intended to discover whether there was anyone aboard, and in this was entirely successful. A muffled roar followed the clatter of the plank-end, and then a voice issued from below, . . . in advance of the speaker.

"Holy smoke! What the dew . . ." At this moment the head of the Captain emerged, . . . and suddenly discovered Helen standing alone upon the wharf above. Followed a sudden alteration in the Captain's tone.

"I beg your pardon, . . . but did you knock?"

(Note for the Journal. Despite their roughness of speech, some of the male fisher-folk are possessed of great delicacy and tact.)

"No, . . . I called, and then, as no one answered, I threw . . . "

"I heard the call," he answered, soberly, "but I mistook it for music up at the hotel!"

"I see the supplies have not arrived," remarked the girl, coldly.

"Oh, yes, . . . they're all aboard. I was superintending the stowing of them by the crew when that beam landed on my head, . . . that is, rolled down the companion-way," he added, hurriedly.

"But I wanted to make an inventory . . . "

"Here is my tally. You can compare it with yours. It is easier."

He handed her up a slip of paper, not entirely immaculate, which she took as though it were infected.

"Then we are all ready to start?" she asked.

"As soon as you can chase the push . . . assemble your party."

The girl turned to go, then hesitated a moment, half turned, colored slightly, and then remarked:

"Captain, there is one thing that I forgot to ask you yesterday, and which is very important, as it concerns our safety. Besides, my aunt, who is to chaperon the party, insists upon knowing. Do you drink?"

"Not so early in the morning, thank you. A little later, when we are under way, I may join you, if you insist."

She regarded him haughtily for a moment, but his air of honest geniality was disarming.

"You evidently fail to catch my meaning. What I wish to discover is whether you are ever in the habit of drinking to excess. We do not feel that it would be safe . . . "

"Oh, don't worry about that. I understand, . . . you were thinking of the consignment of boo . . . of wines that came aboard this morning. They are stowed in the cabin-locker, aft. Here is the key. There is no duplicate." He gravely handed her a small, flat key.

The girl's blue eyes sparkled, and the corners of her mouth twitched, but she gave him a searching look, and found his face perfectly serious. She was about to speak, when steps behind her announced the approach of two of the men of the party.

Helen turned. "This is the boat, and the Captain," indicating him with a toss of her chin, "tells me that we are all ready to start."

The men stared at the skipper, and one of them nudged the other. There were a few whispered words, but all that the girl

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Henry Hutt.

The Captain looked after her, mournfully.—Page 761.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

caught was: "I'd swear to it on a stack of Bibles. Saw him at New London . . ."

The Captain returned the stares, unmoved, and touched the visor of his cap with two fingers.

"Morning, gents," turning to Helen. "There's a good, fresh breeze coming in, Miss Maltby, and I would advise that we get out as soon as possible."

"Very well. Here come the others now." A three-seated buck-board, loaded with people and plunder, had appeared at the end of the wharf.

"All right. Below there! Tumble up and give a hand with this truck!"

The perspiring crew appeared on deck, and the work of embarking was quickly accomplished. The Hon. Helen presented, or more properly showed, the Captain to the others of the party, and the state-rooms were assigned. Evidently the comfort and cleanliness of the vessel was rather a pleasant surprise to all, but the personality of the skipper seemed still more surprising. The Hon. Helen, however, utterly refused to discuss him.

Shortly after the mooring-lines were cast off, and as soon as the schooner had drifted clear with the tide, the men of the party assisted the solitary "crew" to make sail, under the orders of the Captain. Some joke appeared to be current in the air, for there was much laughter and a slight attempt at frivolity, which the skipper promptly quashed. Half an hour later, with everything taut and straining, the little vessel dashed through the narrow inlet and stood out, close-hauled, into the freshening breeze.

Most of the party were good sailors, and only three were bowled over by the graceful polka of the Merry Maid, as she glided and swung in the clasp of the frolicsome swell. She was a full-bosomed damsel, however, and soon the spray began to fly as the play grew rougher. The Captain, seeing that the English girl was coming in for rather more than a due allowance of the romp, dove below and presently emerged with a long and somewhat jaded-looking mackintosh.

"Stow yourself in this, Miss Maltby. It isn't much to look at, but it will turn sea-water."

The girl regarded the garment with disfavor. "Thank you," she remarked stiffly, "but I have one of my own below. Mr. Stuyvesant, will you kindly wake up for a moment and fetch me my . . ."

"The salt water will ruin it," remarked the captain, indifferently. "Besides, this will cover you right down to the deck." He held the garment temptingly before her.

"It looks clean inside," she remarked, yieldingly, . . . but don't you want . . ."

"No, no," he replied with a touch of impatience. "Slip it on. I have some oilers if it gets very sloppy."

For the first time in her life, the English girl yielded to a will stronger than her own. The Captain rolled back the sleeves, and then held out his hand.

"Come back to the wheel, and I will show you how to steer."

Her eyes sparkled. She had been longing to get the wheel in her hands, but did not like to ask, for fear that she might be told that it would not be safe —or some other equally reasonless denial.

"Why, you know already — don't you?" said the Captain, in a disappointed tone, when she had held the spokes for five minutes in her strong little hands. Although she had often taken her trick aboard finely balanced sailing-yachts, the sturdy little schooner was quite a different craft to handle, and at first she had managed very badly. But, although she had twice "starved" her until the jib and hoist of the fore-sail were aback and flapping, and once paid her off until they were two points off their course, the Captain had made no remark. Nothing that he could have done could have been half as much appreciated by the pretty, independent helmswoman as this implied confidence in her ultimate ability to take sole charge. When presently he left her and went below, the girl felt that she could almost hug him. The excitement of her responsibility, together with the really considerable effort of keeping the schooner on her course without luffing or falling off as the big, lumbering seas hurled up against the weather-run, had set the warm blood tingling through her quickened pulses and completely thawed her insular reserve.

Fifteen minutes later, when the Captain,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Henry Hutt.

A month later.—Page 763.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pipe in his mouth, hauled himself sinuously up through the hatch, he found quite a different lady at the wheel. He had left her struggling, but self-contained; clear-eyed and watchful, but cold as the nor'-wester that was humming through the shrouds. As he swung into the cockpit, another picture was framed against the wall of dark-green sea astern: the tall, graceful figure of a Viking maid, with eyes that matched the sparkling blue of the sun-kissed white-caps dancing to leeward; errant wisps of flying hair that flickered with a sheen that made the new manila look like straw, and cheeks all aglow under the rude kisses of the flying spume. She gripped the heavy spokes in two stubborn little British hands, and swung from the waist with the swing of the sea, and at each lithe undulation the dripping folds of the rain-coat brought out the graceful curves in gleaming silhouette against the foaming wake. And as she sailed she sang; not in throaty, harp-like tones, tempered to the song of the wind aloft, nor with the sense-stealing hiss beneath the bilges, but a defiant chantey, thrown with a challenge in every note, straight into the teeth of the freshening gale. It was an inspiring lay, and an old. Such a saga as Gudrun might have sung as her galley clove the uncurbed waters off the coast of Hegelingen.

The Captain felt the madness in the song and passed on forward, for to listen long would be to lose command. For awhile he stood far up in the bows, and, from behind the belly of the fore-staysail, stealthily watched the songstress. Soon it ceased, and he passed himself aft, for he knew the untiring strain of the heavy wheel on arms unused to wrestle with it just as he had known from the list when below, how the schooner was being handled.

He took the wheel from the not unwilling hands; then turned to the girl.

"Some day, when you are kind, please show me how to steer!" he said. "Never has this plump lassie sailed so close to the wind!"

She turned to him, smiling, and a trifle dreamy-eyed, for the work had been heavy, and the white-caps, scudding past, were hypnotizing.

"I know how the Merry Maid must feel. It is a pleasure to be made to go against your will, . . . if the driver understands . . ." (a change of tone to the sedate). "Thank you, Captain, . . . now I will go below."

. . . . . .

The waning day had turned the bristling mountains into downy, purpling pillows, when, late the following evening, the Merry Maid crept wearily into the harbor against the first light puffs of the landward night-breeze. The little party on deck were silent, held in respectful sympathy for the last sad rites of the dying day. Then cheerful shore-sounds broke the spell, and lights began to twinkle in the shadows.

The bowsprit of the Merry Maid swung shoreward until it pointed at the big hotel, from which there came a swelling ripple of voices and laughter. Then the jib came sliding down with a raw scraping, discordant to the soft night-sounds. The foresail dropped more musically, and the splash of the anchor tore the calm surface of the bay.

"Great luck," said Reggie. "We're in time for the hop. All hands turn to and shift into glad rags. 'The uniform is clean whites,' as they say in the Navy."

Helen went below somewhat thoughtfully. She was thinking of the Captain sitting alone on the deserted deck, listening wistfully to the distant music of the band. She knew that he must be tired, as he had stood watch and watch every four hours through the night before, and finally she decided that it was better for him to turn in early.

Consequently, when, a little later, radiant in white and blue, she came on deck to go ashore, she was somewhat disconcerted to find the Captain in irreproachable, summer evening-clothes, sitting on the deck-house, smoking a cigarette.

(Note for the Journal. Among the shore-dwellers of the New England States of North America, occupation and environment appears to have no lowering influence upon the speech, customs, and appearance—particularly the latter—of the adult males.)

"I see that you are going ashore, Captain," she remarked, rather disapprovingly.

"Yes. Going to dine with some

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

friends, and take in the dance later on. By the way, . . . being, unfortunately, English, I don't suppose, that you are aware of the fact, that aboard of an American sailing-vessel, it is the customary etiquette for the Captain to have the first dance with the first lady to appear on deck, after the anchor is dropped in a new port."

"I confess that I have never heard of the custom, . . . but, . . . of course, if—if it is the usual thing . . ."

"Oh, anyone will tell you so. I will look for you as soon as the game is call—as soon as the ball opens."

The rest of the party began to appear. One of the gentlemen looked upon the Captain with disfavor.

"Who is going to look after the boat—"

"The crew!" interrupted the Captain, sternly. "Moreover, aboard an American sailing-vessel, it is neither safe, nor good form, to criticise the actions of the Captain. Permit me," he handed the Hon. Helen to the dory lying alongside. "The boat will return immediately for the gentlemen!"

Mr. Stuyvesant grinned, hopelessly, as he seated himself on the rail.

"I have decided not to be President of the United States, or Ambassador to the Court of St. James," he remarked, as the boat, containing the Captain, crew, and ladies of the party, shoved off. "I would rather be the captain of an American sailing-vessel!"

A broad-shouldered youth, in flannels, who was standing on the wharf, assisted the ladies to disembark, and showed much enthusiasm on seeing the Captain. As the latter walked up to the hotel with the Hon. Helen, she asked him who his friend might be.

"He was one of my crew——"

"On the Yosemite?" she questioned, demurely.

"Yes, . . . How did you know?"

"Oh, I saw the 'Y' on his cap."

He looked at her suspiciously, but the pretty face was inscrutable.

Later in the evening, as the Hon. Helen was walking over to the ball-room with the others, they met the Captain.

"I believe the first dance is mine, he remarked, quietly taking possession of Helen's wrap.

"Mr. Green seems inclined to dispute the point," she remarked.

The Captain glowered at Mr. Green. "Aboard an American——"

"Oh, rot," remarked Mr. Green. You're not aboard your American——"

"No—but I was when this engagement was made. Sheer off!"

Mr. Green growled, but the Captain's manner was peremptory. The other men laughed. And the Hon. Helen sighed, as the Captain, without further remark, led her onto the floor.

"You dance as well as you steer," said the Captain, after the first few steps. When the dance was over, he led her to a seat on the veranda.

"When ashore," he said, impressively, "the Captain, etc., is entitled to as many dances as . . ."

From under the drooping lids, the blue shot at him a glance, half rebellious, half amused.

"Who were all of those people that were bowing to me when we passed? *I* have never met them, I am sure."

"That is simply an American custom of courtesy to a stranger. I took the liberty of returning the bows, because my countrymen are very sensitive . . ."

"Oh, . . . I thought that perhaps it was the customary homage paid to the captain of an American sailing-vessel."

"It *was* partly that," he admitted; "but you see . . ."

"I fail to see. The honor is too conspicuous for one of my retiring disposition. You shall have no more dances to-night!"

"But surely you . . ."

"I don't care if you are the captain of the ark! Now you had better go aboard the boat and get some sleep. Here comes Mr. Stuyvesant. This is his dance!"

The Captain sighed deeply. "It looks as if my jig was up . . ."

"And Mr. Stuyvesant's waltz has just begun. Good-night!"

The Captain looked after her, mournfully, . . . then wandered disconsolately off in search of Scotch and soda.

. . . . . .

Three days later, sorely against the Captain's will, the party re-embarked for the return voyage. All day they drifted slowly through a hot haze, and, when night fell, had sailed not more than fifteen miles from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the harbor-mouth. An hour before sunset, a damp, wet, threatening breeze came creeping stealthily out of the east. The Captain anxiously studied the sea and sky; then went below to consult the new barometer. He tarried not, but returned swiftly to the deck.

"Hard-a-lee!" he said to the Hon. Helen, who held the wheel.

"Why?" she asked, in surprise.

"Don't question orders, . . . obey them!"

"But this breeze is just what we want . . ."

"Hard-a-lee!"

The girl frowned; but slowly, and as if against an adverse pressure, the spokes went round.

"What's up, Captain?" asked one of the men.

"Don't like the weather indication, . . . I'm going back. There's an easter brewing."

The Hon. Helen stamped her little foot, "Indeed, we're *not* going back, . . . at least, I'm not . . ."

"The walking is very bad," remarked the Captain, . . . "but if you insist on leaving us . . ."

"Oh, gammon! Just because it looks a little threatening, you must get frightened . . ." She twirled the spokes impatiently.

A large, sinewy hand forced them gently, but firmly, back.

"A priceless cargo makes a nervous skipper," remarked the Captain, gently. "You are an old sailor, Miss Maltby. Go down and look at the glass."

"Oh, *hang* the glass . . ."

"Helen, . . . Helen!" remarked the chaperon. "The Captain is . . ."

"Somewhat bolder in his speech than in his actions," interrupted the girl, sarcastically. "All right. Go back again if you're afraid to go on!"

"I plead guilty," said the Captain, grimly, as the schooner swung back to the harbor-mouth.

The party slept in the hotel again that night. Twice during the night the girl was awakened by the roaring of the wind, as the gale, now sweeping in from the sea, shook the wooden structure from ridge-pole to cellar. The following morning, when she looked from her window, the sight of the sea frightened her. The thunder of the surf, half-a-mile away, drowned all other noises. The bath-houses were tumbled this way and that, and near the corner of the building lay two great uprooted trees. In the bay, beneath, the Merry Maid was lying in a smother of foam, and tugging like a frightened horse at the long drift of three stout hawsers that ran out far ahead of her. Black, dirty scud was flying so low that it was torn by the tops of the struggling pines, and the sunlight was dead and buried.

When Helen went down to breakfast, she met the Captain in the office. He bowed coldly, but did not stop to speak with her.

All that day the gale increased, and through the night. The following morning it was even worse. The sight of the sea sent shudders down the spines of the party from the Merry Maid. They remained at the hotel, waiting for the storm to break. The Captain chummed with the others of the party, but for the Hon. Helen he had only frigid bows.

The third day she met him on the veranda of the sheltered side of the hotel. He was talking to the crew.

Helen coughed; but he did not look around.

"Captain!" she interrupted, angrily.

He swung in his tracks, and removed his cap.

The girl's eyes flashed, defiantly. "Captain," she began, "the week for which we chartered your vessel is up, and we have decided to return by train to Shoal River. I wish to thank you for your wisdom in not going out, . . . or, rather, in returning; also, . . . to, . . . ah, . . . settle our indebtedness." She lifted her pretty chin, and looked straight in his clear, gray eyes, as she offered him a fifty-dollar bill.

He took it without a smile, and bowed his thanks. A faint sparkle gleamed in the blue eyes.

"We will contribute the rest of the stores to the ship," she continued, and (with a vindictive flash), "ah, . . . Captain, I have heard that your habits are not of the best, and I sincerely trust that you will not drink or gamble with that ten pou . . . those fifty dollars!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An answering gleam shone from the Captain's eyes.

"I acknowledge the temptations with which, under the circumstances, I am beset. Perhaps, it would be wiser to place them out of reach. Charley!" He called to the crew, who had withdrawn to a respectful distance. The crew approached.

"Charley," said the Captain, "our passengers are not going back with us. They have heard that you are to be married in the fall, and they want to give you this for a wedding present." He handed the bill to the astonished and delighted crew. "Now, get out aboard, and see if she is dragging any."

The crew departed, spouting thanks. The Captain took the unresisting lady by the hand, and led her to a sheltered corner of the piazza.

. . . . . .

Time—a month later; place—the seaward side of one of the sand-dunes that flank a deserted strip of beach. The Hon. Helen and the Captain furnish the vital spark that gives the scene a soul.

The Captain sits silent; elaborating an argument. The Hon. Helen is writing notes in a journal, with an Art Nouveau cover. The Captain's voice finally puts the little sand-pipers in front of them to flight.

"It is the custom, when the captain of an American sailing-vessel is engaged to marry the daughter of a hundred earls for her to give him as many . . ."

(Note for the Journal, . . . written aloud: "The adult males of the coast tribes . . .")

There is a sudden movement on the part of the "adult male," and the Journal goes spinning, face downward, on the sand.

THE POINT OF VIEW

A Christmas Contemplation.

IT is very good for the mind to be distracted now and then from details, and set to work on generals. It is profitable at intervals to stand off and contemplate the universe in bulk, with the whirling earth gyrating round the sun, and the solar system fulfilling whatever rotary obligation it has been geared to. Supervision of large concerns of that sort gets the mind off microbes and all small worries, and fetches incidentals into perspective and gives them their proper proportions. I know a watch factory, filled with exquisite machines that do the minutest jobs of work with exquisite dexterity and precision. If it was conceivable that the power that runs all those minutely delicate mechanisms was supplied by an old-fashioned mill wheel, it would be restful, I think, to go down into the subcellar from time to time, and open a great door, and see the great wheel turn in the rushing water. One may not do that, because the big, old-time water-wheels have passed away, and the modern turbines—where they have them—are neither convenient to view, nor impressive when seen. But somewhere back of the watch factories' minute machines there is a huge driving-wheel that turns with swift introspective preoccupation, and hums a tune that dreams go well to. You feel as you watch it that you have come a step nearer to the First cause, and that is soothing, just as it is to lie on your back and watch the stars. The mechanisms of living abound so enormously nowadays that we are in constant danger of losing sight, and even thought, of life from too rapt and incessant contemplation of its complicated apparatus. We don't invite our souls enough. Particulars tend to absorb us to the prejudice, and often to the elimination of our interest in generals. Too many of us are over-strenuous about making a living, and not strenuous enough about living intelligently, even when we have the material means in hand.

The Germans say there is a new disease in the world. They call it "Americanismus," and define it as "the incessant, exclusive, and ruthless strife after property and wealth." A Berlin newspaper indicates its conception of the difference between the German idea and the American idea by declaring that "the German acquires in order to live; the North

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American lives in order to acquire." Times have been bad in Germany: times have been preposterously good here, and that may account in a measure for the German feeling about us, for the chance to make money breeds acquisitiveness, and dearth drives thoughtful people to philosophy. But for all that this German opinion about us is worth consideration. If we are really thinking too hard about the detail of money-getting, we ought to reclaim a due share of attention for the other things.

It would be strange if our huge, spectacular success in gathering wealth should not for the time being blunt our appreciation of the other kinds of success. Money is a notoriously imperfect measure of the value of work, but after all it is the most definite and comprehensible measure there is, and the common tendency to feel that the work that brings in the most money is the best worth doing has plenty of excuse. Moreover, the work whereof we have seen the results and rewards in this country during the last five years has been of immense value not only to Americans but to civilization. The benefits of it have not been equitably distributed, but in such cases they never are. Where there are great opportunities some men see and grasp them, and have the power to profit by them far more than others. There have lately been vast opportunities in this country. We have seen wealth created in enormous volume, and we have seen many inordinately large slices of it get into individual hands. Some of the results have been disturbing. Luxury has increased and the development of classes has seemed to go on with unprecedented rapidity. We ordinary, wage-earning people, who are thankful if we can manage to win the comforts of life, see palaces rising about us in bewildering number, see the evidence of luxurious living on every side, and feel, of course, that the conditions of American life have changed and are changing fast, and that we are less and less of the social class of these people that we watch or read about. We wish the times might grow simpler again. We wish there were less basis for the cry that the ordinary individual is becoming of less and less importance, and that machinery, organization, and combination are constantly growing more powerful.

I guess that as a result of all our years of plenty we have got the money-making end of our great machine too much on our minds. Let us go and look at the driving-wheel, or, for convenience' sake, at that amusing fly-wheel, the Fifth Avenue parade. "That is success," I say to myself as the great current of vehicles sweeps by. Yes, it is one form of success. So the stars that hang in the sky are evidences of success, and the blossoms of the spring and the fruits of the fall, but there is a more certain solace in the contemplation of these latter tokens than of the Fifth Avenue parade, because one is sure that the operations of Nature accord with Divine beneficence, while as for the prodigious operations of our contemporary money-getters there is more room for misgiving. Is it part of the general scheme of things that they should heap up such huge fortunes? Is it good for them? Is it good for us? Is it good for the country?

Heaven knows whether it is good for them or not, but it does seem to be part of the general scheme. There is no way known to make a country rich without making its rich people richer. The socialists think they could contrive a way, but most of us are more afraid of their cure than of the disease. It may not seem quite scriptural to say so, but it is conceivable that if men generally were free from the desire of riches it might prove expedient to inoculate a few of them with mild germs of cupidity, so that enterprise might be stimulated and capital accumulated to the furtherance of the general good. I like to think that the vast fortunes and great powers that have come to individuals in this country have been necessary for the accomplishment of the vast work there has been to do in this country. I like to think that many of them are able, diligent, and honorable men, whose prosperity is something to rejoice in, and whose plenty means nobody's dearth, but is a sign that the great machine, of which they and I and all of us are parts, is doing its work efficiently and for the ultimate benefit of all the workers. Not the low-paid laborers alone are worthy of their hire. Many of those who are best paid are just as worthy, and stick to their highly remunerative labors not because they have the least occasion for more money, but because the habit of service is too strong in them to be put off. If it is true, as the Germans say, that they live to acquire it is not so much because they care to acquire as that they love life, and know that for them life without work would mean stagnation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIELD OF ART

CONCERNING A PROPOSED DEPARTMENT OF FINE ART AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

THE announcement by Columbia University of an intention to establish a department of fine art, or so to add to the present Department of Architecture as to include practical instruction in painting and sculpture, conveys a sentiment of surprise to one conversant with the practical facilities which New York City affords to the student of art. The character of the school foreshadowed in the report made public differs little from other existing schools. It is apparently based on the École des Beaux-Arts of Paris, a model which to a greater or lesser degree has served for most of our schools of fine arts in this country. In France for many years there has been on the part of some of the best and most progressive of its artists a desire for the abolition of the École des Beaux-Arts, founded upon the facility which its system of teaching affords to mediocre talent to acquire a certain unindividual proficiency of technical equipment, with the resulting effect of creating a body of artists often unendowed with the first prerequisite of undoubted temperament. The branch of architecture, though it has its enemies among those in France who seek to revivify the art and create a new style distinctive of our time, has been to a much lesser degree attacked than the sister schools of painting and sculpture, and as the conditions of a new country lacking the legacy of monuments from preceding ages differ so greatly from those of Europe, the arguments there advanced against the school of architecture need not be enumerated here. Painting and sculpture, however, throughout history have sprung full-bloomed in the country of their transplantation, and as they are still, though in a lesser degree than in more artistic epochs, living arts responsive to and indicative of the aspirations of the present, every influence which threatens to arrest the current of their progression and crystallize the mobility responsive to the changing expression of a race or people, which is one of the best characteristics of a living art, should be sedulously watched and, if necessary, opposed with vigor.

It is significant that the present high academical efficiency of this model school of Paris reached its *apogée* in the nineteenth century, of which the chief characteristic artistically has been the expression of individual temperament through research devoted to nature outside the walls of the Academy. It suffices to go over the list of painters and sculptors of this epoch, whose achievement marks progression, to find them in large majority independent of the teachings of the schools; and even achieving their success discouraged and frowned upon by the official protectors of the arts. The virtual invention of landscape-painting, though heralded by the Holland painters of the seventeenth century, is a triumph of the nineteenth century, and is partly responsible for this independent majority, but the influence and example of these men who sought truths of light and atmosphere in the open day has permeated all painting, though it has in nowise reacted upon the instruction given under the auspices of the Institute of France. For in name at least the purely literary body which gives its title to the combined academies of France is the ostensible protector of the École des Beaux-Arts, and this association may not be altogether absent in the minds of those who seek to establish a similar school under the auspices of Columbia University. The parallel would be more true if the French School of Fine Art was controlled by the Sorbonne, but with the love of order in France coexists a sense of logic, and painting and sculpture retain the sharp demarcation of skilled trades, and the Academie des Beaux-Arts within the Institute has as separate an existence as the Academy of Sciences. Consequently the assumption by our University of the chief direction of art-study in our metropolis would be one unauthorized by the precedent established in that country which so far has been our chief exemplar in all that pertains to the finer arts.

If we hark back to the period of the Re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

naissance, that awakening of the instinct which prompts man to make usual and useful the sense of the beautiful with which he is endowed, we find the trade of the artist assimilated to other crafts less skilled, and not only in Italy, but in more northern Germany, Holland and Flanders, the guilds of the painters and sculptors were fraternal to those of the weavers, the armorers, the brewers, and the bakers. The more subtle and skilled character of the craft of the artist placed its chief practitioners upon a plane equal to that of the doctors of law or theology and the teachers, men who all civilization has delighted to honor, but this was always by right of individual attainment, and never from specified classification of analogous pursuits. From such precedents it seems fair to infer that a university has nothing to do with the student of painting or sculpture, though it may well occupy itself with the artist in ways which I will suggest later.

How must the student then be trained to acquire the innumerable technical qualities, lacking which his equipment is impaired? It is evident that he must begin early, at an age, in fact, when his intellectual development might make him a fit subject for a primary school, but too young for admission to the classes of a university. There are more reasons for this than the mere saving of time, which, in so arduous a trade as the art, proverbially long, is no mean reason in itself. The chief of these reasons is that in extreme youth the merely imitative task is more welcome than later, when the creative faculty has developed and the neophyte is anxious to do original work. One is struck on entering the classes in the Beaux-Arts, for instance, by the youth of many of the pupils, whose technical acquirement denotes a long sojourn in the school, and in many cases the youth of twenty of transatlantic origin finds himself in the company of comrades, four or five years younger, more advanced than he. But, it may be asked, does not this early application preclude the study of even the most elementary branches of ordinary education? In most cases it does, and here the artist finds his *métier* peculiarly difficult, for, once acquired, it is a means of expression, and intelligent and adequate expression presupposes the possession of knowledge which his fellows in other walks of life have acquired during the laborious years of his apprenticeship. The study of so complex a trade, however, is in a degree a liberal education, and we find numerous examples where this early application has not seriously handicapped the artist in his after-life. We have seen the child Raphael enter the studio of Timoteo Vite, but little more than an infant, and know of his employment as an assistant to Perugino at the age of sixteen. To seek more modern instances, we have Millet, who, save for the early influence of an uncle who was a priest, never was at school; and Paul Baudry, the son of a sabot-maker, ran wild in the woods where his father worked, going from place to place, until he was thirteen, and then, after a short time with a local painter at Roche-sur-Yon, entered the Beaux-Arts in Paris. Yet Raphael was the welcome associate of the learned men of his time, and to judge him by his work alone appears erudite; and Millet, acquiring by himself the essentials of cultivation, with a fair smattering of the classics, spoke and wrote his language with a simplicity and force that was almost biblical, while his work denotes the elevation of a mind which lacked little that pedagogic influence could have given. Baudry, from the first, when writing home to his parents, appears a lively, intelligent, and cultured youth, and later, as *prix de Rome*, his letters are filled with intellectual sympathy for the classic environment of his residence in the Villa Medici; and when in the course of years he addressed his colleagues as Member of the Institute, the character of his discourses elicits admiration from Jules Breton, who, in his double capacity as painter and writer, is no mean critic, and is himself an example of the intellectual acquirement which the artist of capacity picks up along the path of strenuous technical education.

Beyond doubt the best education for an art-student is to be found in the studio of a master. To be employed in tasks which have a definite purpose, to learn the lesson which each detail of work accomplished carries with it, to comprehend the reasons which in logical sequence preside over the various stages of a work of art, is worth to the neophyte far more than any amount of theoretic instruction. The old habit still prevails in sculpture and architecture either as a post-graduate course or often, and better, from the beginning of the student's career, but the case is more rare where a modern painter can thus effectively aid a pupil. To-day, justly enough, since that way prog-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ress lies, complexity of effect and veracity to a transitory moment has crept into painting so that, theoretically at least, each picture represents its subject under certain conditions of a given time in absolute relation to a definite and realistic background, and each and every portion of the canvas must be studied by the master and carry his individual solution of a presumably unsolved problem. This at least is the theory, and in the case of men like Sargent or Besnard the result is, if not better, at least more individual and modern; but the useful assistant, who in the old days lost his individuality in the master to find it later reinforced with much of his master's knowledge, when he produced work for himself, finds no place under such a system. A few of us who have been so fortunate as to be employed in decorative work have found it necessary to revive the system of apprenticeship, not only to our own advantage, but to the enthusiastic recognition of the pupil-assistants employed. I think that all those who have of right signed decorative paintings in the past ten years acknowledge that certain portions of their work have gained greatly from the fresh enthusiasm of their younger assistants, eager to do a bit of detail, a fall of drapery, accessories or repeated patterns, to the best of their ability, unhampered by the responsibility which attaches to the success of the whole work. On the other hand, while intent upon these details, the assistant has learned their relation to the whole, has seen at first hand the work grow under the guidance of his elder of greater experience, has seen portions which, despite his efforts, remained confused or over-insistent, subordinated by a few deft touches over his work, and has learned in a practical way to deal with problems bound to arise in his own practice later, but which can never be approached in the curriculum of our art schools. The best service of our modern art schools it was my good fortune to have explained to me by Jean François Millet. "Work," he said, "as much as you can in the school. It matters little under which master, for with the number of pupils under him he can give little to each, but in the school you have nature to work from. There is its advantage, chiefly one of economy in having the models provided at little cost, and the advantage of seeing others strive for the same object as yourself. You can there learn the structure of the human figure and some of the technical qualities of painting." This indeed is about all that we get from school, and most of us can remember how much remained, to learn as best we could, the *atelier* days once past.

If these conclusions of one who may at least lay claim to experience be admitted, it would appear foreign to the objects of a great university to be concerned with the technical training of students in a craft which depends upon manual dexterity, guided by laws which are essentially various, and must be so applied in their transmission from master to pupil to individual temperament as to escape formulation. Of art schools, virtually the same, though lacking the official stamp of the École des Beaux-Arts, we have enough in the schools of the National Academy of Design and the Art Students' League, to name but two. Hence the efforts of Columbia University could at best add another to their already existing school of architecture if practical instruction in painting and sculpture should be undertaken. The multiplication of schools is certainly not necessary, and seems at best an instance of our over-anxiety to help the first steps of the aspirant after knowledge; in some cases possibly, in this instance certainly, with little consideration as to the future path to which these first steps tend.

Not long ago in a neighboring city a bequest was made to an art school which would provide travelling scholarships for twenty of its pupils annually, while in the same city it is notorious that former graduates of the art school cannot earn a living by their art. To encourage a production for which there is no demand is not economically wise, yet these conditions are not uncommon throughout our country. It may well be that under the present system the class of artist graduating from the schools has little to say of import to his time and country, for, as already suggested, his technical education is but partial, and on the important question of the end to which his acquired powers is to be directed our schools are virtually mute.

Here would appear to be the opportunity of a university, and, from a practical standpoint, the only way in which its great power could be healthfully exercised in the furtherance of the education, not only of the artist, but of the public in its relations to art. The whole splendid history of art is, as a rule, unknown to the pupils of our schools, and to the comparatively few who follow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their studies here by a post-graduate course in Europe remains unknown, though there at least it is written large on every side. But either from habits acquired at home, lack of knowledge of the language of the foreign countries they visit, or from the easy acceptance of the last "art movement" as the only important one, our compatriot students will know the last *Salon* success or the temporary favorite of the Secession in Munich, and ignore not only the contents of the Louvre, but have little knowledge of the work or of the men who preceded their immediate masters and have built up the art of the country where they may be. The composition and chemistry of pigment and mediums, the preparations of canvases or panels are all but unknown to the modern artist, who blindly accepts his colorman's products ignorant of the number of treatises on these subjects, ranging in time from Cennini to Eastlake, while the more scientific research of color of Chevreul and others, untaught in our present schools, might find place in a university course. This might be carried farther, and thoughtful men of business or of professions not allied to the graphic arts might be induced to study the problem of the kind of art we need, for it is evident that in its largest influence upon life we lack it as yet, and spread the result of their cogitation before the future producers of art. Such an extension of our art school should not be allowed to waste its time in the unfruitful field of criticism or fanciful classification of schools and controversial attributions of works to different masters. Its object should rather be to replace as much as possible the workshop of the master, who, in the progress of work, states his reasons for certain requirements; who, in his studio, receives men of other aims or professions, and with them discusses his work and receives their ideas in turn; whose influence on his pupil at times touches on points in appearance remote from the work in progress, but vital in the formation of character, without which the artist cannot hope to attain dignity and usefulness. This may seem a fanciful programme difficult to reduce to practicability, and its details, were it carried out, would demand study, but it is the result of long experience, of years passed in instructing classes, and of a certain, though, as the relation is mutually helpful, too limited experience with students in my own studio. It appears to me, moreover, to be the only way in which a university can become a vital influence in contemporaneous art.

The kindergarten may ultimately lead to the university, but it never forms an integral part of it. In an art where Titian in his ninety-ninth year looked on himself as a student the art school is but little more than the first step in the education of the artist, and many and various are the degrees which he must surmount before his attention should be diverted from the technical requirements of his art. This earlier education should be directed by artists absolutely free from the entanglements of a pedagogic system, which is an inherent quality of an institution devoted to general education. The deep-rooted antipathy of the practising-artist to any form of direction or criticism emanating from men who have never put their hands to the work is prompted by the sense of the skilled craftsman, who knows by experience that, *nulla dies sine lineâ*, the constant watchful technical endeavor is at the foundation of every worthy work of art.

To open the halls of the University to the accepted workman, his 'prentice days once past, is a noble work, and one which, wisely directed, would do much to create a standard in our country like that which the ages have given to favored countries of the world. To extend these same privileges to advanced pupils of our art schools, who are judged by their instructors to be ripe for the experience, would be of great benefit. The ex-President of Columbia may remember that a dozen years ago an artist teaching in the classes of the National Academy of Design solicited for some of his pupils participation in the benefits enjoyed by the students of the University in certain courses of lectures on the history of art; a request which, for lack of space in the lecture-rooms of the old University buildings, was denied. The writer hopes that this suggestion, indicative of an existing need, may have been instrumental to Columbia's larger project, which could well give this and much more without departing from the proper function of the University—but also without encroaching on that of the kindergarten or the primary school, where the artist must learn to use his tools under the watchful eye of an elder brother of the craft.

WILL H. LOW.

LIBRARY
WISCONSIN STATE COLLEGE
AT PLATTEVILLE
DIGITIZED BY NLNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED